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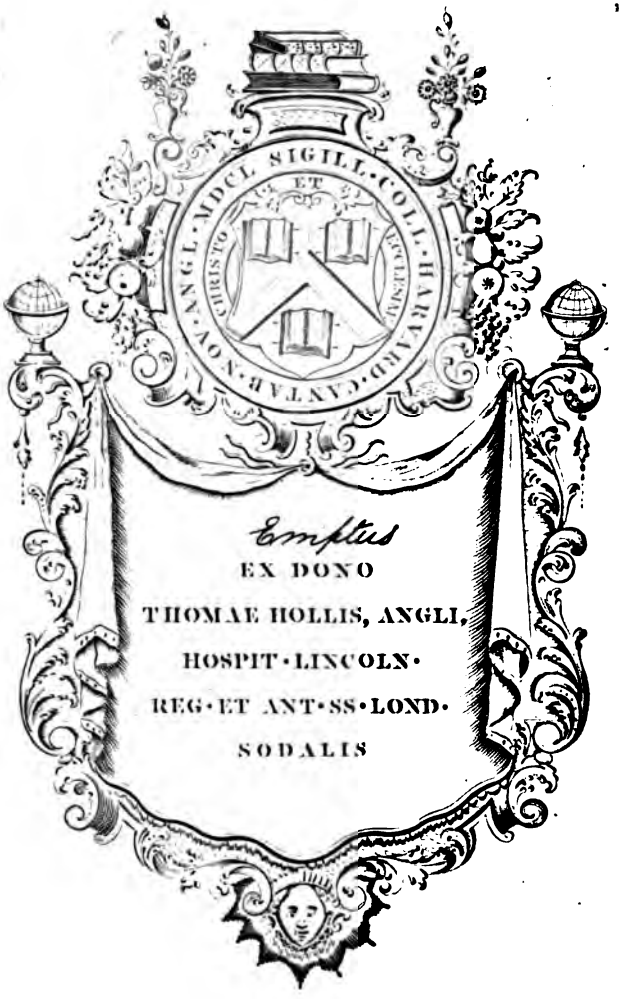

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THE

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FROM

JANUARY TO APRIL INCLUSIVE.

1843.

VOL. I.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

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NOTICE.

Our table still remains loaded with a nnmber of works, several of great merit, waiting for review, and others requiring briefer attention. A complete clearance, however, will be made in the course of next month.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1843.

ART. I.—*The Chronicles of England, France, Spain, and the adjoining Countries.* By SIR JOHN FROISSART. 2 volumes. London, 1839.

"THAT the honourable enterprises, noble adventures, and deeds of arms, performed in the wars between England and France, may be properly related, and held in perpetual remembrance,—to the end that brave men taking example from them may be encouraged in their well-doing, I sit down to record a history deserving of great praise; but, before I begin, I request of the Saviour of the world, who from nothing created all things, that he will have the goodness to inspire me with sense and sound understanding to persevere in such manner that all those who shall read may derive pleasure and instruction from my work, and that I may fall into their good graces."

Such is the fitting exordium with which "Sir John Froissart, Priest, Canon, and Treasurer of the Collegiate Church of Chimay. Chronicler and Poet;" and, in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, "the most entertaining, and perhaps the most valuable historian of the middle ages," commences his celebrated performance. The exordium, promising as it is, is yet no unfair epitome of the character of the work itself.

This recent edition of Froissart's Chronicle, although inferior in typographical splendour to some of its predecessors, possesses the advantage of incorporating into its pages many of their beauties, and is beside illustrated with numerous and well-chosen cuts. His appearance in so accessible a form, speaks well for the continued popularity of the worthy old canon, and encourages us to build some passing comment upon so favourable a text.

The Chronicles of Froissart extend from the events preceding the coronation of Edward the Third in 1326, to the coronation of Henry the Fourth and death of Richard the Second in 1399 and 1400; but of the first thirty years of this period, ending with the battle of Poictiers in 1356, Froissart was not himself the original narrator; concerning the events of this time, he tells us he laid his foundation

in the true chronicles formerly "written by that reverend, wise, and discreet man, John le Bel, canon of St. Lambert's at Liege; who bestowed great care and diligence on them, and continued them as faithfully as he could to his death, though not without much pains and expense: but these he minded not, being rich and powerful." Froissart seems, however, to have recast John le Bel's work, incorporating with it much additional matter of his own. The account of the remaining forty-three years is entirely original, and records events of many of which Froissart was himself a witness.

The Chronicle includes two whole reigns,—that of Edward the Third, supported by his gallant son, and that of Richard the Second, a monarch who seemed sent only to make good the saying that, in the Plantagenet line, a weak prince frequently intervened between two powerful ones. We propose upon the present occasion, however, after a few observations upon Froissart himself, to deal only with the earlier portion of the period recorded in his chronicle, confining our remarks chiefly to the condition and circumstances of England at the accession and during the reign of Edward the Third.

Both Jean le Bel and Froissart, although they wrote in the dialect of "oil," may be classed in matter and feelings far more justly among English than French chroniclers. Both were natives of Flanders, a country strongly allied to England and commonly at war with France; and Froissart in particular was, during many years of his life, attached to the household of Queen Philippa, and was at all times well received at the English court.

The admirers of Froissart, and who is not among them? are indebted to the late Mr. Johnes of Hafod for a careful examination and collation of the best manuscript copies of the Chronicle, as well as for the translation now in general use in this country. His translation, however, is miserably defective,—not indeed so much on the ground of its inaccuracy, although it is very imperfect in this respect, as on account of the tame vapid English into which it is rendered; and in which point it is immeasurably inferior to the old version of Lord Berners, partially obsolete though it has become. In the edition before us, the translation of Mr. Johnes has been followed, corrected by a note where it absolutely needs it, but in no degree improved in style. The notes also contain a few choice passages from Lord Berners, though how little they tend to set off the text to advantage will appear from the following comparison. The passage recounts the parting scene between Edward and the celebrated Countess of Salisbury. We begin with Mr. Johnes:—

> Upon taking leave of the Countess, he said, "My dear Lady, God preserve you until I return; and I entreat that you will think well of what I have said, and have the goodness to give me a different answer." "Dear Sir," replied the Countess, "God of his infinite goodness, preserve you, and drive from your heart such villainous thoughts; for I am, and always shall be,

ready to serve you consistently with my own honour and with yours." The King left her quite surprised.—*Johnes.* Cap. lxxvii.

The following is the translation of the same scene of Lord Berners:

Than he toke leave of the lady saying, "My dere Lady, to God I comende you tyll I return agyne, requiryng you to advyse you otherwyse than ye have sayed to me." "Noble prynce," quoth the lady, "God the Father glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all vylayne thoughts. Sir, I am and ever shall be redy to do your grace seruyce to your honour and to myne." Therwith the Kyng departed all abassed.—*Lord Berners.*

Though occasionally a little obsolete and obscured, the real strength of the language is in Lord Berners's version. Mr. Johnes treats his author as churchwardens treat our fine old Gothic churches. He has plastered and whitewashed him. The sharpness of the ornaments is completely hidden.

The wars between France and England, and the interior manners of the courts of England and of the princes allied to her, form the staple of Froissart's pages; but his visits to Spain, Italy, Ireland, and Scotland, enabled him to diversify his narrative with many passages from the history of those and other countries.

Froissart has always been more popular than any other contemporary, and probably than any other chronicler. M. de St. Palaye, his French editor, says that manuscripts of Froissart are most numerous after those of the Bible and the Fathers. Certainly, with but little tediousness he possesses many charms, and presents, perhaps in a more striking manner than any other writer, the peculiarities of narrative as opposed to philosophical history.

History indeed is strictly philosophical; its scope is epic; it has a beginning, a middle, and an end. It presents us with abstractions; it acts through the reason; tells of the great results of a campaign; of the general features of the business transacted at a council. A chronicle on the contrary is poetical; it is lyric; it represents a series of independent actions; it contains the elements of the ballad and romance; it deals in the concrete; its province is the imagination, even when it seems to leave little scope for its exercise. Nations like individuals have their different ages: the chronicle is the style of infancy—the horn-book,—it treats men as if they were little children. Those who content themselves with modern compilations, or even with sound philosophical writings, to the neglect of the original authorities, lose much of the charm of our old English history. A compilation is not only less accurate, but less vivid, less picturesque, less fresh: it is the difference between the flat liquor of yesterday and the sparkling draught of to-day. The zest is gone. Instead of the warm colouring of the old tale, instinct with life and truth, we have a chilled and paralyzed copy. The general outline is the same,—the same elements, the same images enter into the picture, but the mode

of handling them is different; and instead of the warmth or roundness of Titian or Rubens, we have the cold hard forms of the modern French school. This reappearance of Froissart and his successor Monstrelet, together with the reception with which the publications of the Camden society have been greeted, leads us to hope that the public taste in this respect is improving, and that men are beginning to unite the study of the ancient chronicles with the comprehensive views of our modern philosophical historians.

The period of which Froissart wrote was one admirably suited to the subject of a chronicler,—better probably than any other that the world ever saw. It includes the reign of Edward the Third, the life and actions of the Black Prince, the early splendour of Richard the Second; not a few Scottish campaigns, and more than one in Flanders and Spain. But its brilliant features are the wars of England for the sovereignty of France, the memorable battles of Crecy and Poictiers, the surrender and subsequent defence of Calais, and the campaigns of Najara,—glorious in everything except in the character of the monarch whom it reseated upon his throne. England by land and sea was everywhere victorious. France shaken to her centre, struggled in her mortal throes; and foundations were laid of that deadly strife between the Norman and Teutonic races, which at an expense of so much blood and treasure has been waged between France and England century by century from Crecy to Waterloo. Feudal splendour then touched its limit, knightly valour never shone more conspicuous, was never more loftily exalted by the eccentric, but not insincere devotion of chivalry, never more beautifully softened down and humanized by a free and flowing courtesy. France was then weak because internal spoliation had crushed her commerce, and three successive monarchs had beat down her commonalty, and utterly excluded them from all voice in the imports or transactions of the empire; but the very tyranny that diminished her real strength as a nation, had been exerted in order to add to the splendour of her chivalry, then the bravest and most impetuous in the world. The Dutchy of Burgundy rivalled France itself. The great fiefs of Normandy, Guyenne, Toulouse, and Britanny, were held with powers over life and limb, of independent war and peace, with powers nearly allied to sovereignty, and by men whose feudal magnificence rivalled and even eclipsed that of their liege lord and sujerain. The wars of Edward extended from Spain and Britanny to the Flemish border; and far exceeded, in the extent of their operations as in the brilliancy of their victories, the campaigns of any previous reign. France from sea to sea rose up in arms. The rays of military glory lightened into the remote recesses of Christendom. From the Appennines, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, to the distant Cheviot; from the Rhine and the Tagus to the Thames, the mingled warriors of Europe crowded to join in that bloody conflict, on one side or the other of which

appeared every lord and every vassal who sought plunder or renown. Under the banner of England were arrayed her Saxon yeomanry, her well-trained archers, the flower of her Norman nobles. With them fought the heavily-armed chivalry of Aquitaine, the cool sturdy Flemish, the hot-blooded Celts of Wales and Britanny, and their half-clad brethren from Ireland. On the side of France appeared her own impetuous men-at-arms, the Scottish pikemen, the German and Bohemian heavy cavalry, the well-armed swarthy Italian, the cross-bow-men of Genoa and Leghorn, the slingers and light archers of the Pyrenees,—a mingled host. France, hunted hard, was at length brought to bay. The island mastiff was never loosed upon a nobler quarry, the pomp and circumstance of war never glittered in such bright array, the weeds of peace were never so costly, never worn at triumphs so high. Deeds of valour and renown, battles won, strong fortresses beleaguered, wealthy cities sacked, kings slain or taken prisoners, tournaments, pageants, feastings, royal homages, were matters of daily occurrence, and in which Froissart took an infinite delight.

In sooth the man himself was not ill suited to his task. With an uncommon share of the merits, Froissart has less than the common share of the faults of writers of narrative history. The chroniclers of those days wrote commonly from the cloister, and related events, at second hand, in a grave, ecclesiastical, and, with respect be it spoken, a somewhat prosing tone. Froissart, on the contrary, was a man not of speculation, but of action; animated, pointed, dramatic, lavish of money, fond of good cheer, hunting, music, warlike sights, dress, and female beauty, and entering with most uncanonical zest into all the dissipations of a dissipated age. He sings

> "Of battaille and of chivalry,
> Of ladies, love, and druerie,"

of "fierce wars and faithful loves." He is always cheerful, in a good-humour, occupied with his subject rather than himself, not generally anxious to thrust himself into the presence of his readers, though by no means without a spice of vanity in his composition. In his days, love was regarded as the spring of every noble act or gallant exploit, and our canon was not backward with his homage. His love stories, madrigals, and virelays, his book of amorous poetry, collected by the aid of "God and Cupid," his devotion to his first love carried on from sixteen to sixty, "in spite," as he says, "of his bald-head and grey hairs," so oddly mixed up with a number of episodical attachments, are all infinitely delightful; and, although these amiable weaknesses are not actually related in his history, they have not the less combined to render him the prince of chroniclers. In those days, the appetite for fabulous narrative was at its height, and Froissart, in common with the rest of the world, more than half believed

the glowing romances of chivalry, upon which his style was formed, and upon the general taste for which his chronicle is ingeniously grafted. The deeds of some of his heroes are, indeed, to the full as romantic as any he could have read of in fable. He writes like a man who has seen and felt all he describes. His minute details persuade us to an easy conviction, that he has left nothing to be added. Instead of the dry bones of the monastic writers, he presents us with good flesh and blood, and in rich garments to boot. His figures are real men and women, at home in their braveries, not decked out for the nonce, like the man in armour at a lord mayor's-show, nor all front like a statue in a niche. They will bear handling; you may walk round them; their blemishes are not unpleasantly dwelt upon, but they are not concealed. We marvel, that some of our modern religious biographers have not learned how much the admission of a few defects among the beauties adds to the truth and individuality of a portrait.

The Makers and Troubadours of the age preceding Froissart, were often grossly indelicate, and their mirth and satire often rude in the extreme. Froissart confines himself to his subject; he has no objection to a ludicrous tale when it falls in his way, but he does not seek it; his satire never exceeds a good-natured allusion, and he is always decorous.

Froissart is rather a constructive than a creative writer; his strength lies in description, not in invention; and in the description of men rather than of things; but not of men as we find them in an eastern tale, where the gold and jewels draw off all attention from their wearer. In his pictures we have indeed a blaze of arms and armour, tabards, embroidered banners, and glittering caparisons, scattered about with a liberal hand; but these are the mere accessories of the picture, and are kept in due subordination to the principal subject.

As an historical authority, Froissart is not to be relied upon; he is too careless, far too credulous, in every way too partial. His silence upon French affairs, remarkable in so loquacious a writer, may in some degree be attributed to his attachment to the English cause, but is, no doubt, chiefly due to the haughty spirit of the French monarchs, who took no counsel of their people, called no public assemblies, and wrapped both their victories and defeats in an oriental silence. Tacitus attributes the decline of history in part to the exclusion of the people from public affairs. The archives of England, under Edward the Third, are rich in historical documents. Of the corresponding period in France, there are absolutely none at all; and French historians have been obliged to gather facts from the collateral authorities of England. But Froissart was partial, not so much because he regarded men as they inclined to England or France, as because he viewed them only as they appeared in the court

or the camp, not as they lived in the cottage. He is the biographer not of the pastoral but of the feudal age. His justice is not our justice; he recognises no valour but in plate and mail, sees no beauty but that arrayed in silk and embroidery, believes no religion but in rochet and mitre. In his estimation the sin of poverty was a worse heresy than that of Pelagius or Socinus. Wealth and birth are necessary ingredients in his compositions; his chronicle was intended to be written upon shining yellow parchment, bound in velvet, clasped and embossed with silver, and presented on the knee to kings and queens. He matches no cloth of frieze with his cloth of gold. Russet and serge find no favour in his sight. Great was his respect for noble blood, but he had very little sympathy with the red puddle. The lower orders were "rascailles, vilaines, communes, pedailles." "Tuez toute cette ribaudaille!" was the order of the day. "Rustici quidem fuistis et estis, et in bondagio permanebitis," ran the proclamation of Richard the Second to his Kentish subjects. John De Vienne was a good knight, but Eustace de St. Pierre and his five companions, whose only nobility was in their self-devotion, receive a very moderate share of commendation. Froissart did not appreciate civil virtue. The courage of his age was active rather than passive, physical rather than moral,—the courage of a warrior, not that of a martyr. Nothing puts the cruelty of that period in a stronger point of view, than the passing mark of regret that a wholesale massacre is barely able to extort from so really good-natured a person as Froissart.

But although Froissart's work would have been far more interesting to the present age, had he paid more attention to the manners and habits of the lower classes, that circumstance would probably not have augmented its value in the eyes of the noble knights and high-born dames to whom it was presented. Such an attention would besides have been contrary to the genius of the man. He has transmitted to us a bold and skilful sketch of the heroes of the fourteenth century. He is good at a pageant, and excellent at a serious affair. He describes his military braveries with a skill that his father, the herald-painter, might have envied, and records a courteous speech or a bold stroke, with a truth and good-will peculiarly his own. He came to England at a period when it was described as "a country where they loved war better than peace, and where strangers were well received." Nothing can exceed his affection at first setting out for his "dear lord and master Sir Robert de Namur, knight, Lord of Beaufort," nor could Dalgetty himself have surpassed him in subsequent fidelity to the various noble persons who were, from time to time, his patrons. In his capacity of clerk to Queen Philippa, he was present at many of the great events of his time, and enjoyed ample means of informing himself upon them all. He possessed an active gossiping disposition, that led him from place to place, asking

questions of every body, and prepared to marvel with all his heart at everything they told him. When he visited a strange country, he took it for granted that he should meet with strange things; but, although the measure of his faith is undoubtedly capacious, we can scarcely, whilst his contemporary Sir John Mandeville goes at large, complain very severely of our canon in this respect. His incredible stories, moreover, arise from his anxiety to collect knowledge, and his love of the marvellous makes him, though a worse authority, a far more entertaining writer.

Froissart perpetually reminds us of Pepys. His appearance upon a handsome horse, with lackeys and attendants, instead of upon his former hackney, with his portmanteau en croupe, is exactly Mr. and Mrs. Pepys in their new coach. Both have a lurking affection for a fine garment, whether it be an embroidered tabard or a new camlet cloak; both would have been grieved, "even though it were no great matter," at a rent or stain; and pretty Mistress Nelly and Alice Perrers would have been regarded by both with the same half-admiring, half-fie-fie sort of manner. A love of finery, a great respect for nobility, thorough honesty and good faith, and a marvellous simplicity, are features common to the son of the tailor with the son of the herald-painter. Thus much of our chronicler. We next approach the subjects of his Chronicle.

The house of Plantaganet sat upon the throne of England, from the accession of Henry the Second in 1154, to the death of Richard the Third in 1485,—a line of fourteen princes, and a period of great events in the history of this country. The times of our Edwards and Henries, of the Plantaganet race, bear a relation to the history of England, which the government of no other princes bears to no other country. In personal character, in valour, capacity, and success, many of them, though not surpassed, have possibly been equalled among other nations; but we alone can look back upon the period of our most warlike, most politic, and least scrupulous dynasty, as that under whose military rule our greatest civil advantages were won. Nothing is more obscure, or has been less explained by historians, than the spirit shown by the English people under the dynasty of Plantaganet. That this spirit was no common inheritance of the hardy children of the north, due to their colder climate and bracing air, the histories of Sweden, Russia, and Denmark abundantly testify. In spite of the bloody wars with the Danes, drenching the land, from the Thames to the Humber, in her own gore; in spite of the crushing weight of the Norman tyranny, the old Saxon institutions still retained their vital energy, and shot up like the foliage of the acanthus, adorning on every side the rude mass that had threatened utter extinction. Under the Plantaganets, the Normans and Saxons became one people, took common share in the struggle for political freedom, and displayed a spirit of liberty and a jealousy of tyranny,

equal in strength but far superior in moderation to that of the free republics of antiquity, and that we seek for in vain amongst ourselves under the later dynasty of Tudor. The commons, who rose into political existence under Edward the First, and were placed in frequent and perilous opposition both to that sovereign and his scarce less formidable grandson, learned to temper their boldness with prudence, to be precise and consistent in their demands, and to choose a proper season for enforcing them. From the eight first Plantaganets, the "Great Charter," and the scarce less important "Confirmation," were gained; under their sway, English, the language of the people, became the language of their courts of law; the papal usurpations were continually detected and disallowed; the commercial genius of the people was fostered and developed; their native literature was created, and the scriptures were rendered into the English tongue. These things are very dear to our recollections. They were gained step by step, almost century by century, until now, their value having been proved by experience, and their character rendered venerable by time, we willingly associate them with the race of monarchs under whom they were grasped by our forefathers.

The race of Plantaganet was moulded in no common clay. Strange and dreadful rumours of incest and sorcery floated over the origin of their house; and, according to the vulgar belief, the blood of the Prince of Darkness flowed in their veins from no very distant fountain. "Is it strange," returned Richard, when upbraided for some act of extraordinary wickedness, "that they who proceed from hell should thitherward return?" The curse, heavy and withering upon the race, was domestic discord, the son rising in rebellion against the sire. When Geoffrey rose against his father, and a priest adjured him to forbear the crime of Absalom, "what," said he, "shall I disseise myself of my inheritance! Knowest thou not that not to love one another is the birth-right of our race?" From Geoffrey of Anjou to Edward of Warwick, who closed the line beneath the axe of his Tudor kinsman, the Plantaganets dipped deep into their own blood.

The characters of the Plantaganet monarchs were almost all conspicuous for manhood; whether for good or evil, they were strongly marked. Their high personal courage, their martial renown, their virtues and even their vices, their triumphs and their misfortunes, their regal port and the haughty outline of their features as they lie carved upon their tombs, have all combined to render them a part of our most intimate associations, and to grave them deep upon the bead-roll of our English fame. Their bolder deeds strike root into our imaginations in early childhood, as their crafty policy and perpetual struggle with the rising liberties of their people, afford fit subject for our meditation at mature age.

The reigns of Edward the First, Edward the Third, and Henry

the Fifth, are without question the most glorious periods of the Plantaganet government. Crecy, Poictiers, Agincourt, after a lapse of four and five centuries, are as little forgotten as Blenheim and Waterloo. Edward and Henry, Warwick and Talbot, are still familiar in our mouths as household words, or as the names of Marlborough and Wellington. The impetuous courage of Picton and Crawford is not better remembered than that of Chandos and Sir Walter Mauny. The two periods of conflict possess many things in common. The opposing nations were the same; there was the same headlong and barely-restrained valour; the shouts of triumph and the groans of the dying were in the same languages; the sternness of the struggle was not unequal; the skill and courage of the leaders was in either case pre-eminent, and victory finally sat upon the same banners. There was, however, this grand difference between the two:—those wars were aggressive—these were remedial. Then we fought for fame, for territory, for plunder, for our selfish interests: now we have fought for existence, for liberty, for the deliverance of Europe. As a courageous people, we may be proud of both periods; but, as a just people, we have far more reason to rest upon our late than our earlier victories.

It is not, however, on account of their military fame that the historian unites with the chronicler in his admiration of these reigns. The subjects of his more thoughtful praise are of a less brilliant, though far more glorious, description.

It appears almost a paradox that the liberties of the people should have thriven under such princes as Edward the First and Third, so little scrupulous in their methods of raising money, so politic, and so successful in war. But in the state of society which then existed, a long course of foreign war promoted internal peace, by removing the robber bands that infested the country, and providing a distant and more profitable field for the display of the martial and rapacious spirit of the nobles. The taxes laid on to support war tended, no doubt, to impoverish the people, and were at times severely felt; but this evil was far more than counterbalanced by the general benefits of internal peace; the social bonds that sprung up, and the new classes of men that commerce, unharassed by petty exactions, brought into existence. The foreign wars were expensive. Crown plate and the jewels and the royal security could raise but a temporary supply of money. The King could proceed but few steps without the general and voluntary aid of his subjects. Parliaments and great councils were therefore frequently called. Edward the Third, during the fifty years of his reign, summoned no less than seventy of them of one description or another. The monarch was in continual communication with his people; he regarded as an evil the pestilence that prevented him from meeting them; he persuaded them that his interest was their interest; he referred money bills to

them, as their peculiar province. Their aids on the other hand were liberal, but they were often granted with difficulty, and rarely without some actual or promised concession by the crown. The foundation of English liberty was wrested from a weak monarch by a strong hand. The superstructure was purchased from strong monarchs, stone by stone, by subsidies and reliefs.

In later days, military monarchs have employed their armies to enslave their country. Formerly this danger did not exist; the monarch was far more likely to be pulled down by his army. Men feared a military democracy far more than a soldier-sovereign. There was little discipline in a feudal army. Each man came for his forty days, or the term of his feudal tenure, and then, having eaten up his provisions, he returned to his native fields, and became again a husbandman. It was sufficiently difficult to raise and maintain an army so constituted in time of actual war, but to retain it beneath its standards in time of peace, would have been well nigh impossible. A defeat or a victory was equally fatal to the commander: after either event, his army melted away like snow before the sun. Even during the blockade of Calais—no very severe service,—when the laurels of Crecy were green, and the soldiery had already tasted the plunder of Picardy, desertions to England were numerous; and Edward, in one of his letters to the sheriffs, complains bitterly that his men-at-arms and archers had taken themselves off, "et nos inter inimicos nostros in periculo seditiosè reliquerunt." The home duties and attractions of both lord and vassal were not inconsiderable, and both were far too much entangled with the cares of civil life to make steady soldiers. Hired mercenaries indeed were to be found in great numbers in every army; but they lived wholly by war, and necessarily transferred their services from one scene of action to another. The more peaceful duties of a permanent body-guard would have suited neither the inclination nor the interests of a class of men, whose pleasure was war and their gain plunder. Henry the Seventh was the first English sovereign who retained a band of household troops, and that was composed of fifty archers only and a captain.

It is not in the pages of a chronicle, still less in such a chronicle as that of Froissart, filled with descriptions of gorgeous pageants and deeds of valour, nor indeed in the direct information of any writer of that simple age, that we are to look for proofs of the real value of the advantages gained during Edward's reign. These proofs are to be found in the tenor of the acts of parliament, in the constitutions of the parliament itself, in the regulations respecting commerce and commercial property, in the blasts and counter-blasts of the popes and clergy, in the public records, in the Fœdera: not in avowed history, but in the indirect testimony of statutes and proclamations. From these we learn that the reign of Edward the Third was the commencement of our commercial prosperity, as it

was in some degree the dawn of our naval success. Trade was unfettered; vexatious impositions were laid aside; the country became one great kingdom, not a collection of jarring baronies; commercial wealth became common. Edward was not afraid of that "gente nuova," and those "subiti guadagni," that were accused of generating so much pride and excess in the Italian states. Former monarchs had invited over Walloon artificers from Flanders, but Edward countenanced them when they came, gave them English privileges, spared them when their country deceived him, uniformly protected their trade, and thus raised the manufacture of wool, the great staple of the kingdom, to a pitch of perfection not before equalled. A large proportion of Edward's laws relate to commerce. In his reign, the woollen thread of "Worsted" in Norfolk became famous, and one "Blanket" of Bristol established a well-known branch of the trade. Mercantile wealth, though still inferior to that derived from land, was allowed new privileges. Under Alfred and Athelstan, a merchant who had made three voyages beyond sea, became entitled to the dignity of a thane. Edward permitted a merchant of five hundred marks by the year, to enjoy the privileges of a landed proprietor of one hundred—no inconsiderable concession from a Plantaganet. Under the capitation tax, a lord mayor of London is classed with an earl at four pounds. An alderman of London with a baron or banneret of equal estate at two pounds. A great merchant with a knight-batchelor or esquire at twenty shillings. The merchants were liberal supporters of Edward's government, and their support did not pass unrewarded. Sir Henry Picart, a private citizen of London, entertained Edward and his three royal guests of France, Scotland, and Cyprus, with the retinue of each, at his house, called the "Vintry." Sir John Philipot, of Philipot-lane, lord mayor, equipped a fleet at his own expense, and cleared the narrow seas of Scottish rovers. John de Guille, a burgess of Lynn, received a patent of nobility because it was agreeable to the royal will to exalt those "whom strenuous acts, probity of life, and merits worthy of praise, do recommend." Sir Robert Sale, afterwards governor of Norwich, was no gentleman born, but was knighted by Edward for his wisdom and valour. Edward also bestowed knighthood upon Sir John Hawkwood, afterwards so famous in the Italian wars, and probably the most valiant man that ever stepped from a tailor's-board into a war-saddle. Van Artevelde, who, like Adrian of Utrecht, rose to power from the brewing of metheglin, was admitted to Edward's table, and enjoyed his intimacy. In this reign also one of the most illustrious English families rose from the merchant's counter. William de la Pole, mayor of Hull, and the son of a great trader there, is styled by Edward his beloved merchant; "and because," as stated in his patent, "he advanced large monies from time to time to aid the King, by pledging himself and his whole estate," he received the somewhat

incongruous honours of being made a knight-banneret and a baron of the exchequer. His son became a belted earl, his great-grandson attained to the rare honour of a dukedom, and his race terminated in the sixth generation upon the block, because an alliance with the blood-royal had given them a dangerous precedence in the succession to the crown. A merchant's mark has never been held an abatement in an English escutcheon. Edward's Flemish experience must have taught him, that when world's gear was in jeopardy, a "merchant's knock" was not to be trifled with. "Ha," said Philip-le-Bel, as he saw the men of Flanders rally in increasing numbers against the chivalry of France, "by St. Denis, I believe it rains Flemings." The citizens of the great cities, who surpassed the nobles in wealth, began to vie with them in splendour. The burghers of London and of the five ports of England, assumed to themselves the address of "sire," and the title of "barons," to the supreme disgust of the peerage. "Rustici Londinienses, furfurarii et saponarii, qui se barones vocant ad nauseam." The founders of many of our knightly and noble houses, in the reigns of Edward the Third and Richard the Second, exchanged the flat cap of the citizen for the soldier's helmet, and took their place among the landed aristocracy of the realm.

It has been the fashion to speak of the Plantaganet parliaments as cringing, because their acts are often at variance with each other, reversing the attainders of either party as it gained the ascendant, and substituting the attainders of the other in their place. They did so, without doubt! but parliament was not an abstracted body sitting apart, taking no share in the active turmoil of the state. It was composed of those very nobles, knights, and burgesses, who had themselves excited the disturbance, and shared in the varying fortunes of their party. Those who impeached the house of Lancaster were not the men who had cut down the house of York. The acts of the various parliaments are certainly often contradictory; but it does not follow that the individual members were either waverers or political changelings. On the contrary, the members of Edward the Third's parliaments evinced a consistency of action that must command our highest respect. They opposed the King, they opposed the pope, they opposed the princes of the blood, when the rights of the subject were in question. Their demands were steadily, consistently, and very boldly urged. Their language to the throne is uniformly respectful: they "beseech and pray in most lowly wise;" but they clutch the strings of their purses, and are as tenacious of their privileges as the proudest nobility of Arragon or Castile. Even Edward's deserved reputation did not prevent them from interfering with his personal arrangements, with a boldness bordering upon temerity; and their remonstrance in the matter of Alice Perrers was peremptory and successful. Until the fourteenth century, poli-

tical slavery was scarcely felt to be a burden; but with it were introduced many of those crude and inchoate notions of constitutional liberty, which it belonged to future ages to bring to maturity.

The commons complain continually, that their petitions do not meet with due attention; that the King's droits and franchises thwart the administration of justice; that the royal ordinances and proclamations are allowed the force of acts of parliament; that the coin of the realm is debased; that the royal purveyance of provisions is an illegal and intolerable burden; that justice has been sold or denied. These and similar grievances are continually in their mouths, and by their conduct they gained redress upon many of them. The King was warlike, but he was poor. The King's weakness was the subject's strength. They gave freely, often bountifully, but rarely without a condition. In the conduct of the parliaments we find a clear perception of consequences, and an excellent iteration of grievances.

The love of personal freedom has always been strong in England. The liberty of the individual subject was always cared for by the common law of the country. Imprisonment without due process of law, the basis of the Habeas Corpus act, is forbidden in Magna Charta, and was confirmed frequently by Edward the Third. Judicial torture was always illegal in England, and at that time very seldom used. The practice of the criminal law was not indeed always correct, but the principles were always admitted. Against particular acts of power there was no safeguard, and but little remedy. The sheriffs assessed the counties under the King's writs, and raised a corps of ballad singers for his after-dinner diversion, quarrarii to dress his stone bullets, masons and painters to erect Windsor Castle and adorn St. Stephen's Chapel, just as they would have raised an ordinary army. But these were admitted to be grievances, and must be regarded as exceptions. The condition of the people was improved; the serfs were emancipated; thraldom was rare: "God," commenced a charter of emancipation, conceded by a dying baron, "who hath created all men by nature free, upon whom the law of nations hath fitted the yoke of thraldom." The native race, long shut out, began to share with the Normans the honours and emoluments of the state.

Under Edward, a material change took place in the relations between England and Rome. The authority of the holy see over the northern nations, though at times great, was always uncertain. The epistle of Waldemar of Denmark is a celebrated example of transalpine boldness. "Waldemarus Rex, etc., Pontifici, salutem. Vitam habemus a Deo, Regnum ab incolis, divitias a parentibus, fidem autem a tuis predecessoribus, quam si nobis non faveas, remittimus per presentes. Vale." The arm of steadily-supported power was never without its weight at Rome. Even Gregory the Seventh passed over from

William the Conqueror a denial of homage, and a refusal to pay Peter-pence except as a free gift,—offences which would have cost a weaker monarch his throne. Edward the Third thwarted the pope continually, and, when Flanders was laid under an interdict, sent over English priests to perform the duties. The Emperor Louis of Bavaria, a weak prince, was, on the other hand, unable to reconcile himself with the pope, although willing to do so at a considerable sacrifice. The great age of papal influence in England was the twelfth. The principal monastic foundations were granted during the reigns of Henry the First, Stephen, and Henry the Second,—that period

> When valour bowed before the rood and book,
> And kneeling knighthood served a prelate lord.

A pope once apostrophised England as "thou garden of delights, thou inexhaustible fountain of riches, never can I exact from thee too much." But with the delights grew up some disquietudes, with the roses not a few briars. Edward the First sometimes temporised, but on the whole resisted the papal claims. Edward the Third secured the statute of provisors, and shook off the annual tribute. He forced spiritual persons to sue their debtors in the common law courts. When the pope proposed himself as a mediator between France and England, Edward accepted him, but in his private capacity only—"non ut judice, sed ut privatà personà," runs the diplomatic instrument. In the same year, the papal decrees respecting the collation of foreign ecclesiastics to English benefices, were pronounced a breach of the royal prerogative. Those actually held by foreigners were seized by the crown, and Edward, supported by his parliament, threatened with severe punishment those who brought the obnoxious bulls into the kingdom. The clergy, even those most vehement in the assertion of the rights of their own order, were not disposed to forget that they were Englishmen. "The plough of the Church of England," said Anselm, "should be drawn by two heifers of equal strength, the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury." But although the spiritual ox could take a moderate thrust from his temporal yokefellow, he had no mind to be goaded by a foreign ploughman. Grostête, the learned bishop of Lincoln, a strong friend to the church; Archbishop Stratford, a resolute opposer of the encroachments of Edward the Third, were not infrequently in opposition to Rome. Edward, in one of his letters, reminds the pope that the duty of the pastor was "ad pascendum, non ad tondendum oves dominicas." The bishops and clerks, like the nobles and franklyns, were as little disposed to be shorn by the spiritual as by the temporal shepherd. When the fleece was menaced, they cared little by whom the shears were brandished. The temporal and spiritual powers of England, although continually wrestling with each other for the mastery, were ready to oppose a common front to a common foe.

The progress of letters in England kept pace, as it is wont to do, with that of constitutional liberty. As early as 1328, the pen of Ockham was considered as no mean support to the imperial sword of Louis of Bavaria. The intercourse with Italy promoted learning. A licence still extant, dated September, 1350, permits a hundred and thirty-six persons, many of them with a numerous retinue, to leave England for Rome as travellers. Private persons began to collect libraries—the classics were recovered and read—the vernacular languages were no longer despised. The kings of France had threatened to invade England and destroy the English language; and this menace is continually referred to by Edward the Third, as an additional plea in favour of his French wars. A charter of doubtful authority is given of Henry, as occurring in 1258; but it is generally believed, that the first public document in the English language appeared in the reign of Edward the Third. The travels of Sir John Mandeville, the oldest English prose writer, appeared in the same reign, and were followed at a short interval by Wickliffe's translation of the Scriptures into English. The learned men of Europe began to write in the languages in which they thought, and the strong idiomatic wealth of English became the vehicle of mental power. Chaucer did for England what his contemporary Petrarch did for Italy, and what Schiller and Goethe did for Germany in a later age. Though a courtier and a dependant upon the court, Chaucer dared to commit his reputation to the vulgar tongue. He held it not essential, that

> Poets who lasting marble seek,
> Should write in Latin or in Greek.

He wrote in "simple speche, for the luf of simple men;" and he felt a well-grounded confidence, that the advancing flood of language, although it might partially conceal, would never wholy overthrow, the rock upon which he built his fame. It would be unpardonable to pass from this part of our subject without a few words concerning one of the fine arts, for which the Edwardian period was chiefly famous.

Under Edward the Third, ecclesiastical architecture may be said to have reached the highest limit of its excellence, through a long series of gradual improvements. The rude masonry and "gehtymbred work" of the Saxons of the eleventh century, expanded into the heavy shafts, massive semicircular arches, and those deep rich bands of reduplicated mouldings, that produce so solemn an effect in cathedrals, such as Durham and Gloucester, and constitute what is termed by antiquaries the Norman style. To this succeeded, through a series of not unpleasing steps, the pointed arch, detached shaft, high-pitched vault, and flowered ornament, whose elegance, slightly marked by stiffness, characterises the "early English" style

of Canterbury, Westminster, Salisbury, and the Temple, the beautiful window called the "Five Sisters," in the northern transept of York, and the unrivalled nine at Durham. During the Edwardian age, this stiffness gradually, but wholly disappeared. The monastic architects aspired to a lighter style. With a boldness peculiar to themselves they threw vaults and arches of a loftier pitch and wider span. The narrow opening with its circles and trefoils and formal geometrical tracery, gave way to those ampler windows and graceful flowing lines, the pride of Exeter, Carlisle, and York, and that still adorn many a rural chancel. The change descended into the details. The mouldings and friezes with their fine contrasts of light and shade, of ivory and ebon, became bolder and more rich; buttresses relieve the length of wall, and the deep niche with its fretted canopy and sculptured saint took its place as a frequent ornament. The interiors are now enriched with grotesque corbels, highly wrought pendants and bosses; and those fine tombs were constructed, whose shrines and tabernacle-work and their recumbent effigies are in themselves so beautiful, and in such exquisite harmony with the buildings that contain them. To the Edwardian age are due the glorious west front of York, the whole of Bristol, the naves of Lincoln and Beverley, the far-famed lanthorn of Ely, much of Exeter and Norwich, the stately spire of Oxford, and almost the whole of those unequalled parish churches for which Lincolnshire is so deservedly celebrated. In an age which we call rude, when church commissioners and church-building societies were not, arose those wonderful structures, whose designs are so peculiarly English; whose magnitude is lost in the harmony of their proportions and the nice adjustment of their parts; whose vaults and circles are balanced with so much geometrical skill; whose details, alike in figure, but differing in pattern, so exquisitely finished even where least intended to be seen, remind us less of the works of art than of those of nature in their beauty and their profusion, If the production of that high and solemn frame of mind which, not itself devotional, forms yet no unfit preparation for religious offices, be regarded as the one great end of ecclesiastical architecture, those who designed our old gothic cathedrals must be allowed to have been perfectly successful. The style of the fourteenth century is termed technically the "decorated." In the succeeding age were erected many fine buildings, such for example as the Chapel of King's College at Cambridge, that of St. George at Windsor, and of Henry the Seventh at Westminster; but beautiful as these celebrated structures are allowed to be, they lack the graceful but grave simplicity of the preceding style,—so pure in the conception of its designs, so free from all meretricious ornament in its execution.

The nobles and magnates of England, the great men by whom these magnificent structures were founded and richly endowed, next, and in the last place, demand our notice.

The lines of their character are bold, harsh, and well defined. Their love of war was a passion, a natural instinct, wholly irrespective of desire of gain or the purer motive of patriotism,—exhibited in infancy, still present in old age, and even in death. It was the force of the old blood of the north, common to both Saxon and Norman races. War was their chief business; the tournament—no bad imitation of war when the original was not to be had—their chief pleasure. The clash of arms, the neighing of steeds, the war-note of the trumpet, were music in their ears. They were men of action, destitute of literature, and rendered impatient of bodily rest by their absence of domestic resources. Though of noble extraction, they were of rude nurture. The sparkling eye, the curled lip, the fierce expression, the stately and majestic air, proclaimed a bold licentious spirit, fearing little whether of this world or that to come. As a race their limbs were well knit, their bones big, shoulders broad, of great personal strength. They were unruly and vicious as their own war-horses, and no hand less steady than that of a Plantaganet could curb them. They looked, we are told, in the king's face when they spoke to him; and certainly what they did say was often of a nature calculated to do full justice to any haughtiness in its delivery. The brief dialogue between Edward the First and the Earl of Norfolk, touching foreign service, is well known. "By the eternal God, Sir Earl, you shall either go or hang!"—"By the eternal God, Sir King, I will neither go nor hang!" And when the Earl upon this quitted the presence with his following, thirty bannerets and fifteen hundred lances, the king found himself left nearly alone. It is to William Marshall, the great Earl of Pembroke, that we owe the successful opposition to Henry and John; and Humphrey Bohun and Roger Bigod resisted Edward the First to his face, in the plenitude of his power. These men were absolutely without fear. Abbot Ailred's description of Walter l'Espec as he appeared at the battle of the Standard is still extant, and gives us a tolerable notion of the personal appearance and rude impassioned eloquence of the barons of those days. "Walter l'Espec," says he, "was quick-witted, prudent in counsel, serious in peace, discreet in war; a trusty friend, a loyal subject; of stature more than ordinary large, yet comely; his hair black, his beard long, forehead high; great eyes; big face, but beautiful; shrill voice; in speech elegant, and of noble extraction." This vivid picture almost places the great baron before us, as he stood under the huge banner from whence the field took its name, leaning upon his two-handed sword, and thus encouraging his men against the Scots:—"St. Peter, of whose church they have made a stable, will fight for you; the glorious company of martyrs, whose altars they have defiled, will lead you on; the holy virgins by their devout prayers will intercede for you; Christ himself will take his shield and rise up in your aid." Then turning to the Earl of Albemarle he

added, giving him his hand, "I faithfully promise you that I will conquer the Scots this day or lose my life upon them." It is remarkable how few of the male descendants of these barons survived, and at how early an age they were exposed to be swept off by war. Edward the Third headed an army at eighteen; and the Black Prince was only sixteen when he led at Crecy. In Spain, the head of the house of Ponce de Leon carried his son, a boy of thirteen, into action; and the only son of Alphonso the Sixth was slain when eleven years old at the battle of Udes in 1109. Of the Earls of Pembroke of the line of Hastings, "no son ever saw his father, nor did any father take delight in his child."

The great fiefs of England bore no proportion to those of France, either in wealth or extent. That of Chester, with its appendage of Flint, was the only dependency that at all resembled them; and this was at an early period united to the crown. The conqueror's wise policy led him to bestow upon his nobles estates scattered over different parts of the country, thus weakening their independent power. Their Norman possessions also were for the most part relinquished when St. Louis called upon the owners to choose to which crown they would become subject. William's policy produced a further effect which it is probable he did not contemplate. The French nobles, from the great extent of their fiefs, became independent of each other, and finally fell each singly into the power of the crown. In England, the only strength of the nobles lay in union; and hence we find them acting as a combined body against the crown, and exerting a strong restraining power until their disunion during the wars of the roses. In France, revolt was always the first manifestation of discontent. In England, redress was in the first instance sought in as bold but a far more effectual manner.

The political power of the barons varied considerably from time to time with the strength or weakness of the character of the prince. Edward the First brought his nobles into tolerable subjection; but Edward the Third reaped more material benefit from their support. They were to him what the girdling towers of Windsor are to her majestic keep—an ornament and a safeguard. A triple wall interposed between the enemy and the citadel, inferior to it indeed singly in magnificence and strength, but when united capable of commanding equally an internal or external foe.

It is perhaps fortunate for the fame of these old nobles,—our Bohuns and Nevilles, Bigods and Warrens, that we possess but the brief outline of their histories. We only know them as they appeared in the council or the camp, confronting the monarch or the general enemy. We never see them in dishabille. They present to our imagination that singular mixture of valour and rude devotion so favourable to poetry and romance; they are before us only as they appear upon their tombs, fully armed and accoutred, with one hand

upon the sword, and the other uplifted towards heaven,—no bad emblem of that strange devotion sometimes apparent even in their most lawless acts.

There is nothing strikes us as more remarkable among these old feudal leaders than the union in their natures of such a variety of opposite principles. Their singular mixture of good faith and deceit; their inviolable regard for the lightest word pledged to a private gentleman; their utter disregard of the most solemn oaths sworn to their vassals or their feudal superior; their kindness and courtesy towards equals; their occasional cruelty towards the baser sort; their pride and arrogance in the face of the foe; their humility and gentleness towards the captive knight. The cause of these contradictions is to be sought probably in their very imperfect knowledge of real morality; in their belief that any papal subterfuge might be harmlessly imitated, and above all in the graft of the laws of chivalry upon the stock of a barbarous and unsparing age.

The springs and fountains of chivalry may be traced trickling in a thousand little rills of humanity and gentleness over an otherwise hard and barren field. Its chief features were martial renown, gallantry, devotion; a thirst after personal distinction, to be sought only through dangerous enterprises; a strong confidence in success; an utter recklessness about consequences,—asking not who or how many, but where, was the enemy; a love of justice and truth as honourable; a hatred of craft and falsehood as dishonourable,—but without reference to the effect of either upon morals; a gallantry ardent, but often grossly impure; a devotion zealous, but widely mistaken. "Thrust thy sword," said St. Louis, "into the belly of the infidel as far as it will go." An utter contempt, a trampling under foot of mercenary motives,—regarding a chaplet from the hand of their mistress, for a deed of valour performed in her presence, as their highest reward,—to be proclaimed a recreant, their greatest shame. Some of the wildest fictions of Cervantes are not without a parallel in the real-life romance of such men as Chandos or Bayard.

The circle of chivalry embraced every nation in Christendom, and regarded all within its pale as equal members of one great community. Religion was not originally an integral part of the bond, but it became so at an early period, and the prelates of the church not unfrequently took part in the ceremonies, and conferred the accolade of knighthood. The aspirant to the order was admitted through forms equally solemn with those of his admission into Christianity itself. Two older knights became his sponsors. The bath was emblematic of purity of life; the bed, of rest in Paradise; the vigil in the church, of his watchfulness in her defence. His panoply was blessed by the priest, his favour fixed on by the lady of his love. In his cross-handled sword he carried about him a perpetual emblem

of his holy faith. The accolade, or essential part of knighthood, was often conferred upon the edge of battle, or under circumstances of extreme danger. It was the soldier's viaticum.

There were times, however, when the fierce Norman spirit broke not only through the trammels of chivalry, but through the still more solemn bonds of ecclesiastical discipline; and the preachers of peace appeared in the van and leading of actual war. On the field of Hastings, the celebrated Bishop of Bayeux, half brother to the Conqueror, wore a coat of mail beneath his rochet, and, after blessing the soldiers to the extent of his spiritual capacity, he threw off his garb, mounted his white war-horse, and at the head of a squadron of Norman cavalry, lent the cause the less equivocal support of his temporal arm. In the next century, the Bishop of Durham, who seems beside to have been Lord Chancellor, was present at the battle of the Standard, and stirred up the troops by a most effective oration. The Norman Bishop of Beauvais headed a force against Cœur-de-Lion, and was brought prisoner into his presence in complete armour. Richard, with the caustic humour of his race, met the papal interference in the bishop's behalf, by the present of his shirt of mail, and the pithy quotation, "This have we found, see whether it be thy son's coat or no." Anthony Beé, a scion of a truly warlike race—

> "Le noble evesque de Doureausme,
> Le plus vaillant clerk de Poyaume,"

or, according to another authority, the "maist prowd and maisterful busshop in all England," who feasted Edward the First and his nobles in his baronial hall, at Durham, though detained from the siege of Caerlavrock by a wound, upon another occasion supported that monarch with a thousand foot and five hundred horse, arrayed beneath his own banner, and headed by himself in bright armour. In 1339, a successor in the same see drew pay as an earl in Edward the Third's army. The Bishops of Durham acted fully up to the spirit of the old Castilian proverb,

> "Curse them devoutly—
> Hammer them stoutly."

They were the real prelates of the church militant; their knightly cap and two-handed sword were not like the crossed swords of London, a mere heraldic accompaniment, but actually presented to them at their consecration for the defence of their county palatine. Adam Orleton, of Hereford, whose equivocal response is said to have sanctioned the murder of Edward the Second, was as warlike as he was astute; he bore arms with the barons at Boroughbridge in 1321. At Neville's Cross, where the patrimony of the church was invaded by the Scots, the priests of Beverley assembled to do battle for their cause. "Bare-headed, with sword and quiver at their thighs,

and their bows under their arms, they marched forward in procession, imploring the help of God and all holy angels,"—a sight "which did stir up wonderful devotion and contrition unto tears in all beholders." At the combat called the Chapter of Mitton, the episcopal charge was led by the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Ely, and three hundred clerks, wearing surplices over their armour, were left dead by the Scots upon the field. Nor were the Scottish pastors less active in the defence of their sheep-folds. When an English band invaded Fife, Sinclair, bishop of Dunkeld, drove them forth with such gallantry and success, that Robert Bruce always called him the "king's bishop;" and the valiant man who bestrode the fallen Douglas at Otterbourne, and beat off the press, was that baron's chaplain, and afterwards Archdeacon of Aberdeen. In those days the mitre was not seldom donned over the helmet, and plate and mail were but ill concealed by surplice or rochet. An ecclesiastic handled a lance as a modern clergyman takes up a gun, and a suit of armour was to a priest pretty much what a red coat is to a rector, a garment somewhat uncanonical, perhaps, but by no means involving a serious heresy.

But those softer virtues, which that age sometimes looked for in vain at ecclesiastical hands, were not without influence from another quarter. We are bound no less by gallantry than by truth, to ascribe much of the humanising effect of chivalry to the influence of the female sex. "England," says the Italian proverb, "is a paradise for women." Their movements were free and unrestrained —there was little jealousy of their conduct—they were beloved with the strong love of free men, not worshipped with the subserviency of slaves. Their charms were indeed the frequent cause of strife and combat, but their presence softened the after-conduct. They were the arbiters of discord—the rewarders of valour. A sleeve, a glove, a favour in itself valueless, became a gift for a prince when it proceeded from a lady. The knight who could display a scarf of his mistress's colours, tied on by her fair hands, went forth to battle as to assured victory. Such tokens long lingered about our English chivalry; they were worn by the accomplished cavaliers of Elizabeth and Charles the First, over whose shoulder at Charing-cross appears the last sad relic of the custom.

In one important respect, the ladies of Edward's court far surpassed even the model of excellency represented in the ideal court of Arthur. The virtue of Queen Philippa was as superior to that of Guinever, as that of the beautiful Countess of Salisbury was to the ladies of that queen's retinue. It must, however, be confessed, that the love of knightly valour or minstrelsy was allowed to carry ladies strange lengths. When Margaret of Scotland kissed Alain Chartier before her court, she drew a distinction between the man himself and the lips from whence such beautiful things issued. It

was not indeed every lady who preserved a difference so fine. Froissart, however, has left us some noble examples both of the strength and virtue of the female character. Agnes of Dunbar, the daughter of the valiant Randolph, defended her husband's castle successfully against the Earl of Salisbury, one of Edward's greatest captains; whilst the countess of that same earl not only held out her husband's castle against her sovereign's enemies, but made a glorious defence against the far more dangerous advances of that sovereign himself. The rival Countesses of Blois and Montfort contested the coronet of Britanny for their husbands and their sons, with a firmness that spoke a high sense of duty. Queen Philippa herself was a model of all conjugal and queen-like virtues; and, by her intercession upon one very memorable occasion, saved her husband's fame from the lasting stain of cruelty. In the various transactions between France and England, female influence has ever been exercised on the side of peace, when it was consistent with honour; and at a time when each prince wore a "nom-de-guerre," the sister of Edward the Third received the gentler appellation of "Joan Makepeace."

It is amusing to behold the gravity with which the good canon describes the armorial bearings of his heroes; how complacently he tells us of the Earl of Moray, who bore three pillows gules; of Sir John Chandos, who came forth in a surcoat, embroidered on back and breast with the sharp pile; of the lord who conversed with the shepherds and shepherdesses, "en beau pre sert et plaisant," in his dream, and of the arms he bore. But in the days of Froissart, the "Res heraldica" was regarded with a respect bordering upon awe, in which our gentle chivalry does but little participate. The modern "Armiger" is like the good mayor of Angers satirized by Ménage,

> "Qui etoit de bonne nature
> Et ne fut Armé qu'en peinture."

His coat-of-arms, fresh from Long-acre, looks at least as fine upon his panels as the old simple insignia of the Talbots or the Nevilles. The court of chivalry have no longer a commission to "pull down monuments, deface armorial bearings," or fine and imprison in the marshalsea, those who confound a saltire with a fess, or, unlearned in the chromatics of heraldry, see no distinction between gules, azure, and sable. An old table and a few empty benches, in a room in an obscure part of London, is all that remains of this once powerful jurisdiction. Blanch-Lion and Rouge-Dragon survive, indeed, but deprived by age of teeth and claws; and the veriest roturier from the Stock-exchange, may purchase a mansion in St. James's-square, and exhibit his unlicensed blazonry under the immediate window of the earl marshal.

Froissart, however, happily for his peace of mind, had no reason to anticipate all this. The wars of which he is the chronicler were

embittered in no slight degree by the "lilies from haughty Gallia torn." The roll of Caerlavrock tells us how

> Le Beau Brian de Fitz Aleyne
> De courtesie et de honour pleyne
> I vi o baniere barree
> De or et de goules bien paree
> Dont le challenge estoit le pointz
> Par entre lui et Hue Poyntz.
> Ki portoit cel ne plus ne meins
> Dont merveille avoit meinte et meins.

In 1333, Sir John Sytsylt, under a similar challenge, established his right to "Le champe de dize barretz, argent et azur, supportez de cinq escocheons sables, charges ovesque tant de Lyons." The arms still borne by his descendants, the Marquesses of Exeter and Salisbury. The great Scrope and Grosvenor controversy for "the bend or," on one side or the other of which were arrayed the flower of English chivalry from John of Gaunt downwards, was scarcely closed when Froissart wrote; and, greater than all, he witnessed in 1389 the commencement of the suit between Edward Hastings and Reginald Lord Grey de Ruthyn, for the armorial bearings and heritage of the house of Hastings, which lasted nearly twenty years, in which Hastings was condemned in costs of nine hundred and seventy pounds; Grey swearing that he had spent above a thousand marks more; and, after having in addition been imprisoned for sixteen years, because in contempt of the decision he presumed still to bear the coat "Or a Manch Gules," "being in extream anguish of mind at his latter end, he left God's curse and his own on his descendants if they should not attempt the vindication thereof." Even in far later days, under the Tudor dynasty, an alleged assumption of the royal arms was among the charges fatal to the Duke of Norfolk; and one of the grievances mentioned by Clarendon, as occurring under Charles the First, was the heavy fine imposed upon a citizen who called a nobleman's crest of the swan "a goose." A later case indeed, though of what exact nature we know not, was that of Blount *versus* Blount, tried in the Earl Marshal's court as late as 1720.

In Edward the Third's days, a man's armorial bearings were closely connected with his personal honour, and their augmentation or abatement enters into the principal rewards and punishments of the age. One of the honours of Agincourt was the right to bear arms. The house of Grimaldi received the "imperial eagle" in their arms, as an honourable testimony of their services to the empire. Robert Bruce conceded to the faithful Seton "a falling crown, supported by a sword." The "crowned heart," still borne by the house of Douglas, was considered no inadequate recognition

of the services of the good Lord James, by his descendants. The four squires of Lord Audley at Poictiers, each added a charge from his arms to their own. Adam de Blencowe, banner-bearer at Crecy and Poictiers to Ralph Lord Greystoke, received three chaplets as an addition to his former bearing; and the golden rose, presented by the pope to Reginald Mohun, was long afterwards borne in the shield of his descendants. Armorial bearings, though less commonly, were sometimes the vehicles of disgrace. Andrew Harda, the traitorous Earl of Carlisle, among other punishments, had his shield reversed and his arms dishonoured. John, said to be a bastard of the Earl of Hainault, assumed their "black ramping lion, fanged and ungued and embrued with blood." His right to do this was disputed by Guy, the legal heir, and Philip the Fair; and the twelve peers of France sat as judges of the quarrel. The well-dowered mother declared Guy alone to be her legitimate son, upon which John, like another Falconbridge, cried out, "meretricis filius sum, opulentissimæ omnium quæ vivunt;" for this breach of decorum he was sentenced, "That, whereas he was wont to bear the Lion of Hainault, he should henceforward bear him 'déhaché,' that is, deprived of fangs, claws, and tongue," and this was evidently regarded as a severe punishment.

A confusion in heraldic matters was often attended with very serious consequences. Thus the difference between the arms of Sir William Baliol and his brother Sir Robert was so slight, that in the heat of a battle Sir William's men mistook them, and rallying round Sir Robert's banner, caused such confusion that many were slain; and Sir William, being left alone, was obliged to flee. Also the Lord of Coucy, son-in-law to Edward the Third, whilst absent in Austria, was greatly discredited by the deeds of the Lord of Chine, whose banner was mistaken for that of Coucy, the arms being the same. And at Barnet the Lancastrians "supposede that thei hade wonne the felde, but it happenede so, that the Erle of Oxenforde's men hade upon them ther lorde's lyvery bothe before and behynde, which was a sterre withe stremys, wiche was myche lyke Kynge Edwarde's lyvery, the sunne with stremys; and the myste was so thycke, that a manne myghte not profytely judge one thyng from another; so the Erle of Warwick's menne schott and faughte agens the Erle of Oxenforde's menne, wetynge and supposynge that thei had been Kyng Edwarde's menne." The result was the loss of the battle.

The mysteries of heraldic lore have now so completely fallen into oblivion, that many of Froissart's readers will think them the least amusing part of his volumes. The old chronicler, however, was certainly not of that opinion, and we regret that, in homage to his taste, we cannot bestow upon them even a passing notice at this time.

The constitution of a feudal army was highly favourable to the

doing and witnessing acts of individual valour. Not only did the description of weapon, and the imperfect discipline then in use, render each soldier less of a machine and less dependent than he now is upon his combination with others, but also every member of the host, from the barons who led down to the lowest varlet, was in direct dependence upon some feudal superior, to whom he paid personal homage, and to whom therefore he was personally known. In such an army there was more of each man's cottage and fireside, more of home, more of England, than is consistent with the manner of a modern levy. Ancient comrades, whose fathers had been comrades before them, side by side and shoulder to shoulder, stood opposed to the foe. A bold stroke or deed of manhood was sure to be marked and cheered on; grey-haired men, who had praised the prowess of the boy in their village sports at home, took pride in the proof of their sagacity, and on their return told the tale of valour to the maids and matrons in England.

In a feudal army too each great officer of the crown, and each knight-banneret, claimed an independent command, so far as to shout his own war-cry and to array his vassals around his own banner. There might be seen the bill-men, "the prickers wild and rude," of Durham and Northumberland, marshalled beneath the "silver saltire" of Nevill or the "bright crescent" of the Percy; the swordsmen of Surrey with their checkered badges of azure and gold, "which from brave Warrene their great earl they wore;" and the stars of the Clintons, or "the lady's sleeve high-spirited Hastings wore," in the leading of the bowmen of Needwood and Charnwood. Cries of "Au feu!" "Montjoye St. Denis!" "Passevant le Thibaut!" "A la recousse Montorson!" "Notre-dame Guesclin!" were met by "Ha, St. Edward!" "Ha, St. George!" "St. George for merry England!" "Lancaster for the Earl of Derby!" "God speed!" "Talbot to the rescue!" each man fought for the credit of merry England, for the old halls in which simple as well as gentle had often feasted, for the hereditary oaks under which they and their fathers had danced many a measure, for the approving smile that no English maiden ever refused to valour and loyalty. Each felt a personal interest in the old banner that waved over their heads, and knew how to die rather than dishonour the blood-red cross of England that each bore upon his breast. Froissart has left us in his noble episode of Lord Audley and his squires, a fine example of reciprocal feudal attachment. The passage is too well known to need insertion here. A more illustrious instance of gallantry and generosity has scarcely ever been narrated.

Those feudal attachments which in England descended to the lowest yeoman, did not exist in France by any means to the same extent. The trust of the French armies lay in the knights and gentry,—the private soldier was but little regarded. In England, on the contrary, the narrower limits of his fief brought the lord more into immediate

contact with his vassal. He placed arms in his hand, and relied upon his using them with effect. As early as the battle of the Standard we find the long Norman bow in the hands of the Saxon peasantry; and the yeomen of England contributed in no small degree to the victories of Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt.

The modern system of war, although considerably altered since the introduction of the bayonet, may be regarded as having actually manifested itself during the German campaigns of the sixteenth century, and its rudiments may be traced back to a much earlier period. The invention of gunpowder no doubt promoted the change, but it is chiefly due to the conversion of the old temporary levies into a standing army. After that change, every gentleman was no longer necessarily a soldier. The hand of the vassal ceased to be equally conversant with the sword as with the plough; fighting became a distinct profession, the art of making war a regular science. Under the new discipline the shield was laid aside, the pike was substituted for the sword; the men were ranged closely together, the individual soldier was drilled to a manual exercise, and large bodies of men were taught by continual practice to act together, and at the word of command to move as one man. The soldiers became aware that their personal safety and the success of their common movement depended not so much upon the strength or courage of each as upon the degree in which he acted with and supported his comrade. The operations of war assumed a more extended and more complicated character. Generals no longer fought in the van of their troops and vindicated their title to lead by incurring a greater share of danger. Hereditary constables and admirals were set aside, because, though valour appeared to be an inheritance, wisdom and sage counsel assuredly were not. The results of a battle or of a campaign came to depend more upon the head of the leader as less upon the head of each soldier. Bodies of men were moved to and fro like pieces upon a chess-board. The effects of particular combinations were studied, fortresses were silently evacuated when it became clear that under certain circumstances they could not advantageously be defended. Effects were produced by the mere exhibition of strength in a particular quarter, and hostile armies were in this way marched and counter-marched in each other's front and flank, and whole campaigns sometimes passed away without a decisive engagement. For single combats or personal achievements the men were allowed very inadequate weapons and comparatively few opportunities, though under the occasional circumstances of a storm or some struggle of more than ordinary severity, it became fearfully evident that the same force and manhood that in old time had drawn a cloth-yard arrow to the head, or wielded a two-handed blade, could employ a modern weapon with an effect no less deadly. The trained soldiers of the Peninsula and Waterloo differed only in the trappings and

accidents of war from the ill-disciplined yeomen of Edward and the Black Prince.

Henry the Fifth appears to have been, in our English battle at least, the father of the modern system. His changes in the mode of levying, supporting, and training an army were considerable. Personal services began to be paid with reluctance, and had fallen into much disuse,—the composition termed "scutage money" being generally substituted in their stead. Henry employed this and his other resources in raising and retaining regular troops. He entered into contracts with his chief nobles and tenants for their services, paying each according to his rank. They in their turn made similar contracts with such of their own dependents as were willing to serve abroad. These levies were regularly drilled and taught to move in unison, after the manner of disciplined troops. The advantage of this discipline appears through Henry's campaigns, and shone out especially at Agincourt.

At the time however of which we are now writing, these indications of the later system had not yet appeared. Generals still looked to numbers rather than to skill. Days and places for pitched battles were still occasionally appointed. The manufacture of gunpowder, or, as it was called, "pulvis ad faciendum *le crak*," was in a rude state, and the use of that subtle grain but little understood. Cannon, styled by Barbour "bombards" and "crakys of war," used in defence of Guesnoy in 1340, and probably by the English at Crecy six years later, were at best unwieldy machines. Edward the Fourth is said to have been the first English sovereign who actually "sparkeled his enemies with his ordinance," that is, who derived any real benefit from them. He indeed so used them, that

> " Fort Hercules, Cesar grand debelleur,
> Estoient vivant, auroient crainte et frayeur
> De tel tempeste."

But we must, however unwillingly, confine ourselves within reasonable limits, and these we fear our readers may be of opinion we have already overstepped. We have attempted to exhibit the condition of the English nation under the sway of their most warlike monarch, and to show the mighty machine which his policy perfected and brought to bear upon his one grand object, conquest. The actual wars of the reign, and the spirit-stirring events connected with them, demand a separate notice, which, it may be, at some future period we may have an opportunity of bestowing upon them.

ART II.—*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay.* Vol. V. Colburn.

THAT the interest of this series does not become exhausted, and is not even diminished, must be owing to some rare qualities in the diarist and letter-writer; especially when the collection is so protracted and voluminous. These rare and charming features may, we think, be thus classified and characterized:—First, a great number and diversity of persons pass under her observation, while most of them are such as one desires to hear of, and perhaps not the less that they are often sketched as seen in their most careless moments;—secondly, the painter is a keen and pains-taking observer, although we do not always feel confident that reliance is to be placed in her views; for her depth is not great, at the same time that her judgments are too much fashioned according to one uniform and artificial standard;—and lastly, the artist gains upon us, because her candour and natural sensibility become more apparent the longer she mingles in society,—not even being spoiled by court; but on the other hand, having her heart schooled, without impairing its native truthfulness or withering its beautiful affections. If the reader wishes to test our diarist's principles and sentiments, let a comparison be made between the early volumes of this series and the present,—between the period of her girlhood and that when the fifth volume closes, viz., of her marriage at the age of *forty-one*, and there will be found no diminution; but, on the contrary, more unmistakeable evidences of reality, of sympathy, and elevation of mind. There is as much animation as ever; and there is less of affectation and of vanity's renouncements.

This *fifth* volume comprises four years of Miss Burney's life,—viz., from 1789 to 1793. In the course of the former two, the King recovers his reason, and Fanny recovers her freedom. The latter two are passed with her father at Chelsea College, in Mrs. Crewe's brilliant coterie, with Mrs Phillips at Mickleham, or among the Locks of Norbury Park; and the French revolution sends a delightful colony to England, which afforded a most pleasing variety in the diarist's experience, even to the most important change that could occur in her life.

No reader can be sorry that Miss Burney was at length to be liberated from the confinement, and sometimes the torture of court life. "Sweet" as the Queen is uniformly in these volumes declared to be, yet the tire-woman has left many testimonies to the effect that, pleasant nature and true human happiness are not to be sought for in the train of royalty. "Her Majesty, the day before we left Windsor, gave me to understand my attendance would be yet *one more fortnight* requisite, though *no longer*. I heard this *with a fearful presentiment*. I should never go through *another fortnight*;" and

this is one of her testimonies. The first of what follows in our pages bears upon the exigencies of court formality.

"It is terrible to see how formality annihilates the best faculties," is a remark of Miss Burney; which her Diary forcibly impresses, when relating the particulars of the reading tasks which took place in the Queen's closet. The diarist had to perform as part of her ministring duties the toilsome business of sometimes going through an entire play,—and this too without pause, hindrance, or comment of any sort, even when the piece, as in the case of the "Rivals," might not have been written exclusively or exactly for her Majesty's ear. The reader, besides, it is to be borne in mind, was beginning to feel that her health continued to yield under the requisitions of etiquette, court occupation, and continual restraint. Still, she was put to exhausting trials;—ladies of the bed-chamber, and even princesses of the blood, the while spinning to pleasure the Queen, who might also happen to be knotting. We quote a scene of the sort:—

The moment coffee was over the Princess Elizabeth came for me. I found her Majesty knotting, the Princess Royal drawing, Princess Augusta spinning, and Lady Courtown I believe in the same employment, but I saw none of them perfectly well. "Come, Miss Burney," cried the Queen, "how are your spirits?—How is your voice?" "She says, ma'am," cried the kind Princess Elizabeth, "she shall do her best!" This had been said in attending her Royal Highness back. I could only confirm it, and that *cheerfully*,—to hide *fearfully*. I had not the advantage of choosing my play, nor do I know what would have been my decision had it fallen to my lot. Her Majesty had just begun Colman's works, and "Polly Honeycomb" was to open my campaign. "I think," cried the Queen most graciously, "Miss Burney will read the better for drawing a chair and sitting down." "O yes, mamma! I dare say so!" cried Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth, both in a moment. The Queen then told me to draw my chair close to her side. I made no scruples. Heaven knows I needed not the addition of standing! but most glad I felt at being placed thus near, as it saved a constant painful effort of loud reading. "Lady Courtown," cried the Queen, "you had better draw nearer, for Miss Burney *has the misfortune* of reading rather low at first." Nothing could be more amiable than this opening. Accordingly, I did, as I had promised, my best; and, indifferent as that was, it would rather have surprised you, all things considered, that it was not yet worse. But I exerted all the courage I possess, and, having often read to the Queen, I felt how much it behoved me not to let her surmise I had any *greater* awe to surmount. It is but a vulgar performance; and I was obliged to omit, as well as I could at sight, several circumstances very unpleasant for reading, and ill enough fitted for such hearers. It went off pretty flat. Nobody is to comment, nobody is to interrupt; and even between one act and another not a moment's pause is expected to be made. I had been already informed of this etiquette by Mr. Turbulent and Miss Planta; nevertheless, it is not only oppressive to

the reader, but loses to the hearers so much spirit and satisfaction, that I determined to endeavour, should I again be called upon, to introduce a little break into this tiresome and unnatural profundity of respectful solemnity. My own embarrassment, however, made it agree with me for the present uncommonly well. Lady Courtown never uttered one single word the whole time; yet is she one of the most loquacious of our establishment. But such is the settled etiquette. The Queen has a taste for conversation, and the Princesses a good-humoured love for it, that doubles the regret of such an annihilation of all nature and all pleasantry. But what will not prejudice and education inculcate? They have been brought up to annex silence to respect and decorum: to talk, therefore, unbid, or to differ from any given opinion even when called upon, are regarded as high improprieties, if not presumptions.

And yet there were reliefs to these cold solemnities and this utter annihilation of nature and frolicsome humour, even within the precincts of the court; and the late king, William the Fourth, appears, from his own statement and showing, to have been one especially of the mad-caps. Still, he was long a stranger to the palace; and when, on his father's recovery, he returned to England, it was without leave, —having "probably all the excuse of believing his Royal Father incapable of further governance." However, the Duke of Clarence did arrive; and here are some glimpses of him and his rattling and familiar manner:—

In the evening, while Mrs. Schwellenberg, Mrs. Zachary, and myself were sitting in the eating parlour, the door was suddenly opened by Mr. Alberts, the Queen's page, and "Prince William" was announced. He came to see Mrs. Schwellenberg. He is handsome, as are all the royal family, though he is not of a height to be called a good figure. He looked very hard at the two strangers, but made us all sit, very civilly, and drew a chair for himself, and began to discourse, with the most unbounded openness and careless ease, of everything that occurred to him. Mrs. Schwellenberg said that she had pitied him for the grief he must have felt at the news of the King's illness: "Yes," cried he, "I was very sorry for his Majesty, very sorry indeed,—no man loves the King better; of that be assured. But all sailors love their King. And I felt for the Queen, too,—I did, faith. I was horridly agitated when I saw the King first. I could hardly stand." Then Mrs. Schwellenberg suddenly said, "Miss Berner, now you might see his Royal Highness; you wanted it so much, and now you might do it. Your Royal Highness, that is Miss Berner." He rose very civilly, and bowed, to this strange freak of an introduction; and, of course, I rose and courtsied low, and waited his commands to sit again; which were given instantly, with great courtesy. "Ma'am," cried he, "you have a brother in the service." "Yes, sir," I answered, much pleased with his professional attention. He had not, he civilly said, the pleasure to know him, but he had heard of him. Then, turning suddenly to Mrs. Schwellenberg, "Pray," cried he, "what has become of Mrs.—Mrs.—Mrs. Hogentot?" "O, your Royal Highness!" cried she, stifling much offence, "do you mean the poor

Haggerdon?—O your Royal Highness! have you forgot her?" "I have, upon my word!" cried he, plumply; "upon my soul I have!" Then turning again to me, "I am very happy, ma'am," he cried, "to see you here; it gives me great pleasure the Queen should appoint the sister of a sea-officer to so eligible a situation. As long as she has a brother in the service, ma'am," cried he to Mrs. Schwellenberg, "I look upon her as one of us. O faith I do! I do indeed! she is one of our corps." Then he said he had been making acquaintance with a new princess, one he did not know nor remember—Princess Amelia. "Mary, too," he said, "I had quite forgot; and they did not tell me who she was; so I went up to her, and, without in the least recollecting her, she's so monstrously grown, I said, 'Pray, ma'am, are you one of the attendants?'" Princess Sophia is his professed favourite. "I have had the honour," he cried, "of about an hour's conversation with that young lady, in the old style; though I have given up my mad frolics now. To be sure, I had a few in that style formerly!—upon my word I am almost ashamed!—Ha! ha! ha!" Then, recollecting particulars, he laughed vehemently, but Mrs. Schwellenberg eagerly interrupted his communications; I fancy some of them might have related to her own sacred person! "Augusta," he said, "looks very well,—a good face and countenance,—she looks interesting,—she looks as if she knew more than she would say; and I like that character." He stayed a full hour, chatting in this good-humoured and familiar manner.

A birth-day scene gives us a still more characteristic display of the sailor royal, and almost under the very eye of the sovereign:—

At dinner, Mrs. Schwellenberg presided, attired magnificently. Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Stainforth, Messrs. De Luc and Stanhope dined with us; and, while we were still eating fruit, the Duke of Clarence entered. He was just risen from the King's table, and waiting for his equipage to go home and prepare for the ball. To give you an idea of the energy of his Royal Highness's language, I ought to set apart a general objection to writing, or rather intimating, certain forcible words, and beg leave to show you, in genuine colours, a royal sailor. We all rose, of course, upon his entrance, and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs, while the footmen left the room; but he ordered us all to sit down, and called the men back to hand about some wine. He was in exceeding high spirits and in the utmost good humour. He placed himself at the head of the table, next Mrs. Schwellenberg, and looked remarkably well, gay, and full of sport and mischief, yet clever withal as well as comical. "Well, this is the first day I have ever dined with the King at St. James's on his birthday, Pray have you all drank His Majesty's health?" "No, your Roy'l Highness: your Roy'l Highness might make dem do dat," said Mrs. Schwellenberg. "O, by —— will I! Here, you (to the footman); bring champagne! I'll drink the king's health again, if I die for it; Yet I have done pretty well already: so has the King, I promise you! I believe His Majesty was never taken such good care of before. We have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigues; and I should have done more still, but for the ball and Mary—I have promised to dance with Mary!" Princess Mary made her first appearance at court to-day: she looked most

interesting and unaffectedly lovely; she is a sweet creature, and perhaps, in point of beauty, the first of this truly beautiful race, of which the Princess Mary may be called *pendant* to the Prince of Wales. Champagne being now brought for the Duke, he ordered it all round. When it came to me I whispered to Westerhaults to carry it on: the Duke slapped his hand violently on the table and called out, "O, by ——, you shall drink it!" There was no resisting this. We all stood up, and the Duke sonorously gave the Royal toast. "And now," cried he, making us all sit down again, "where are my rascals of servants? I shan't be in time for the ball; besides, I've got a deuced tailor waiting to fix on my epaulette! Here, you, go and see for my servants! d'ye hear? Scamper off!" Off ran William. "Come, let's have the King's health again. De Luc, drink it. Here, champagne to De Luc!" I wish you could have seen Mr. De Luc's mixed simper—half pleased, half alarmed. However, the wine came and he drank it, the Duke taking a bumper for himself at the same time. "Poor Stanhope!" cried he; "Stanhope shall have a glass too! Here, champagne! What are you all about? Why don't you give champagne to poor Stanhope?" Mr. Stanhope, with great pleasure, complied, and the Duke again accompanied him. "Come hither, do you hear?" cried the Duke to the servants: and on the approach, slow and submissive, of Mrs. Stainforth's man, he hit him a violent slap on the back, calling out "Hang you! why don't you see for my rascals?" Away flew the man, and then he called out to Westerhaults, "Harkee! bring another glass of champagne to Mr. De Luc!" Mr. De Luc knows these royal youths too well to venture at so vain an experiment as disputing with them; so he only shrugged his shoulders and drank the wine. The Duke did the same. "And now, poor Stanhope," cried the Duke; "give another glass to poor Stanhope, d'ye hear?" "Is not your Royal Highness afraid," cried Mr. Stanhope, displaying the full circle of his borrowed teeth, "I shall be apt to be rather up in the world, as the folks say, if I tope on at this rate?" "Not at all! You can't get drunk in a better cause. I'd get drunk myself, if it was not for the ball. Here, champagne: another glass for the philosopher! I keep sober for Mary. "O, your Royal Highness!" cried Mr. De Luc, gaining courage as he drank, "you will make me quite droll of it if you make me go on,—quite droll!" "So much the better! so much the better! it will do you a monstrous deal of good. Here, another glass of champagne for the Queen's philosopher!" Mr. De Luc obeyed, and the Duke then addressed Mrs. Schwellenberg's George. "Here! you! why, where is my carriage? run and see, do you hear!" Off hurried George, grinning irrepressibly. "If it was not for that deuced tailor, I would not stir. I shall dine at the Queen's house on Monday, Miss Goldsworthy; I shall come to dine with the Princess Royal. I find she does not go to Windsor with the Queen." The Queen meant to spend one day at Windsor, on account of a review which carried the King that way. Some talk then ensued upon the Duke's new carriage, which they all agreed to be the most beautiful that day at Court. I had not seen it, which, to me, was some impediment against praising it. He then said it was necessary to drink the Queen's health. The gentlemen here made no demur, though Mr. De Luc arched his eyebrows in expressive fear of consequences. "A bumper," cried the Duke, "to the Queen's

gentleman-usher." They all stood up and drank the Queen's health. "Here are three of us," cried the Duke, "all belonging to the Queen: the Queen's philosopher, the Queen's gentleman-usher, and the Queen's son; but, thank Heaven, I am nearest!" "Sir," cried Mr. Stanhope, a little affronted, "I am not now the Queen's gentleman-usher; I am the Queen's equerry, sir." "A glass more of champagne here! What are you all so slow for? Where are all my rascals gone? They've put me in one passion already this morning. Come, a glass of champagne for the Queen's gentleman-usher!" laughing heartily. "No sir," repeated Mr. Stanhope, "I am equerry now, sir." "And another glass to the Queen's philosopher!" Neither gentleman objected; but Mrs. Schwellenberg, who had sat laughing and happy all this time, now grew alarmed, and said, "Your Royal Highness, I am afraid for the ball!" "Hold you your potatoe-jaw, my dear," cried the Duke, patting her; but recollecting himself, he took her hand and pretty abruptly kissed it, and then, flinging it hastily away, laughed aloud, and called out, "There, that will make amends for anything, so now I may say what I will. So here! a glass of champagne for the Queen's philosopher and the Queen's gentleman-usher! Hang me if it will not do them a monstrous deal of good!" Here news was brought that the equipage was in order. He started up, calling out, "Now, then, for my deuced tailor." "O, your Royal Highness!" cried Mr. De Luc, in a tone of expostulation, "now you have made us droll, you go!" Off, however, he went.

The present portion of the Diary abounds with characters, several of them introduced by Miss Burney for the first time in her pages, as well as with sketches of scenery and still life. Some of these characters, independently of bad health and struggling spirits, helped by their flatteries and persuasions to wean her from toilette attendance on "the sweet Queen." Johnson's Bozzy, for example, cried "Why do you stay? It won't do, ma'am! you must resign!—we can put up with it no longer. I told my good host, the bishop, last night, we are all grown quite outrageous!" And Horace Walpole declared that she "had beeen royally gagged, and promoted to fold muslins." At length she did retire from the royal service, in July 1791, after five years' anxiously honest and devoted attendance, and with a generous appreciation of the kindness and personal worth of her mistress. This might be illustrated by many passages; but one must suffice, in order too that we may have at the same time certain agreeable notices of the celebrated Whig beauty, the Duchess of Devonshire.

I did not find so much beauty in her as I expected, notwithstanding the variations of accounts: but I found far more of manners, politeness, and gentle quiet. She seems by nature to possess the highest animal spirits, but she appeared to me not happy. I thought she looked oppressed within, though there is a native cheerfulness about her which I fancy scarce ever deserts her. There is in her face, especially when she speaks, a sweetness of good-humour and obligingness, that seem to be the natural and instinctive qualities of her disposition, joined to an openness of countenance that an-

nounces her endowed, by nature, with a character intended wholly for honesty, fairness, and good purposes. She now conversed with me wholly, and in so soberly sensible and quiet a manner, as I had imagined incompatible with her powers. Too much and too little credit have variously been given her. About me and my health she was more civil than I can well tell you; not from prudery—I have none, in these records, methinks!—but from its being mixed into all that passed. We talked over my late tour, Bath waters, and the King's illness. This, which was led to by accident, was here a tender subject, considering her heading the Regency squadron; however, I have only one line to pursue, and from that I can never vary. I spoke of my own deep distress from his sufferings without reserve, and of the distress of the Queen with the most avowed compassion and respect. She was extremely well-bred in all she said herself, and seemed willing to keep up the subject. I fancy no one has just in the same way treated it with her grace before; however, she took all in good part, though to have found me retired in discontent had perhaps been more congenial to her. But I have been sedulous to make them all know the contrary. Nevertheless, as I am eager to be considered apart from all party, I was much pleased, after all this, to have her express herself very desirous to keep up our acquaintance, ask many questions as to the chance of my remaining in Bath, most politely hope to profit from it, and, finally, inquire my direction.

Among the new characters, several will be found to have stood for *dramatis personæ* that afterwards figured in the diarist's "Camilla." But not to pause over these, or even to mention their names, we hasten to introduce a notice or two of certain members of the colony of French noblesse, that became established near Mickleham, as refugees from France during the sanguinary hurricane of the revolution. At the head of this colony was Madame de Staël; who was instantly declared by Miss Burney to be one of the first women she had ever met with "for abilities and extraordinary intellect."

She is a woman of the first abilities, I think, I have ever seen; she is more in the style of Mrs. Thrale than of any other celebrated character, but she has infinitely more depth, and seems an even profound politician and metaphysician. She has suffered us to hear some of her works in MS., which are truly wonderful, for powers both of thinking and expression. She adores her father, but is much alarmed at having had no news from him since he has heard of the massacre of the martyred Louis; and who can wonder it should have overpowered him? Ever since her arrival she has been pressing me to spend some time with her before I return to town. She wanted Susan and me to pass a month with her, but, finding that impossible, she bestowed all her entreaties upon me alone, and they are grown so urgent, upon my preparation for departing, and acquainting her my furlough of absence was over, that she not only insisted upon my writing to you, and telling why I deferred my return, but declares she will also write herself, to ask your permission for the visit. She exactly resembles Mrs. Thrale in the ardour and warmth of her temper and partialities. I find her impossible to resist, and therefore if your answer to her is such as I conclude it must be, I shall wait upon her for a week.

M. de Talleyrand might well be named along with the daughter of M. Necker; and was also conspicuous in the colony. He is in a moment characterized as a person of "infinite wit and sagacity;" that "it is inconceivable what a convert he has made of me;" and that "I consider him now one of the first members, and one of the most charming, of this exquisite set." His powers are pronounced to be "astonishing, both in information and in raillery." An extract from a letter will give a touch or two more:—

Mickleham, April 3rd.

After I had sent off my letter to you on Monday I walked on to Juniper, and entered at the same moment with Mr. Jenkinson and his attorney—a man whose figure strongly resembles some of Hogarth's most ill-looking personages, and who appeared to me to be brought as a kind of spy, or witness of all that was passing. I would have retreated, fearing to interrupt business, but I was surrounded, and pressed to stay, by Madame de Staël with great *impressement*, and with much kindness by M. d'Arblay and all the rest. Mr. Clarke was the spokesman, and acquitted himself with great dignity and moderation; Madame de S. now and then came forth with a little *coquetterie pour adoucir ce sauvage* Jenkinson. "What will you, Mr. Jenkinson? tell to me, what will you?" M. de Narbonne, somewhat *indigné de la mauvaise foi* and *excédé des longueurs de son adversaire*, was not quite so gentle with him, and I was glad to perceive that he meant to resist, in some degree at least, the exorbitant demands of his landlord. Madame de Staël was very gay, and M. de Talleyrand very *comique* this evening; he criticised, amongst other things, her reading of prose, with great *sang froid*: "Vous lisez très mal la prose: vous avez un chant en lisant, une cadence, et puis une monotonie, qui n'est pas bien du tout: en vous écoutant on croit toujours entendre des vers, et cela a un fort mauvais effet!" They talked over a number of their friends and acquaintance with the utmost unreserve, and sometimes with the most comic humour imaginable,—M. de Lally, M. de Lafayette, la Princesse d'Henin, la Princesse de Poix, a M. Guibert, an author, and one who was, Madame de S. told me, passionately in love with her before she married,—and innumerable others.

We merely add, that one of the French colonists was the fascinating Chevalier D'Arblay, to whom "little Fanny Burney," with a romance, that could hardly have been expected from a lady of her years and intercourse with the world, became suddenly enamoured, giving him her hand, in spite of a loving and beloved father's hopes and wishes. Was there not sentiment and sensibility in the Burney after all?

ART. III.—*Recollections of Siberia, in the years* 1840 *and* 1841. By C. H. COTTRELL, Esq. Parker.

MR. COTTRELL'S Recollections of Siberia will scarcely accord with the views and anticipations of those persons who possess a Russophobian feeling, and who have been in the habit of regarding the

Autocrat's rule as one of iron despotism and merciless severity. At the same time our author's pages turn the tables upon the thorough-going Englishman with considerable smartness, inasmuch as he asserts and endeavours to demonstrate that the Russians not only entertain a terrible notion of the grasping and wily ambition of this country, but that they have sufficient reasons for the sentiment.

Mr. C. being in Moscow at the time when a drove of the exiled convicts were on their way for Siberia, like other travellers whose *recollections* we have read, felt a curiosity to have a sight of the show, which must be as affecting as it is remarkable. And yet it did not move him in the way that has been usually described; for he was so well pleased with what he beheld and had communicated to him relative to these *déportés*, that he was filled with a strong degree of anxiety to visit the regions to which they were banished. Accordingly he started,—a favourable opportunity occurring to make the journey; for he appears to have enjoyed to a wide extent the good offices and friendly influence of people in authority; nor has he failed to furnish a report in harmony, in so far as opinions and conclusions are concerned, with what might be expected from a gratified and eulogistic tourist. In fact our author not merely does not see why the exiled gangs in Siberia should be very much discontented with their condition; but he speaks of many of them as being really grateful for the change in their lot, as well as being much benefitted by it; whereas those of the number who may think differently and less thankfully, do not know what is good for them; and therefore, of course, their complaints and fancies are no more to be minded than what children may indulge in and waywardly clamour for.

With regard, however, to the doctrines put forth about the superiority of the Siberian system and its excellent results, even in the estimation of the *banished*, Mr. Cottrell is not particularly happy, if his facts are to be compared with his conclusions and *dicta*,—for the climate of the regions described is one of dreadful extremes; not to speak of the bondage and toils, far away from birth-place and kindred, to which the condemned are constantly subject. What must we fancy of a country where the cellars which belong to every house answer the same purpose that ice-vaults do in England? These Siberian vaults are made in the frozen ground; and here, in summer, "when the heat is as excessive as the cold is in winter, they place all their fresh provisions, such as milk, meal, and fish, where everything becomes frozen in two hours." The following account of travelling in autumn will convey some further idea of the horrors above ground, ere the snow is consolidated:—

We made our first journey *en traineau* here; and bad enough it was in that way—on wheels it would have been impossible. The road was very mountanious, and lay through forests for eight or ten versts together, where

the snow was drifted to the height of many feet; through which we had to force our way, it not being yet sufficiently hard to resist the horses' feet. In the rapid descents, we constantly rolled over and over; and three horses to a light *traineau* had the greatest difficulty in getting up the long steep hills of snow, where there were no solid footing for them. What we should have done with our carriage on such roads, we know not; and we had still a long journey before us, before we should come to any town where we could leave it till our return from the far East, and to take it on the whole way was out of the question. The next day, a council of war was held; when it was decided we should go on to Barnaoul on wheels, a distance of two hundred and eighty versts: but the road was represented as good, and we were told we should find much snow, it being mostly over a dead flat. Accordingly, the carriage was fortified with very strong ashen shafts, which were fixed all round it, so as to force a passage through the snow in the case of need; and thus we started for Barnaoul. Bad as our journey had been for some time past, it was evident we had not reached the maximum, and that every day the roads would be worse, till the snow had settled down into solidity, which, in parts where there is little communication, requires some time. We had generally ten or twelve horses the whole of this journey, and did not with all average above five versts an hour.

Our first stage was mountainous; but after that the Steppes began again, with driving snow and wind, almost amounting to what is called in this country a *burán*, or whirlwind, which is often fatal to travellers if accompanied with snow in any quantity. Having tried the effects of fire, water, and air, under their most fearful forms, we are inclined to give the preëminence in point of horror to the latter. A *burán* which overtakes you in a forest is less formidable, because you cannot well get out of the right track, and the only danger is being buried alive in the snow. But in an open Steppes country, when it is very violent, the snow which is falling becomes whirled round, and mixed with that which the wind raises from the ground; so that, in broad daylight, the driver cannot see an inch before him, and does not know whether he is going to the right or the left. Many fatal accidents occur in this way: carriages being rolled down precipices, or men and horses frozen to death in the drifted snow, which naturally collects round the only object which interrupts its course for miles and miles.

It is difficult to conceive how any class of the exiled to these Tartarian wilds, whether the victims of political suspicion or of actual conviction of crime, can become reconciled to their lot. Still our author declares that "we have often heard those who have been banished to Siberia, after they have been some time established there, assert how much better their condition is; and that they would advise their friends at home, if possible, to come out there by way of bettering themselves." But one would like to know what were the motives for such a statement. Was it made in the presence of some of Mr. Cottrell's official friends, and the ministers of justice? However, it is of less importance to have a reply to such questions, seeing that these words of testimony immediately follow, viz.—" In spite

of this assertion of the much bettered condition, there are every year a great number who make their escape, and go back to Russia, with the great probability of being discovered and knouted, and having to make the long journey over again." Pity it is that while some people are entirely blind to what is essential to their best interests, others confess with their lips, but deny by their deeds, the most important truths.

There seems to be only one intelligible method of reconciling Mr. Cottrell's statements with regard to the blissful and grateful condition of the convicts in Siberia, either as respects human nature or the facts that inadvertently come out in the course of his Recollections. He appears to be a man of easy and good temper, to be inclined to see things on the fair side, to have been treated with marked attention by the Siberian authorities, who no doubt not only knew their man, but gave a flattering picture of the system to which they were indebted and which they themselves superintended,—the guest and the host at the same time being provided with comforts and appliances which none of the exiles can either be presumed to experience or estimate. Be assured that a Polish patriot is slow to learn the sort of reckoning which came so speedily and smoothly to Mr. Cottrell's finger-ends; and even the banished from Russia *Proper* can only honestly prefer the Siberian to his native home and wonted occupations because these latter bear and retain in his mind the stamp of a grosser oppression and a more terrible privation, along with horrible uncertainties.

Still our author is a pleasant companion, and no doubt his agreeable manner is referrable in no small degree to his sincerity. He has travelled in a variety of countries, and must be fond of visiting new scenes as well as of locomotion. He is manifestly a gentleman and a cosmopolite; and therefore may, with regard to Russia and the Russians, be taken as a competent reporter when he speaks from his personal observation and from unborrowed experience. His route too, in the present instance, was over ground that is seldom trodden by pleasure hunters and the tribe of summer cantering tourists.

Western Siberia included some of the principal scenes for his Recollections, having visited the more important stations and the most noted places in the country; such as the mines and various institutions, and describing even the Chinese frontier post connected with the overland trade with Russia. On the subject of education, for example, and as it is conducted for the supply of the public service, we have this particular account, with certain general remarks: the establishment described is at Omosk:—

> There is another military school for Cossacks only, and the boys are destined for a different career in some respects from the others. We may safely defy any country in the world to produce an establishment in any way superior to this; our only doubt is if it is not too good for those who are

hrought up in it, considering what their future destination is likely to be. It consists of sixty boys who are noble, and a hundred and twenty common Cossacks. The building is handsome; the dormitories most comfortable, far more so than Long Chamber at Eton; and their dinners, of which we have partaken, excellent. The boys are taught drawing, algebra, languages, history, and fortification: the first class, who were all under seventeen years of age, studied principally the Oriental languages, and are intended for interpreters and agents in the East. We were told by General Schramm, who has the superintendence of the school, that most of those who composed the first class understood Mongolish, Arabic, and Persian, and have also native youths to teach them the patois of the Normandic tribes. We saw boys of twelve years of age go through their French lesson; which they pronounced and wrote from dictation with great fluency and accuracy. Several of the specimens of their drawings which we brought away show great talent; and, as we before said, our only doubt is, if they have not too many comforts, and are not educated a little above their sphere.

We cannot, however, wonder, when these pains are taken in the wilds of Siberia, to educate boys for the services they are to perform as men, that Russian diplomatic agents should be so superior to our own; and the habit of thinking such a preparation must have created cannot fail to give them great advantages as negotiators and general agents.

Diplomatic agency and the individual conduct of governors, general officers, and other high functionaries, are objects, every one knows, of the Autocrat's extreme vigilance and jealous superintendence. His policy involves an intricate and broad system of surveillance. And yet there are honest and also generous displays in the modes adopted by Nicholas towards his servants and ministers. The following particulars relative to the expedition to Khiva furnish an example of his more humane measures, at the same time that the extract contains a testimony to an authority that appears to be paramount over Europe,—to find nothing too great or too minute for its grasp:

Khiva is distant about six hundred English miles from Orenburg; the road lying through a Steppes inhabited by tribes of Turcomans hostile to Russia. The difficulty of obtaining a supply of water was so great, that the winter was selected as the least unfavourable season for making the expedition. No arrangement which foresight could suggest or money could complete had been omitted; and though the distance is so trifling, so convinced was the emperor of the difficulties they had to encounter, that he applied to the Duke of Wellington for his opinion as to how the enterprise had been conducted. Although the duke had certainly never been in any country exactly of this description, his Indian experience had taught him to form so accurate a judgment of what the principal impediments, which were not easy to be surmounted, would be, that in his reply to the emperor, he gave as his opinion that the expedition had failed solely from causes which were beyond his control.

The numbers of the troops engaged in this undertaking were very much

over-stated in the *Commerce* and other French accounts; but it was certainly more than ample for the resistance they met with. Twelve thousand camels were employed to carry the baggage and matériel; and when the snow became very deep, these unfortunate and much-enduring beasts perished miserably from being unable to scrape with their feet down to the grass, without which food they cannot live. The convoy set out by seven o'clock every morning; and the days being very short, generally halted by two, at which time they often had not advanced above two versts. The time lost in clearing away the snow and pitching the tents was so great, that the general, who never dined till he saw every thing in order, frequently did not retire till midnight. The cold, in the mean time, was excessive; so much so, that a flask of Irish whisky, which hung by the general's bedside, often froze. The first time that this occurred, he accused his servant of allowing some one to steal it, thinking the flask was empty. The moaning of the camels was described to us as pitiable; they perished one after another, till, we believe, not a hundred, if any, ever returned to Orenburg.

The expedition was absent five or six months, and did not get much beyond the Emba, a river which forms the nominal Russian frontier, and not much above one-third of the distance they had to perform. During all this time, they had but one skirmish with an enemy; who was soon satisfied with a few rounds of grape-shot, which, however, only killed two persons. The Russians, though they lost all their camels, did not lose half-a-dozen men or horses; and we have heard a general of Cossacks give it as his opinion, that if only Cossack horses had been used, instead of camels, they might have succeeded in reaching Khiva.

The commander of the expedition was General Perofski, the governor of Orenburg, a province larger than France, and one requiring the most active and able head to manage it successfully. We made his acquaintance in the summer of 1840, at the reviews at Krasno Selo, and should imagine him to be a man of five-and-forty; one who has seen a great deal of service, and whom we heard invariably highly spoken of. When the failure of the expedition was known at Petersburg, and the general was summoned to give his account of it, it was commonly supposed he would fall into disgrace. It was, however, so far from being the case, that General Roccasofski, who was governor of Orenburg in his absence, told us that he had seen the Duke of Wellington's letter to the emperor, which he forwarded to General Perofski on his return, and on which he had written that it was the greatest eulogium that could be passed on him, inasmuch as he had only failed from impediments which the duke had given his opinion were insurmountable. He added, moreover, that the general had done all that a good man and able commander could have effected under the circumstances—he had saved his army; and we know that such an opinion, coming from such a quarter, had the greatest weight in St. Petersburg, and was received with the greatest gratitude by the person most interested in it. General Molostof, an officer who had spent the greater part of his life out of Russia as aide-de-camp to the Prince of Würtemburg, who returned about this time from Germany, asked the emperor's leave to accompany the expedition as a volunteer. We dined tête-a-tête, and went out shooting several times with him during our stay at Orenburg, and from him we heard the details as above stated.

In order to convey some distinct ideas, and as being particularly characteristic of Siberia, we proceed to cite as follows: First, as to travelling across frozen lakes:—

The passage on the ice is agreeable and rapid; the point where it is crossed is not quite sixty versts, which is sometimes performed in two hours and a half; and the view of the surrounding mountains is imposing and majestic. There are occasionally small fissures in the ice, and particularly in the spring, when the season approaches for its dissolution, which must be formidable to an unhabituated traveller; but as the horses and their drivers are thoroughly practised in getting over them, there is no real danger. When the crack is small, the horses jump over them without stopping; when they are large, planks are laid across so as to form a bridge, which is made and unmade in an instant, the planks being carried for the purpose, and dragged behind the sledge. If the fissures are too large even for this, a bridge is made of large blocks of ice, which they cut off on the side of the opening, and the driver, with a sort of leaping-pole, jumps over the chasm. He then fastens on other similar blocks from the opposite side. The bridge is clearly none of the most secure; but the horses are unharnessed and passed over first, and then the carriage is pulled over as rapidly as possible by ropes. Sometimes it occurs that a horse, going at full speed, is all of a sudden *enfoncé* in the ice, which, instead of cracking, has become soft and porous; the driver in that case jumps on his back with great quickness, crawls over him, disengages him in an instant from the sledge, and as he is blown, pulls him out by main force before he has time to struggle and sink deeper in the icy bog. In order to blow him more effectually he throws a slip-knot round his neck, and draws it as tight as possible, so as to deprive him of the little breath he had remaining. Having lugged him out, he harnesses again as quick as lightning; and the whole operation does not take more time than it does to relate the manner of extricating him.

And this of Siberian fowling:

Shooting after our manner is never practised here. If a peasant sees any one shoot flying, he stands with his mouth open, staring with astonishment, not at the skill of the sportsman, but at his folly in expending so much ammunition, which is exceedingly expensive, on a single bird. He believes, as is really the case, that more skill is required to shoot with *his* rifle, that carries the smallest quantity of powder, and a single ball about the size of swan-shot, with that extraordinary precision necessary so as not to perforate the fur. In this, perhaps, they excel any people living: if they do shoot, though they prefer to trap even the black-cock, gelinottes, and coq de bruyere, they always strike the bird on the head, and this at a distance of two or three hundred paces. They snare even the double becasse, a bird hardly known in England, of which there are periodical flights in Russia and Siberia, and which are in our estimation superior to any sort of game we are acquainted with. When they shoot, they approach the object first on all-fours, and then crawl on their stomachs till they are at a proper distance for firing. They have usually two rests to their rifle, which they fix in the snow or ground when not frozen, and having taken a steady aim, rarely if

ever miss. To an Englishman these rifles do appear, to be sure, the most extraordinary machines, and few would have the courage to use them. They prove, however, that success depends much more on the skill of the sportsman than the excellence of his arms, which, indeed, we have long since found out in many other countries. We had with us one of Lancaster's tube-guns, for which the amateurs would have given more than the prime cost, but more out of curiosity than for use. The common rifle-barrels are made at Tobolsk, are very heavy, and have a very small bore. The grooves are round instead of perpendicular, and the ball, which is cut instead of cast, is forced in, and the edges rounded off in ramming down. The lock is large and awkward-looking, the springs on the outside, that of the cock clumsy and not tempered: the whole machine works so slowly, that you may see the trigger stop and move on again during the progress of the cock towards the pan. The charge does not contain fifty grains of powder. In the event of a spring breaking, the *chasseur* readily replaces it by one of wood, generally of larch, which answers his purpose equally well, and he is thus independent of the gunmaker. With all these imperfections, as we have said before, they rarely or never miss, and always hit an animal, whose fur is precious, through the muzzle. Rifles of this sort cost here twenty-five roubles, powder five roubles a pound, and lead is also dear.

The Siberians have been noted for hospitality; and the cheapness of some kinds of substantial provisions will partly account for this. Mutton, we are told, is so plentiful at Orenburg, that the better sort of people do not condescend to eat it. A whole sheep may be had for tenpence. Mention has been made by a traveller in former times of having met a carrier conveying goods to a distance, according to our reckoning, of a thousand miles, for seven farthings per day for the keep of himself and horse. Siberian hospitality not only extends to providing almost gratuitously the necessary provisions to appease the stomach, but it includes a process in order to whet the appetite.

By way of digesting our luncheon, a ceremony was performed, which, if we had not undergone the ordeal at a friend's house in the vicinity of Oranienbaum, with our lamented friend Prince Butera, would have astonished us no little. A dozen soldiers placed themselves in two files close to each other, and took up each of the party in turn in their arms and tossed them in the air, catching them again on their arms, and throwing them up again, as quickly as possible, a considerable height. This operation is performed very expertly; the patient who understands the business, keeps his arms close to his sides, and his legs stretched stiffly out, and feels no sort of inconvenience. It is exactly like being tossed in a blanket. This is accompanied with singing some of their many pleasing but monotonous national airs, to which the softness of the language gives a harmony they do not intrinsically possess.

The Russian commerce with China is necessarily included in any account of Siberia, as well as with Independent Tartary. Even

according to Mr. Cottrell, the strenuous and unhesitating advocate of the Autocrat, the frontiers of the Russian empire are constantly extending, and this, he declares, to a much greater distance than "we have any idea of in Europe."

The history of modern Siberia is indeed particularly interesting at this moment in regard to Russian intercourse with the Celestial empire. In the seventeenth century, a small band of Cossacks conquered the country on the Amur or Yamur, which signifies, says our author, in the language of the natives, the great river; being one of the largest and most widely-extended streams of that part of Asia. The conquerors received the tribute of furs, having also fortified the town of Albasyne considerably inland. But the Emperor of China, Kang-Khi, dislodged the invaders, after many futile attempts. We thus read:

> At length a formidable armament of ten thousand men, with guns and a battering train, were despatched down the Amur, to lay regular siege to the little town, garrisoned by only five hundred men. After a resistance of several months, disease and famine obliged the heroic band to capitulate. Great part of them were sent prisoners to Peking, some of whose descendants still remain there, and have preserved their religion, which served as a pretext to the Russian government to establish a college there, and send a spiritual deputation, who are changed every ten years. It is said, that among the defenders of Albasyne were some of our Scotch countrymen, many of whom at that time, like the present Swiss, sold their services to other nations, and among them to the czars of Russia, who had for a long time a Scotch body-guard.

In the course of time, however, viz. in 1728, a treaty of peace was concluded between the two powers, fixing the boundary between them, the navigation of the Amur belonging, according to the agreement, to the Chinese; although there can be little doubt that the period will arrive when it will be seized by the Russians. Says Mr. Cottrell, "The day may not be far distant when they will repossess themselves. The soil is fertile, the climate temperate, and the country sheltered from the north by a chain of very high mountains. The lands, cultivated by the original inhabitants of Albasyne, still produce corn which grows from the seed which falls annually from the ears, as we were told by an officer who saw it in 1832." There is signification also in the following passage:

> The relative position of Russia and China is wonderfully changed since the beginning of the seventeenth century, and although the former never performed any act of vassalage to the latter, she was treated by her, in the numerous articles agreed to in 1727, as her inferior. We doubt not that the lessons we have taught the Chinese at Chusan and Canton will not be thrown away upon the Russians. We observed, in talking of our Chinese expedition with the authorities in those parts, that they seemed to enjoy the

idea of our bringing the Brother of the Sun and Moon to his senses, and it struck us there was an *arrière pensée*. There are people who believe that England and Russia will one day divide the world—*chi sa?* But we, at least, are getting out of our latitude, and must return to Siberia.

According to the treaty mentioned, as we have already heard, the Russians received permission to establish a college at Peking; and to this institution they send a spiritual deputation every ten years. Very scanty, however, is the intelligence that reaches the European public from the college; although there can be no doubt that the fathers sent thither have both eyes and ears open in order to report the fullest information to the Autocrat on their return. Some of the journals of the deputed have been allowed to be published; the mission, particularly in 1830, being attended by men of science in the guise of Cossacks. Those of the Russians who reside in Peking appear to keep entirely apart, or to be kept, from politics.

The Chinese factory on the boundary is described by our author, not, apparently, from personal observation, much less favourably than by some other travellers. The following is part of his account; and even from it we should conclude that the change, on passing through the door in the wooden frame that divides the two empires, is of a very striking nature. One traveller has said that a more astonishing contrast, altogether in favour of the celestials, can hardly be found on the face of the earth. However, let us have Mr. Cottrell's statement:

The Mai-ma-tchin is a small rectangularly-built hamlet, having two principal streets, which cross each other at right angles, at the end of each of which is a gate, looking towards the four points of the compass. It is surrounded with a wooden wall, which is its only fortification. The streets are exceedingly narrow, and ill paved, so that two camels can barely pass each other, as at Cairo; but there is a great difference in the height of the houses of the two places. Here they are very small, all of one story, and of wood, the roof mostly of the same material, though the more inferior sort are covered with turf; they have no windows towards the street, and consist of two small rooms, one of which serves for a warehouse and shop, the other for the occupant to live in. On the other side, the windows are composed of oiled paper, painted with different devices, and sometimes of Russian talc. There is in general a great air of cleanliness, and the furniture of the houses is often of a superior description. They are heated with stoves, like the Russian houses, which are needful, small as the apartments are, for the cold is very great, and, in spite of all, they are not well warmed. A great display is made of all the nondescript articles they have for sale in the shop, and in those of the highest class of merchants, there is great order in stowing away their bedding and household furniture, all of which are in one common, sitting, eating, and sleeping room. The number of the inhabitants is about fifteen hundred, all males, no Chinese women being allowed to go there; a few common Mongolese are seen about, but not many.

We may sieze this opportunity to collect a few statements with regard to Chinese trade generally as respects foreign Christian countries.

The tea-trade is the great staple of China, being in fact the main point upon which all the mercantile transactions of the empire turn. And yet the cultivation of the plant which yields this leaf is even in China limited to certain provinces; only some of the more favourable parts of these districts being capable of growing an article of the highest quality. But it is less for its extent and numerous ramifications, which are wonderful, that the tea-trade of China is remarkable, than for the influence it exercises on the whole commercial enterprises of the country.

According to the accounts down to about 1830, when the trade was principally in the hands of the East India Company, and before it was thrown open, a period well calculated to afford a distinct view of the matter in many of its large ramifications, European states (with the exception of Russia) and America drew their supplies of the article through the port of Canton. The annual importation into Great Britain amounted to nearly thirty millions of pounds; the consumption of the United States varied from six to eight millions; that of Holland to more than two millions and a half; of Germany to about two millions; while the importations of South America, France, Italy, and Spain, scarcely arose to one million.

Tea is almost a necessary of life in Russia, the annual import to which in 1830, was, we believe, to the amount of five millions and a half pounds. This as to the legitimate traffic; but we have no means of knowing how much was smuggled to the numerous remote hordes within the Russian boundary. One thing however is certain, that this latter supply was, and no doubt continues to be, vast.

The exports to England consisted exclusively of tea; those to America, of tea, along with small quantities of nankeens, raw and wrought silks, sugar, and some minor articles; and those to India were to a trifling amount, tea, china-ware, sugar, &c., the imports being chiefly balanced by bills and bullion. The imports from England consisted of woollens in value one-half of the whole, cottons one-quarter, metals and miscellaneous articles another quarter. The returns from Russia are furs; of which a greater quantity is required to balance the tea and other imports than that country itself can spare; and furs are constantly imported for the demands of the trade.

After our rambling manner, we may append, without travelling far out of the record, a sketch or two from a very recently published translation of Kohl's Russia. We in a late number directed attention to one of his volumes on St. Petersburgh; but his "Russia" takes a much wider stride; for our remarkable German traveller has written four separate works on the country; not only St. Petersburg,

but Moscow and other cities having been selected for this gentleman's unrivalled pencillings. We call them unrivalled, for they are so in respect of liveliness as well as minuteness, of their obvious and exquisite truthfulness as well as healthy tone and honest feeling. Having been reading of frozen regions, let us have a humorous and living piece of humanity, in the shape of an eloquent ice-vender, who is labouring in his calling on the morning of Easter-day.

"*Moje potschtenie !*" (most obedient servant, sir,) he called out, with the politeness of a gentleman, to a person passing him at some distance, who at first had not noticed him, and was not thinking of ice. "Do you choose an ice? I will make one for you in a moment. Oh! it is very hot to-day. People need something to cool them. Would you like vanilla? What, nothing? nothing at all? Oh, I am very sorry! —— *Moroschnije! moroschnije! ssami sswäscheje!* (Ice! ice! the freshest and the coolest!) Chocolate, vanilla, coffee, rose-ice, and, best of all, flower-blossom! Who will taste my delicious ice, flower-blossom!" These names he had invented himself for the different sorts of ice. "Yes, my ice has a blossom like a poppy. Come, my pretty dear, will you have a poppy-blossom ice?" In spring the girls of Little Russia wear a number of showy poppy-flowers in their hair. "Here, taste; you will like it better than a kiss from your sweetheart. You would rather have a mixed one? Well, my love, I will mix you one of white and red, as your cheeks are mixed." In a trice he had mixed white and red in a glass, above which rose a tall head of the two alluring colours. The girl was embarrassed, but could not help taking hold and using the little wooden spoon, which he slipt into her right hand. "*Zwätui zwetot.* Flower-blossom, poppy-blossom, vanilla-blossom, coffee-blossom, chocolate-blossom! Who will taste my delicious ice? Look, father, red, red as roses; yellow, yellow as gold. Silly man, buy my gold with your copper." Putting out a little as a specimen into a glass, he held it up to the sun. "Splendid! How I should like to eat it myself. But I am too poor. I cannot afford it. Take one, father, and then I shall have money to treat myself to a glass of flower-blossom. Lay hold, father, and much good may it do you! One for your son too?—*Moroschnije, moroschnije.* Who buys my beautiful ice? Pooh! how excessively hot it is to-day! I am almost melted. No, I must have an ice." For Easter Sunday in Russia, this, as the reader may conceive, was a pretty bold poetical exaggeration. He then tasted a morsel, rolled his eyes, and raised his shoulders, as if ambrosia was melting in his mouth. "Now, mother, what are you looking for? Does it not make you long? Upon my word I cannot bear to see you melting here before my face in the sun. Just taste!" At the same time he held out a morsel to her at the tip of the wooden spoon. Unable to get out of the scrape, she could not help laughing and taking the bait, nor did she get off for less than eight copecks.—"*Moroschnije ssami ssladkija moroschnije,*" (Ice, the sweetest ice in the world!) and with that he commenced a chain of fresh drolleries, which was not broken till sunset.

Having started from Moscow with Mr. Cottrell for Siberia, we cannot be far wrong if, on returning, we take for our cicerone, while

in that mighty capital, the author of "Russia." This is his picture of the unparalleled resurrection after the memorable burning sacrifice, identified with the history of Moscow:

Nowhere is there a sufficient length of street to form a perspective. The greater number of the streets wind like the paths of an English park, or like rivers meandering through fields. We always fancy ourselves coming to the end; and in every part where the ground is level, we appear to be in a small city. Fortunately the site of Moscow is in general hilly. The streets undulate continually, and thus offer from time to time points of view, whence the eye is able to range over the vast ocean of house-tops. The Kremlin is best viewed from the south side, and from the bridge of Moskva Rekoi. From the river that bathes its base, the hill of the Kremlin rises, picturesquely adorned with turf and shrubs. The buildings appear set in a rich frame of water, verdant foliage and snowy wall; the majestic column of Ivan Wilikoi rearing itself high above all, like the axis round which the whole moves. The colours are everywhere most lively,—red, white, green, gold, and silver. Amidst the confusion of the numerous small, antique edifices, the Belshoi Dvorez (the large palace built by Alexander) has an imposing aspect. It looks like one large mass of white rock, amidst a multitude of fragments. The churches and palaces stand on the plateau of the Kremlin as on a mighty salver; the little red and gold castle church of the czars coquetting near the border like some pretty little maiden, and the paler coloured cupolas of the Michaelis and Uspenski churches representing the broad corpulence of a merchant's wife. The Maloi Dvorez (little palace), and the convent of the Miracle, draw modestly back, as beseems hermits and little people. All these buildings stand on the summit of the Kremlin like its crown, themselves again crowned with a multitude of cupolas, of which every church has at least five, and one has sixteen, glittering in gold and silver."

ART. IV.—*Nature a Parable: A Poem in Seven Books.* By the Rev. J. B. MORRIS, A.M., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Rivington.

THERE are three principal reasons, by one of which we are usually induced to give any newly published book a place in our pages. It may contain information on some new or otherwise sufficiently interesting subject;—or its intrinsic excellence may make us wish to call public attention to its merits with as little delay as possible;—or it may be altogether so bad as to render it our duty to caution our readers against wasting their time or money in its perusal or purchase. It is by the last of these species of tenure that "Nature a Parable" holds its present position. We have done what we venture to say none of our readers will be able to accomplish—we almost fear those who have looked into the book will disbelieve us, but it is a fact—we have read the poem through; and a feat more nearly

approaching to the impossible we never performed; nothing but a strong sense of duty could have carried us through the task; and from this herculean labour we have risen without having been able to form one single idea as to the general scope and intention of the work. It cannot therefore in common fairness be expected of us, that we should attempt to furnish any general account of that which we at once own to be entirely and absolutely beyond our comprehension. We cannot communicate to others ideas that we do not possess ourselves. Fortunately, the author has relieved us from this awkward necessity by means of a preface,—to us rather more unintelligible than the poem itself; part of which, though we cannot *understand*, we can *transcribe*, and thus give others their fair chance of discovering the writer's meaning, veiled though it has been to ourselves in a more than stygian gloom. We give the opening, and one other, passage of the preface.

The present work was originally undertaken as a *relief from engagements of a more laborious kind.* It struck me that in all writers not of the very driest class, there are some things of an imaginative hue, and that I might therefore not disadvantageously employ my leisure hours in *correcting and chastening whatever amount of imaginative tendencies I had myself,* by noticing things of the kind in the works of the Fathers. I went to them in this, as in other respects, with a desire to consult them as oracles, not to judge of them as authors. As for a *blind* reverence for them, I cannot believe that such a thing exists, or was ever even talked of except by such as were either ignorant of their writings, or, with some knowledge of these, made no effort to follow their stern holiness and patient gentleness. The graciousness of our Lord's promise reaches even to the effort to do His Father's will.

I hope that whatever defects of style, or judgment, or doctrine, there may be in this work, I have throughout it expressed a conviction that stern living is the way to understand the subjects of which it makes a feeble attempt to treat. If in expressing that conviction I have anywhere seemed deficient in gentleness, I have little doubt myself that it is to be attributed to my own want of sternness to myself. Still any one may make an effort to attain the two, though he succeed but ill in attaining them.

Soon afterwards we are told that the work will in its own structure bear witness to its having been written as a "relief on Sundays and saints'-days from more laborious occupations:" and then comes the explanation of the whole design.

The whole subject of the typical meaning of Nature, is but a continuation, or rather an instance and illustration, of the subject of Bishop Butler's Analogy. For, assuming that the church system and the system of nature proceed from the same author, there arises, upon the principle of that great divine, an immediate probability that there will be a similarity in the two. Thus the cleansing, and refreshing, and invigorating powers of water, are analogous to correlative powers of Baptism. For the other sacrament we

need no further statement of the analogy than that which we are familiar with in the Catechism. And the thing assumed in this book is that such analogies are not accidental, but designed; and that the church system will clear up the meaning of Nature in the same *way* that Christianity clears up the meaning of Prophecy. "Facilius Prophetiæ credas discipulus naturæ," said Tertullian.

Truly we live in an age of miracles! Milton, we will answer for it, found Paradise Lost a tolerably serious occupation; and we doubt if Bishop Butler considered writing his Analogy as exactly child's play: but in the present day, up rises Mr. Morris, and with the greatest facility—as a mere nothing—performs both tasks at once! He re-writes and extends the greatest masterpiece of metaphysical argument the earth has ever seen,—throws the whole into the form of an elaborate poem of seven or eight thousand lines,—and then, with the modesty inseparable from true genius, gives it to the world as the unlaboured,—almost spontaneous production of his leisure moments,—a toy with which he contrived to amuse himself as a relief from serious study!

If we interpret aright the second sentence, (we confess it to be a most difficult passage,) the reverend gentleman thought it a necessary preparative to his undertaking to "correct and chasten" his "imaginative tendencies;" which, considering that a poet is "of imagination all compact," seems no less extraordinary than his choice of a poetical subject, or his apparent estimate of the difficulties of the undertaking. However, there may be "too much of a good thing;" and if the author really was by nature troubled with a surplus of the "forward and delusive faculty," he cannot be too warmly congratulated on the success of his "correcting and chastening endeavours;" for so effectual has been the clearing process in this instance, that we defy the most microscopic eye to detect one iota of the prohibited article throughout the whole seven books.

Thus, then, relieving ourselves from the burden of endeavouring at any analysis of the entire book, by owning it to be beyond our powers to furnish one; and devoutly hoping that the explanatory account we have taken from the preface may be more useful to others than it has to us, we may mention our objections to particular parts in detail.

Our first protest is to be entered against the introduction by Mr. Morris of words, and forms of words, not existing in the English language. Writers, by far his superiors, have usually been hitherto content with the language as they found it,—and many of them have managed to render it tolerably efficient; why, then, should Mr. Morris venture upon such innovations as these?—

"In which we pass our fleet *existency*."

"Lest man's *impatiency* should miss reproof."

" Be it mine to find
Light's *remanent* conversings with the soul."

" Such, in the dreary winter of *misfare*
Shall oft remember."

" As though there were in this *vastidity*
Of boundless worlds."

Another perpetually-recurring fault consists in the absurdity and impropriety, often stretching into downright indecency, of much of the phraseology:—

" Memory
Might haply not *indecently* be said
To have a personality distinct."

" What time he *kills and eats* the Gentile World."

" The scheme
Of Pagan darkness *wink'd at* by our God."

" But God upon such times of ignorance
Yet *wink'd*."

" Heathen bards
This as the resting time for all the Gods
By no *unreasoning instinct* have described."

" When cloven tongues descended on the Twelve
And they were *drunken with chaste drunkenness*,
And filled with new wine in bottles new."

" We darkly see eternal things of Heaven
Writ with a sunbeam."

" Till we have cast all odious self-trust
Aside as *menstruous cloths*."

"Within
The soul that image of the Trinity
Shall live and move uncumbered by the *dog*
Of sense and lust."

Would any one short of a lunatic imagine such expressions as these proper to be used in a sacred poem? What in the wide world is the meaning of "reasoning instinct?" Reason and instinct are generally opposed to each other; and their union as here given must be a strange compound indeed. Or what possibly can we understand by being " drunken with chaste drunkenness?" Or who, save the impious scoffers mentioned in the Acts, ever before thought of applying the term in any sense—however limited and qualified—to the inspired raptures of the holy Twelve, when the mighty rushing wind had heralded with appropriate grandeur the descending Deity, and

the visible symbol of the Present God hovering lambent over each sacred head, sent them forth empowered to wield at will all the tongues of men,—conveying to every one by means of his own language the glad tidings of salvation? Absurdity, in sacred matters, becomes impiety; and the ill-judged effusions of foolish friends are often more hurtful to the cause of true religion than the most determined attacks of its infidel enemies.

But the crowning absurdities of all are the *analogies;* and one, at least, occurs in almost every page. We hesitate for a moment before giving free way to the laughter most of them are so well calculated to afford, from the holy character of the subjects to which they refer; but this very quality of exhibiting sacred things in ridiculous association, makes it the more requisite that they should be denounced. The first refers to our Saviour laid in the manger:—

> "The *ox* was present at his master's crib,
> To shew that *Priests should at His altar live.*
> *The ass the type of Christian laity,*
> Who meekly bear the burdens on them placed,
> Was present there! The oxen are as Priests
> Fraught with one function of the Cherubim."

And a few lines onward we have,—

> "Yes, the humble ass
> Is type of Christian laity."
>
> "Hyssops on the wall
> Are salutary discipline bestowed
> By doctors of the church for cleansing sin."
>
> "Nor lacks it mystery that the chiefest hours
> For chiefest acts of love were when the chime
> So falls upon the ear that one may break
> Its numbers into parts of threes composed.
> So is the *Trinity in Earth or Heaven*
> By docile spirits everywhere beheld
> In hours for prayer, in signatures of stones,
> In humblest plants, on highest angel's tongues."

Here is one more.

> "As when the child within the silent womb
> Is form'd, and life is from conception given,
> (For all we can disprove) a sacred gift,
> Which they who hinder with the murderer's guilt
> Are tainted, as the *infant's head is first*
> *To come to light* of all the members writ
> In Heaven's book, and fashion'd day by day:
> *So is it with the Church,* her mighty Head
> Hath first ascended to the realm of light."

Was there ever anything more ineffably absurd? But all these are as nothing to the shower of analogies regarding the cross. Wherever in all nature, there can be found two lines intersecting each other, there Mr. Morris thinks he has discovered a deep and mysterious analogy to the cross, reverenced by Christians as the emblem of the Mediator's death and our salvation. We must give some instances; for no one would of himself be likely to imagine the manner in which they are carried out. One is drawn from the cruciform shape of the buds of plants:

> The little bud above the clinging soil
> Hath scarce upheaved its head,—it by its form
> This problem solves, what time it spreads all day
> To man's rebellious race its tiny arms,
> In shape to mind him why he doth not hear.
> For as the tender leaves are opened out,
> A second bud uplifts the first-born shoot,
> And shapes a humble Cross. Is it not so?
> Though minds unmortified may scorn to find
> The holy form therein.

The human form is found to be covered with crosses; but the indented line from the neck to the loins, caused by the back-bone, appears to have been a sad stumbling-block in this cross-hunting tour over the body; for, not being met by any other line in any manner whatever, it could not be twisted into the form of a cross, even by the ingenuity of Mr. Morris; and consequently, though determined to bring it in *neck and heels* as it were, he has been compelled to leave the analogy derivable from it in a most vague and unsatisfactory state:—

> When the house of man
> Is held to be a temple shadowing forth
> The body mystical, then haply we
> May read the meaning of some ornament
> That heretofore was useless in our eyes,
> And solve the riddle *of the furrow drawn*
> *By the all-fashioning hand of God imposed*
> *Along the back*, if only we will plough
> With Christ's fair heifer, the beloved church:
> On looking where He laid His hand before,
> May read upon the *Christian hero's breast*
> *The meaning of the marks, which in the fight*
> *With spiritual foes are guidance to his hand*
> *In tracing on himself the awful sign*
> *Of that wherein he hopes for victory.*

Not only the back and breast, but the mouth and chin are also pressed into the service,—and that under circumstances of peculiar

hardship,—since, by Mr. Morris's own showing, the wretched individual whom he selects must be almost starved before the analogical mark becomes visible:—

> Nor were it wrong, methinks, upon the mouth
> To trace the potent cross; for nature's self
> Anticipates the fitness of the sign,
> Since on the ascetic who from lengthened fast
> Escaping with the skin upon his teeth
> Close pressing, plainly may we often see
> A furrow passing downward to the beard
> Athwart the mouth.

The reader must by this have had more than enough of such nonsense. We still have to raise our voice—and that loudly, for our charges increase in gravity as they proceed—against several opinions and doctrines, openly expressed or covertly insinuated. One of these is in a paragraph about Milton. We mention it ourselves, not with any ridiculous idea of *defending* Milton from the attack,—his fame is as likely to be injured by the calumny, as a fleet of our seventy-four's by the onset of a Chinese junk—or the standard of our language to be unsettled by Mr. Morris's above-mentioned capricious innovations on its purity,—but only to expose the mixture of insanity and presumption that must have filled his mind before he could have written the passage, as it stands here.

> The counterpart of those unwonted lights
> (Whereby the ether that impedes their haste
> Itself discloses), are unwonted times
> Of sudden darkness, such as moved the mind
> Of even Milton, to unwonted grade
> Of awe and reverence, though upon his eyes
> There was the film, sad antitype of that
> Which closed his spirit against the Light of Light
> The co-eternal Son! And blinded thus,
> Hath he not blinded with irreverence
> Dear England's sons, with Jewish legend strain'd,
> And ill transplanted into Christian lands?
> Never may I, from fear of hurting man,
> Or love of death-conceiving prejudice,
> Claim aught of poet's brotherhood with one
> Who disbelieved Thy Godhead! Never seek
> To find some beauty in a man whose creed
> Destroy'd all beauty, carrying secret bane
> (As I by sins all weakened ever dread),
> Into the ramifyings, roots, and filaments
> Of that all stately-seeming tree of song,
> Beneath whose shadow holier hearts than mine
> May haply dwell by its ill airs unscathed.

And would that my weak verses might instil
Somewhat of kindred fear into the hearts
Of all my countrymen, lest from the fount
Of Arian poison they infected be
Unconsciously, and lose the power to bow
The head in awe, where'er they hear the Name
Of Him who by His nod on Calvary
Rent Judah's veil! O banish'd from their love
Be any who dishonoureth His Love!
Now let us dare that witching lay to dread,
Whence fell irreverence may stealthily
Creep over us with its Socinian chill!
Now be we bold to guess why glorious Lights,
The saints and angels, seem to miss a place
In our esteem! It is because the Sun
Hath lost His honour! We in Milton's verse
Have wellnigh lost the Paradise reveal'd
To Christians by the Spirit while on earth!"

What is the meaning of this senseless tirade? Does he mean to call Milton a Deist or Socinian? Why, the man must be mad, and fitter for Bedlam than the enjoyment of a fellowship, or the discharge of his clerical duties! Milton a Deist!! Did he ever read Paradise Lost?—or Regained? Not that that matters much, for every page of his own work is proof positive, that he would understand Milton as much as a mole does the solar system. "Stately-*seeming* tree of song!" What again does he wish to insinuate here? Is the "seeming" thrown in to make up the ten syllables required for an iambic line (the easiest way of accounting for the admission of many of his epithets), or does he mean to deny the *real* stateliness of the noble plant? Does it not tower in unapproachable majesty —alone and without a rival—above the whole splendid forest of our poetical literature? And does not a man, as he reads many of the passages, thrilling through his whole soul, and sending through every vein and pulse of his body

the keener rush of blood
That throbs through bard in bardlike mood,—

does he not feel that more than human powers of utterance and elocution are requisite to do justice to their wondrous grandeur? A grandeur to support which, as has been observed, the English language was taxed, till, powerful as it is, it seemed at times about to give way. Moreover, his religious tenets have nothing whatever to do with his poetry. Had Milton been an Atheist, it would not have detracted from the beauty of Paradise Lost as a poem. And then the modesty of disclaiming any share of his fame!

Never may I claim aught of poet's brotherhood!

Oh! Mr. Morris, we beseech you, set your mind at rest upon that point at once and for ever! Continue, peaceful and undisturbed, in your rooms in Exeter College, Oxford; and we will guarantee that you shall never be dragged from their calm seclusion to share the fame of the blind bard, whose name does honour to the mulberry-tree preserved in the gardens of Christ's College, Cambridge, with almost religious veneration. No earthly being but yourself ever yet thought, or will think, of naming two such names in the same breath, or even in the same day.

In another part, there is a similar strain of invective against the whole nation in a body; the merchants, clergy, government, all coming in for their fair share of abuse by turns.

> And must not we, whose merchants rival Tyre
> In self-congratulated wealth and sin,
> See reason of alarm, when near the shrine
> In which they worship Mammon with the rites
> Of toleration on the Ganga's banks,
> The lion sends his messenger for prey,
> Or stealthy tiger yields the unclean birds,
> That hover in the distance, human food?
> Have we, with all our boast of purity,
> Done aught to purify these conquered climes?
> Or are we apostolical who send
> No suffering martyrs forth, but men with wives
> And comfortable cumbrances, that eat
> And waste the missionaries' time for prayer?
> Sure it is hard to read in prophecy
> Of judgments sore on nations that commit
> The whoredom of their merchandise and trade
> With all the nations, and to hold that now
> Its voice has altered into history,
> And speaks no more the destiny of those
> Of whom those nations but the shadow were.
> Tyre might have carried news of better law,
> And truths reveal'd, and gracious things to come,
> To all the kingdoms of the earth—and we
> Might bear the things not as a promise now,
> But as fulfilment! We who gather alms,
> Amid the vanities of courtesans,
> For the occasions of a fancy fair,
> Or herald forth in long subscription-lists
> That we have done what secrecy alone
> Can make to be what it pretends to be!
> We that a weekly sermon set on high
> And drive out daily prayer, or sacrifice
> At blessed altar; we that are afraid
> Of monasteries, or aught that yields the smell

Of sanctity, and love, and lengthened prayer,
But think our nation by its factories
And pandemoniums of machinery
Is not a whit endangered, or by acts
And merchandise with sanctioned knaveries—
We, to be sure, are like a Christian folk,
And dwell in cedar houses, and with gold
Adorn our tables, and with burnish'd brass,
The while the mystic table is not meet
For scullion's table, and the Lord of Hosts
Is laid on vilest metals—we, alas!
May not be hopeful when with humbled thought
We think what distant climes and sever'd isles
Have been entrusted to us, which we use
As mines to dig out incense for the God
Of this world's Mammon. And is this church
Descended from great Becket, that could once
Bow traitor kings before her martyr's shrine?
Doth she belong to that church catholic
Who had not yielded kings *her* right to make
Her bishops into princes in all lands?

Scarcely a line in this long passage that does not excite either our indignation or contempt; while its general effect, as is that of the entire *thing*, is to move them both in equal degree. The first ten lines of the nonsense are meant, we presume, to contain an attack upon English merchants in general, and the East India Company in particular. That our unbounded commerce has enabled our merchants as a body to rival those of ancient Tyre in wealth we readily believe, and find great pleasure in the belief. Well knowing their prosperity to be intimately connected with, and essentialy causative of, the welfare of the country at large: seeing how well a great majority of them sustain in our eyes a truly noble character—that of an upright and enlightened British merchant, the practical benefits of whose industry and enterprise are more widely felt than those of perhaps any other individual under heaven—we see with unmixed pleasure, that providence has long permitted the success of their gigantic undertakings to be a blessing to themselves as well as to the whole world: and the gravely ridiculous charge of the reverend idiot, that they also match their Phœnician predecessors in iniquity, we cheerfully leave to take its full effect, as its author doubtless expects, in working their utter ruin.

And we, the nation containing these miscreant-merchants, are to feel great and universal dread on the not-uncommon occasion of a lion or tiger snapping up some unlucky wight on the banks of the Ganges! If this be the case, Britannia must soon die of "*delirium tremens.*" Surely, if the good lady is to shudder throughout the length and breadth of her sea-girt isle, whenever one of her subjects

is "victimised" along the Ganges by lion or tiger, she ought, by parity of reason, to extend a similar expression of sympathy to each of her children when undergoing the like unpleasant operation in other parts of her dominions or from other assailants,—shark or crocodile or other "awkward customer:" and under such a succession of shocks as would be thus given, the strongest constitution must ere long inevitably give way. Her case is pitiable indeed.

Now for another horrible atrocity. *Credite, posteri,*—we send out to India no "suffering martyrs," but "*men with wives,* that *eat!!*" Gracious heavens! What were the crimes of the cities of the plain to this? To the iniquity of wiving we shall have to refer presently in conjunction with another passage.

We would now wish for a moment to lend our feeble aid to Mr. Morris in his heroic attempt to direct public attention to the villainy of eating. But one single question we would fain ask—for a doubt has just entered our mind, and we are rather disturbed thereby—before we proceed further.

Mr. Morris is of course a bachelor, or—we will not say *because*—he could not else still hold his fellowship; but,—we tremble at the thought—is he ever to be seen at five o'clock—the Oxford "hall-time," we believe,—seated with his academic compeers on the dais of the college hall, actually—tell it not in Gath—*eating his dinner?* It is almost too horrible to think of; but we have fearful misgivings. The gross error which obtained such universal credence in the dark ages, of imagining that eating was necessary to sustain life, as every child knows, has been long exploded; but we much fear, lest the reverend censor—should he have ever acquired the degrading habit while young—may have also found in mature life the difficulty of leaving off bad customs once indulged in. Let us only be satisfied on this point, and we will go along with him heart and soul in every crusade which he can originate against this crying sin.

Next on the list of crimes is that we "gather alms amid the vanities of courtesans" at a "fancy fair." We are ourselves no great advocates of fancy fairs, imagining that a love of display is not seldom intermingled with the spirit of charity in the breasts of the fair lady-patronesses, who condescend to take stalls on the occasion. But we protest none the less against such foul-mouthed slander of many of the "loveliest oligarchs of our gynocracy," who may be induced to take a part in the exhibition. We do not like to see ladies coarsely and vulgarly abused as harlots, for joining in, at any rate, an innocent amusement. And what harm is there in subscription-lists? We know of none. But we are "afraid of monasteries." We are so indeed; and of aught else that savours of a bygone superstition, and of inducing men to retire to the listless indolence or austere severity of the cloister, in place of remaining in the world and performing with a cheerful heart their duty to God and man. It

is quite true, also, that we do not think our nation a "whit endanger'd" by its "factories and pandemoniums of machinery." A true bill again. We are aware that manufacturing towns in general are not very pleasant places, though "pandemoniums of machinery" is rather grandiloquent than sensible; but for all that, we look upon the introduction of machinery as a great blessing to all mankind; as do most people except Mr. Morris and the misguided peasants who get themselves into trouble by breaking thrashing-machines. In truth, the nonsense is all of a piece. "We dwell in cedar-houses," and our tables are adorned with gold, and the communion-tables in our churches are not "meet for scullion's table!" Who, in the name of common sense, is to reply to such trash as this? And at last we have something about "great Becket," and the church bowing "traitor kings before her martyr's shrine!" But this brings us to the point where we have a word to say on the head of doctrine.

We dislike *hints*,—they are seldom if ever used, except when a man is ashamed or afraid to speak openly—and shall therefore state in plain terms what it is to which we are about to object. In the work the obnoxious doctrines are not openly avowed, but covertly hinted at and insinuated. For all this, we shall take the same notice of them as if they had been explicitly stated. If the aim and direction of the bullet are undoubtedly discoverable, it is no defence that the prisoner concealed himself while pulling the trigger, or that it was fired from an air-gun to escape detection by the report.

In one word then we say, that in this work Mr. Morris puts forward principles and opinions nearer to the doctrines of the Catholic church, than may be conscientiously maintained or advocated by a sincere clergyman of the Church of England. We care not for direct terms; what we complain of is scattered throughout the book in allusions, hints, and inuendoes, to be found in almost every page, —and perhaps more mischievous in this shape than if broadly attested; for the difficulty of refutation mentioned by Paley, as giving such power for evil to a *sneer*, attaches equally to a *hint*. We shall only give one or two samples, and then leave every one to his unbiassed judgment whether a book, filled with similar passages, ought to have in its title-page the name of a clergyman of the established church.

> Only our Oxen, gendering then no more,
> Must through a pure celibacy have learnt
> More strength for labour ere they can tread out
> The Corn mysterious.

Oxen being of the third sex, it seems rather needless to doom them to celibacy;—but this is nothing. Remembering, as above

quoted, that the "oxen are as priests," and the present passage being evidently intended as metaphorical, what is this but advocating the celibacy of the clergy? In the same book we are told we must not now

> for little ones desire
> As olive branches round the table set,
> Nor covet wives to be as fruitful vines.

And in the next,

> How dreadful to the eyes of Holy Spirits
> Must be the fierce perversion of the shrine
> And temple of the body, which beneath
> The curtains of the night in all estates
> And ranks of life the wicked one inspires."

This, to be sure, is unintelligible enough; but we are informed what is *meant* to be expressed by it in the following note:—

> I had in my mind, when writing this, some very impressive remarks of De Maistre du Pape, as to the celibacy of the clergy, particularly his words, "Combien y-a-t-il de mariages irrèprochables devant Dieu?"

In addition to these and others on the same subject, there are innumerable passages favouring strongly the ideas of fasting and personal mortification; but we spare ourselves and readers any further extracts. Our task is done. We have given our opinion of the poetry, and mentioned the doctrines therein promulgated. It is not our province, nor would our limits allow it (though we have something to say on celibacy should an occasion offer), to discuss doctrinal points in dispute between the churches of Rome and England; but we have mentioned of what kind are those maintained in this work; the public, by its reception, must show whether they think it proper that its author should be an English clergyman: and, with a few parting words, we willingly take a final leave of "Nature a Parable," and all that it inherits.

There is not a more unvarying characteristic of real poetry than its clearness of meaning and purpose. No matter how abstracted its theme—how spiritualized its conceptions—how wide or high its flight—we never come to a sentence of which we must pause before we can discover the meaning. At every point of its comet-like path it is accompanied and illumined by the fire of genius, enabling him who runs to read, and oftentimes with a sudden glorious outburst rendering visible to the throng of admiring gazers, salient points of truth that must, but for the meteor-light of the poet's imagination, have still remained shrouded in perpetual gloom. Alas! how widely different is the case before us! Mr. Morris's creed is evidently that "poetic souls delight in prose insane;" for, except by the inference

that what is neither prose nor English must be poetry, we do not see how he could possibly have been induced to call his work a *poem.* Undoubtedly, as was maintained by the worthy proprietor of Dotheboys Hall, a man has a legal right—there being no act of parliament to the contrary—to assign to his house any name he may choose—that of a hall or even an island, if it so please him; and, in all probability, the same right of nomenclature would be held to be vested in authors with regard to their books; but *in foro conscientiæ,* they are bound to use this liberty as not abusing it; and not to advertise their productions or possessions to the world by terms conveying to the public ideas utterly remote from the articles really signified. In this court, we are decidedly of opinion, that the money paid for this book by its purchasers, could be recovered from the vendors as money "obtained under false pretences."

One curious effect produced by the Herculean labour of perusal is, that our belief in the doctrine of chances is shaken henceforth and for ever. There are, in the whole, upwards of 7,000 lines; and we should have imagined it a moral impossibility that in 7,000 lines of ten syllables each, even if taken at random from all ten-syallable combinations afforded by the language, there should not occur one that by any latitude of expression could be called a line of poetry;—yet such is the fact. Such utter nonsense—such hopeless trash—such incomprehensible absurdities—we never yet saw or heard of; and hence, a work more annoyingly difficult to review we have seldom encountered. Folly, too glaring to be exposed, too laughable to be rendered more ridiculous, and too perfectly void of meaning to afford any ground of rational comment, is indeed an impracticable subject. Our sole reason for engaging in so unpromising a task is, that the author is a clergyman and a fellow of a college at Oxford. Had the work been nameless, we should have allowed it to remain undisturbed to the moment of its natural death,—which of course would have been coincident with that of its birth; but, bearing in its title-page what the reading public would properly consider as primâ facie proof that it was the work of a gentleman and a scholar, and yet being in reality such as we have shown, it became our duty to set forth the true state of the case. It is as much our office to guard against worthless publications as to direct attention to those of merit; and it is long since we have had occasion to raise a louder and more warning voice than is now required by "Nature a Parable."

ART. V.—*The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany, with Characteristic Sketches of the Cities and Scenery.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. Longman.

THIS book has a decided claim to attention in our pages; for it abounds with information of a useful kind as well as with entertainment that

must be welcomed by every English reader. Besides, it is by one of the most deservedly popular authors of the day, and in his very best manner. Indeed, we think that William Howitt's "Rural and Domestic Life of Germany" is deserving of being placed in the very first rank of his writings, if not of taking precedence even of his "Rural Life of England;" fresh, genial, and gladsome as that production was. Certainly there is more novelty in the subjects of the present work, and not less of what is new in the treatment, or felicitous in the minuteness of detail,—a minuteness possessing strictly the character of individuality even as respects localities, and a marked truthfulness of air that may be felt. The stranger to the scenes is instantly impressed with the conviction that there is verisimilitude in the sketches, and fails not to go along heartily with the author's sympathies.

There is, we admit, still the fault of long-windedness in the details, arising from literal enumeration, when, in obedience to the requisites of high art, the spirit and life of the thing should be vividly represented by means of happy strokes in the seizure of essential points. At the same time William Howitt's minute habit of description becomes him and his subjects much better than it would do any one else, whose feelings are less healthy, whose manner is more affected, and whose innate sense and cultured love of the beautiful and the good are less ardent and clear. Our author's judgments may on occasions be narrow and his prepossessions obtrusive; but in the book before us, there is at any rate more room for novel decisions, while there is a greater number of them than characterize his other views of the rural and the domestic at home. In short, Germany not only furnished a new field for the writer, but one which he could not but continually find himself called on to compare and contrast with Old England; and hence we have both the positive and the relative for the themes, the speculation, and the criticism of our enthusiast in these pages. And yet a difference will be felt in the execution, according to the change of subject; a difference both in regard to novelty and soundness. In short, his sketches of the rural, whether as regards scenery, life, or character, appear to us to be much superior in regard to originality and penetration, to those of what he observed in cities, whether art, authors, or manners be the subject. Green fields and the hearths as well as hearts of the peasantry and country-abiding classes are far more agreeable and familiar to William Howitt's sympathies and habits than picture-galleries or the men and ways of capitals and large towns. Whoever wishes to test his book in regard to this distinction need scarcely do more than compare his by-way rambles in Germany with his commonplace route and too frequently superficial sketches in relation to the principal cities, spas, and remarkable objects of the country visited.

The book is one of travels, after a fashion; it contains the notes and journalizings of an assiduous tourist, consisting, however, of two parts. One of these may be characterized as general, with appropriate individual illustrations, wherein we have descriptions of German scenery, and of the life or peculiar customs of the German people, together with the circumstances which the author maintains has given character to them, whether taken in their in-door or out-door existence, and, of course, particularly embracing the industrious classes. Belonging to this general division of the work, we have an account and exemplification of the more important events in the life of the people, such as weddings and funerals, pastimes and prevalent methods of pursuit.

The other part, or division of the book, consists of a narrative of "a general tour," which is in the ordinary manner of regularity both as to order and subjects; although, inseparable from the author's mannerism, general conclusions are often drawn from the individual topics of the tour; just as, on the other hand, the little ramblings and random excursions into sequestered nooks are made the subjects of precise narrative, as well as for suggesting general results in the way of description or of judgment. We proceed to furnish specimens. Begin with a general sketch of the characteristics of the country of Germany, and as compared with that of England.

Here you look in vain for anything like the green fields and hedgerows of England, with their scattered trees, groups of beautiful cattle or flocks grazing in peace, and sweet cotages, farm-houses, and beautiful mansions of the gentry. It is all one fenceless and ploughed field. Long rows of trees, on each side of the roads are all that divide them from the fields, and in the South these are generally fruit-trees. The beauty of Germany lies only, or with few exceptions, among its hills. There, its woods and green vallies and clear streams are beautiful; but from one region of hills to another extend only huge and open plains, marked with the road-side lines of trees. The population is not scattered along as in England, over hill and dale, in groups and single residences, of various grades and degrees of interest; while the luxuriant fences, the meadows and uplands charming with grass and flowers, old, half hidden lanes, and trees standing here and there of the noblest size and in the freedom of natural beauty, make the plainest part of the country enchanting. All here is open and bald: the people are collected into villages of the most prosaic kind, and no gentry reside among them. In fact, what we call country life in England is here unknown.

Far and wide, the country, without a single fence, covered with corn and vegetables, as seen from the heights which bounded it, presented a most singular appearance to an English eye. Its predominating colour, at that time of the year, was that of ripening corn, but of different hues according to its different degrees of ripeness and the different kinds of grain. This is not planted in those vast expanses which you see in the corn-farms of Northumberland and Lincolnshire, but in innumerable small patches and narrow stripes, because belonging to many different proprietors. Some is also sown

in one direction and some in another, with patches of potatoes, mangel-wurzel, kidney-beans, &c. among it, so that it presented to the eye the appearance of one of those straw table-mats of different colours which one has seen.

Take next for a theme the German peasantry:

In Germany the peasants are the great and ever-present subjects of country-life. They are the great population of the country, because they themselves are the possessors. This country is, in fact, for the most part in the hands of the people. It is parcelled out among the multitude; and wherever you go, instead of the great halls, the vast parks, and the broad lands of the nobility and gentry, as in England, you see the perpetual evidences of an agrarian system. The exceptions to this, which I shall afterwards point out, are the exceptions, they are not the rule. The peasants are not, as with us, for the most part totally cut off from property in the soil they cultivate, totally dependent on the labour afforded by others—they are themselves the proprietors. It is perhaps from this cause that they are probably the most industrious peasantry in the world. They labour busily early and late, because they feel that they are labouring for themselves. The women and children all work as well as the men, for it is family-work; nay, the women often work the hardest. They reap, thrash, mow, work on the fallows, do any thing. In summer, without shoes and stockings, clad in a dark blue petticoat and body of the same, or in other colours according to the costume of the neighbourhood, and with their white chemise-sleeves in contrast with their dress, and with their hair burnt of a singed brown, or into different hues, with the sun, they are all out in the hot fields. Nay, you may even see women driving a waggon in which two or three men are sitting at ease smoking. They take the dinners to the fields, frequently giving to the lesser children a piece of bread and locking them up in the cottage till they come home again, the older ones being at the school till they join them in the afternoon.

This would be thought a hard life in England; but hard as it is, it is not to be compared with the condition of labourers in some agricultural parts of a dear country like England, where eight or nine shillings a week, and no cow, no pig, no fruit for the market, no work in the winter, but dependence for every thing on a master, a constant feeling of anxiety, and the desperate prospect of ending his days in a union workhouse, is too commonly the labourer's lot. The German peasants work hard, but they have no actual want. Every man has his house, his orchard, his road-side trees, as we have seen, commonly so hung with fruit that he is obliged to prop and secure them all ways, or they would be torn to pieces. He has his corn-plot, his plot for mangel-wurzel, for hemp, and so on. He is his own master; and he and every member of his family have the strongest motives to labour. You see the effect of this in that unremitting diligence which is beyond that of the whole world besides, and his economy which is still greater.

A particular locality affords the following picture of the life and sentiments of the German peasantry:—

The Petersthal, or valley of Peter, on the Neckar, is one of those innumerable valleys in Germany lying amongst the hills, which swarm with human life, and present one of the most picturesque lively scenes of German industry;—industry still in the midst of quiet, and surrounded by the slumber of mighty woods. It is a long and winding valley, having very little breadth at the bottom, and yet enough for a clear stream to bound along, and hollow water-meadows of the richest green to slope down on each side, and numbers of ancient-looking water-mills to be seated upon it; and cottages to be scattered in one continual string for miles all along the foot of the hills on both sides. These mills are largish buildings in the true heavy style, with large farm-yards attached; plenty of heaps and great piles of fire-wood; old mill-stones and old wagons lying or standing about. The millers are generally the most substantial men of the place. They, some of them, manufacture flour, and some oil from the rape and linseed, the poppy-*head*, and walnuts of the country; and the bumping sound of their stampers —beams moved by the machinery perpendicularly, and by the cogs of the wheels raised, and let fall on the seeds placed in flannel bags in a proper receptacle below, is one of the most characteristic sounds of these valleys. Often at a distance, when buried in the woods, you can find the direction of a village by the sleepy sound of these bumpers. These mills, and the cottages, stand amid a world of old fruit-trees, which, in autumn, are so loaded that they are obliged to be propped and tied up. In all directiens, on the hill-sides, extend their cultivated fields, full of their crops of corn, and vegetables of various kinds; their little vineyards often show their trelliced plots, and all above extends the thick and shady region of forest. Everywhere in these valleys you see the people busy in their possessions. Men and women and children are at work in the fields. Down the hills come women and children from the woods, carrying on their heads loads of fuel, or dragging great bundles of boughs down the narrow hollow ways after them. Others are cutting grass for the pent-up cattle;—women are mowing much oftener than the men. Below are groups of women, with bare legs, washing by the clear stream. Quantities of linen are spread out to dry and to bleach; and round the houses are stalking plenty of fowls, while a large dog barks at you from his kennel as you pass the mill, or little poodles, with cock-aside tails, bark at you from the cottages, and geese clap their wings and clangour in the brook. This Petersthal is a great place for bleaching and washing, and all along lay the white patches of linen on the green meadow grass, and groups of the stoutest and most healthy-looking girls stood washing by the doors as we passed; while numbers of children ran about, many of them with nothing but a shirt on. Here was one holding two cows by a rope tied to the horns, to graze by the wayside, and here another holding a goat. It was harvest time, and hot weather. The women were cutting their harvest, the men being gone to the greater harvest of the plain. The Catholic character of the valley was obvious by the litlte images of the Virgin in niches in the front of the cottages as we passed. These images are of the most wretched kind; little things of gaudily-coloured plaster, bought of the wandering Italian dealers. But at the head of the glen stood a little chapel, which is a perfect specimen of what you find so commonly in Catholic districts, at once indicating so much devotion and so much poverty. This little

chapel had a very simple and ancient appearance, standing at the head of that retired glen, and surrounded by the solemn woods. The altar was painted in gaudy colours of red and yellow, with its front panels painted with wall-paper. On it stood two pyramids or obelisks painted black, covered with white death's heads, decreasing in size upwards to the top of the obelisk. Above were little images of cherubs' heads; and on one side of the crypt, where the pix is kept, was a saint, looking as if he had fainted, and on the other a Virgin looking round at the saint in great curiosity. The censer and cups were of the commonest metal; pewter, iron, or brass. The walls were covered with the most paltry pictures. On one side of the altar hung one intended to represent a Madonna, on the other that of St. Wenceslaus, the patron of cattle, standing on a cloud in the middle of a field, and peasants and peasantesses kneeling and praying to him; while below ran, in all directions, cattle, horses, sheep, and swine, as if filled with extraordinary rejoicing at the presence of the saint. The frames of these pictures were hung with garlands of leaves. Behind the altar was a little sanctum; a scene of dirt and poverty. In a sort of cupboard lay the remains of leaden images of saints and cherubs, in a chaos of decrepitude,—some without an arm, and some without a leg. There was material for making the incense in miserable pots and boxes, leathers and dusters, giving a most deplorable idea of the means for the preparation of those ceremonies in which the church so much delights, and in which the people believe so much efficacy to exist. A more woful exposure of the nakedness of the land, and unweaving of the enchantments of the mass, could not be. There was also the little confessional chair, with its lattice; the priest's robes of the commonest stuff, with a coloured print or two of the most ordinary character; a book of the Catholic faith, and a registry of the marriages, births, christenings, and so on, of the people of the valley. The little girl who attended us, was astonished at our walking into this place. She entreated us to come out, as she was very much frightened at our going in there, it was so holy. She quite trembled with terrors and anxiety. The seats, and pulpit, and gallery were all of the most primitive construction. The front of the gallery had once been painted, but there now remained only the faintest traces of its adornment; and in its centre, over the door, stood an organ with tin pipes, most of which were broken or deranged. A lady of the party went up and tried to elicit a sound, but in vain. The little girl said it used to play, but a man came to put it in order, and it had never played since. In short everything spoke of the poverty of the congregation, or the neglect of the church in a populous valley, where nearly all the inhabitants were Catholics. In the churchyard there was not a single *stone* of remembrance. Nothing but crosses of lath, on which garlands of cut paper hung, or were laid on the graves. These garlands were made like those which used to be hung in our village churches at the funeral of a young maiden. Flowers were also, as usual, planted on the graves; and on these little lath crosses, were nailed leaves torn out of their books of devotion, having rudely-coloured pictures of the Virgin, or some favourite saint or other.

William Howitt will be seen to advantage, and in his best trim of sentiment, if the reader will accompany him in his advocacy of the

rights and in his description of the treatment of the cow. He is quite delighted to have it to record of Old England, that there "she lies down in green pastures, and by the still waters, at perfect leisure." "That they slowly rove from one portion of their extensive bounds to another, or lie down amid a blaze of golden and purple flowers and greenest grass, pictures of plenty, images and indicators of the farming wealth of England." "They stand in company, beneath the shade of drooping willows and polished alders in the glittering passage of the brook at noontide, in groups rich enough to raise a Cuyp or Ruysdael from the dust." Such is the condition of the cow in that paradise of countries, where she is a privileged and most luxurious animal. But how is she worked, fed, and imprisoned in Germany?

Here, for the most brilliant portion of the year, she is shut up in close prison. There are no green meadows, no running streams; no roving in sleek, round-bodied, dappled, and lowing herds for her. She is cooped up in a little dark stall. Old women and young women, and children with creels on their backs, go out with hooks, and cut rough grass and rampant weeds from under bushes in the woods, along the roadsides, and in the corners of fields, for her. Docks, chervil, rough sedge from the river's brink, any thing that is green and eatable, is piled in baskets on old women's heads, and brought home to her. Shut up there, the very smell of aught green is enough to make her devour it. In summer, the lower leaves of the dick-rüben are stripped off for her; lucerne is grown for her, and odds and ends of cabbage, carrots, and turnip leaves fall to her share. She cannot rove in fields, for there are none. She cannot climb the hill-sides, for there climb the vines; and the plains are full of corn, green crops, and tobacco, without a hedge to keep her from picking and stealing. When she comes out, it is to labour. * * While she lives, this is the lot of the German cow! She has not the satisfaction of her milk flowing in warm and foamy streams into union with that of a score of her fellows, and thence arising piles of rich golden butter, and the splendid masses of Stilton or double Gloucester—such glorious productions as Stilton, Dunlop, or double Gloucester, never enter the region of a German peasant's imagination: on the contrary, her isolated stream goes to furnish only a butter, meagre, pallid, and poor, or cheeses formed in the palm of the hand, and dried on the outside of the window-sill, more like hens' eggs than any thing beside. When she dies, too, miserable cow! she has not even the satisfaction of dying fat!

There are many German peculiarities which may be traced to their political government; nor does it appear to be a very far-fetched doctrine that would attribute to this source much of that phlegm, passiveness, and slowness so often remarked of this people. In fact, the governments take upon themselves so much, and leave so little to the activity of the governed, that the latter, according to the English notions, seem to be entirely thoughtless as well as helpless, in

regard to the simplest and most obvious matters. We quote a striking illustration, and one too which shows how a "go-a-head" Yankee found out the English in Germany.

An American gentleman gave us a curious example of this slowness of action, and in fact introduced himself to us on the occurrence of it. We were embarking on the Danube at Linz, for Vienna. The steamer had not been able to get up to Linz from the lowness of the water. It lay at the distance of twenty English miles further down, and we must be conveyed thither in a common Danube boat. The company had known this fact for three days, yet till the very morning not a stroke had been struck in order to put this boat in a fitting condition to carry down at least a hundred people, of all ranks, and in very wet weather. It had neither a cover from the rain nor a seat to sit upon. These had to be hurried up at the last hour. As we went on board, they were still busy putting down the seats.

On the plank down which the passengers had to descend into the boat, moreover, stood up, a couple of inches, a stout tenpenny-nail. This nail caught the skirts of every lady that went down, tore several of them, and over it several gentlemen stumbled. The American was standing to see how long it would be before any one would conceive the idea that this nail must be knocked down. He said, he expected if they were all Germans, from what he had seen of them from a year's residence among them, it would go on to the very end of the chapter. And, in truth, so it appeared probable. One after another caught on the nail. Gown after gown went crash; but they were lifted off again, and the parties went forward. Gentlemen stumbled against the nail, and cursed it, and went on. At length Mrs. Howitt's gown caught: I disengaged it, and called to a man to bring his hammer and knock it down. Though I said this in German, the American soon after came to me and said, "Sir, excuse my freedom, but I know you are an Englishman." I asked him how he discovered that. He replied, "By the very simple fact of your having immediately ordered the driving down of that nail." And he then related what I have stated above.

The vexatiousness of the regulations imposed by the governments can hardly be better illustrated than by what we now quote concerning railway-travelling.

On the railway from Vienna to Baden no tickets are given out within the quarter of an hour preceding the starting of the train. We presented ourselves at the office at Baden half an hour previous. It had begun to rain heavily, and crowds of disappointed pleasure-seekers stood at the window waiting for tickets. Only one man delivered them; and he, with most ominous coolness, every few minutes turned his eye on the office-clock. At the moment that the finger reached the quarter, he stopped, declared the time up, and refused to deliver another ticket. It was in vain that the indignant throng declared that they had already, many of them, been waiting half an hour: he only answered "that was the rule—he did not make it;" and the poor people must wait not only the quarter till this train went, but another hour or two for the next. The quarter passed, and the train set

out not half filled, leaving the wretched crowd in the rain! Never was the beauty of German formality so beautifully carried out.

But at Berlin came the climax. At the railway-office, on accompanying our luggage, a list of *five-and-twenty* regulations was put into my hand, and which now lies before me. Several of these rules consisted of two or three great sentences, and none of the clearest. There was a good hour's work to explore the whole extent of this bill of pains and penalties, to see into what liabilities you run yourself, and in default of what formalities you could not go at all. If you were sickly, you could not travel home though it were to save your life; if you were not in your place in the carriage ten minutes before the starting-time, or at the *first* ringing of the bell, you would be locked out. Then, if you had not a right ticket, or had an undated ticket, or had by accident changed your ticket with a fellow-traveller, or had not delivered your luggage at the luggage-office half an hour before starting-time—all was full of penalties and losses; till we could not help exclaiming—

> "Alas, what perils do environ
> The man who travels on the iron!"

And how was a foreigner ignorant of the language to avoid running his head against all these provisos? As soon as my packages were in the office, the clerk cast his eyes on them—"Only 40 pounds weight is allowed!" "These belong to three persons." "Good; but here are more than 120 pounds." "Very well; throw out that box. It can go direct to Heidelberg by the Frachtwagen"—the stage. "What is the weight of it?" It was weighed. "It cannot go by the stage; nothing is allowed to go by the stage under 40 pounds weight: it must go by the Fahrende-post"—the packet-post, at a great price. "Well, then, clap on that carpet-bag; I don't want it." A man was sent for canvass and string. The package was made *heavy* enough for the stage-waggon; and I imagined we had come to plain sailing. The man put one trunk into the scales. "We are three; weigh them altogether." "No," said he, "that is against the regulations," and he laid his finger on the 12th rule of my list. "Every passenger is allowed to take 40 pounds free luggage with him; but if two persons pack their luggage in one case, and it exceeds 40 pounds, it must pay just the same as if it belonged to one." All above 40 pounds pays as 100 pounds; that is, if you have 41 pounds, you pay for 60 pounds overweight—half a silver groschen per mile.

From the part of the book containing sketches of towns, galleries, and characters, we must take samples; nor are these destitute of the finer displays of William Howitt's minute pencillings and genial sympathies. Stuttgart could hardly present a better subject than Uhland, of whom we have this kindly notice:

But in this town, which has educated numbers of the most celebrated men of Germany, and has stood many a siege and storm in the stormy times of the nation, lives Uhland, one of the oldest and one of the finest lyrical poets of his country. Like his town and townsmen, Uhland has

somewhat of an old-world look. He has never travelled much from home, has a nervous manner, and that the more remarkable in a man who, as a member of the Würtemburg parliament, has distinguished himself as a bold speaker and maintainer of the most liberal principles. In consequence of his very liberal political creed, he has now withdrawn both from the chamber and from his professorship in the university; and possessing a competent fortune, devotes his life to life's happiest, and one of its most honourable pursuits, that of poetry. It has been said of him, by a witty townsman, that he is a genuine nightingale; to be heard and not seen. But this is a little too severe. Though somewhat plain in person, and fidgety in manner, these are things which are speedily forgotten in the enthusiasm of intellectual conversation. He lives in a house on the hill-side overlooking the Neckar bridge, as you go out towards Ulm. Above lie his pleasant garden and vineyard, and hence he has a full view of the distant Swabian Alps, shutting in with their varied outlines one of the most rich, beautiful, and animated landscapes in that pleasant Swabian land. His wife, a bright-looking cheerful lady, came in from the garden with her work-basket, in which was an English edition of Milton's Paradise lost, which she had been reading. She appeared well-used to society, and very well read and intelligent. They have no children, but have adopted a very pretty sharp boy as their foster son. Uhland, indeed, appears to lead a happy and independent life here. Happy in his amiable and sensible wife, who highly admires his genius, and in the midst of his native scenes, to which, like all Swabians, he is much attached, and enjoying throughout Germany a high and firm reputation.

Herrnhut, the original settlement of the Moravians, could not but appeal strongly to the religious sympathies of our author. Besides, a cordial account of the place and of the people who have settled there, is deserving of being quoted, seeing that the spot is not much visited by summer tourists.

Herrnhut itself is a neat modern-looking little town of about 1,100 inhabitants. It is like most German modern towns, built with streets crossing at right angles, and of white houses. In a spacious square stand the little inn, the Meeting-house, the Single Brethren's House, and other buildings belonging to the community. The Single Sister's House stands also near, facing the lower end or rather front of the church. Many private families live in their own separate houses. All is extremely neat, clean, and profoundly quiet. Few people are at any time seen going to and fro; and such a thing as a child playing in the street, is not to be seen. In respect to education, they are very strict in their notions; and children, like John Wesley, are probably "taught to fear the rod, and cry softly." At all events, they are not allowed to play in the street; and you hear so little of them playing anywhere, that you would be quite inclined, did you not meet some under the care of nurses in walks and gardens, to believe there were none; or, as has actually been the case here once, only one child born in the year. A profound silence hovers over the whole place; and it is amazing that so many active persons should go forth to all parts of the world from a centre which seems the very centre of the realms of sleep. They call it themselves,

Life in Stillness. The whole manner and bearing of the people, are those of such as have nothing to do with the passions and agitations of this world, but are living entirely in preparation for another. A worthy old officer, Major von Aderkas, whom we found here, said smiling, "I have had a stormy and troubled existence, and longed for a quiet haven, and thank God I have found it, and enjoy it from my soul; and here I shall end my days with thankfulness. But many come here who at first are struck with the repose of the place, and thinking nothing would be so agreeable as to spend their lives here, they try it, and generally think a month long enough. No, Herrnhut is not the place for those who have not weaned themselves thoroughly from the world, nor have arrived, through troubles and treacheries, at an abiding weariness of it." To the Herrnhuters themselves, their daily labour, their religious and social meetings, their prayer and singing hours and the discharge of their duties to the communities, are enjoyments sufficient. Every now and then they have, too, meetings for the reading of the news from their different missionary stations all over the world; and these must be times of great excitement. We went through the Brethren and the Sister House, and were much pleased with the quiet and neatness of everything. Three or four persons form a little company, have one sitting-room where they can also work, and each company has its overseer for the maintenance of order. The men, most of them, work out in the village; the women in the house, sewing, knitting, and doing other women's work; and there is a room where all the articles made are exposed for sale. The Sisters' house is large and very clean, and has a nice garden. We saw many young girls at various employments, and were told that it required diligent labour for one of them to earn three Prussian dollars, about nine shillings, weekly. It was interesting to see in both houses persons who had been into distant and very different parts of the world, into the hottest and the coldest regions, in the missionary cause; and the children of the missionaries, who had been born amongst the Caffres, or the Esquimaux. Each community had its common dining-room, where they all dined; but at three different tables, each at a different rate of charge, so as to accommodate all persons. Poverty amongst them is no disgrace, except as the result of indolence or imprudence. Each community had also its prayer-room, and assembling-room. Music is much cultivated amongst them; and we observed in every room appropriated to public or private worship an organ or a piano, and in every sitting-room that we entered was a violin, a guitar, or flute. It was amusing to see the sleeping-room of the women, which, like the dining-room, was for general use, and stocked with a whole host of little German beds, each for one person. The women, in their little white muslin caps, had a certain resemblance to Friends, but were distinguished into married and unmarried by the ribbons which tied their caps, being of different colours. The young girls had deep red; the unmarried women, pink; the married women, blue; and the widows, white or grey. In the Brethren's House is a very excellent collection of stuffed birds, and other objects of natural history, which missionaries from different countries have enriched. Their church very much resembles a Friends' meeting: there are no pews, but plain benches, the men and women, like the Friends, sitting apart. They had a chair and desk for the preacher, and an organ distinguished the place

from a meeting-house of Friends. Indeed, very different to the Friends, they have an intense love of music, and preach, pray, and sing at stated times and hours. We were admitted to one of their private singing meetings, and were surprised to see the person who presided give out the hymn sitting, and the whole company singing it in the same position. They have, too, their love-feasts, in imitation of the Agape of the early Christians, at which tea and buns are handed round. All who entertain any enmity against each other, are earnestly warned to absent themselves from these meetings till they have rooted the offence from their hearts. At the close of the Holy Communion, each brother renews his pledge of faithfulness to the Lord, and gives his hand upon it to his fellow; the brethren kiss one another, and the sisters also do the same amongst themselves. * * They may contract marriages by mutual agreement, under the approbation of the elders, but they also frequently resort to the lot to determine them; and nothing is more common than for a missionary to send home, requesting them to choose him a wife, who is thus selected. The damsel on whom the lot falls has the liberty to decline the match if she pleases, but as it is regarded as a clear indication of the will of Providence, it is generally cheerfully acquiesced in, and a young woman will at once prepare herself, on being chosen, to go north or south—to the snowy fields of Labrador, or the burning deserts of Africa. The Herrnhuters declare that scarcely an instance has been known in which these marriages have not been completely happy ones.

Our concluding extracts will be taken from a scene which our author witnessed in Heidelberg, viz. that of a student's funeral. The description comes well from him, who recently gave to the world "The Student Life of Germany," a work, however, of very inferior attractions when compared with the present book.

Having told us that it was on the 22d of July, 1840, that he witnessed the singular scenes and ceremonies in question, that the deceased, who was from Hamburgh, had died of consumption, and that, on account of the high esteem in which he had been held, his funeral was conducted with more than ordinary formality, viz. by torch-light, and the attendance of the greater part of the students, William Howitt thus proceeds:

Bells were tolling from various churches, and the procession was proceeding through the principal street to the lodgings of the deceased, as we went into the city about eight o'clock. We were at too great a distance to see more than a crowd and the torches; but on reaching the house, the scene was singular to an English eye, and deeply interesting. The main part of the procession had halted at the distance of three or four hundred yards, where they had extinguished their torches. Before this house stood a sort of low covered car, or waggon, with six black horses; the four first in German fashion, at a considerable distance from each other, and from the wheeler, and, having, as usual, traces of ropes, but in this case black ones. The car, which, unlike our English hearses, was not boarded up top and sides, but appeared merely covered with an awning supported by bows of

wood, had laid upon it a plain pall of black velvet, and upon the pall, three garlands of leaves and flowers. The outer garlands seemed to be composed entirely of laurels, and occupied the whole outer portion of the pall, with the exception of a broad margin. Within that was another, which appeared composed of roses and lilies; and then a central one, of flowers also. This inner garland, which was very beautiful, was said to be the work and gift of a female hand. Within it lay his cap, his gloves, and sword. One wondered that the sword should be there, and the books not; and had one inclined to be critical on such an occasion, we should have asked why not as well as the sword, the pipe, the beer-glass, the stick, and the spectacles? The sword, except as denoting the character of the students for duelling, was a singular appendage for a student, but, without being too critical, the whole effect was rich and beautiful. The garlands of laurel and splendid flowers were so dispersed, as to cover nearly the whole surface of the pall with a mass of rich and mosaic beauty, which was made visible to the crowd of spectators by a *light* set upon it as well as by the flare of a cresset-fire, which was burning before the house, on the opposite side of the little street. Behind the car stood two rows of about twenty torch-bearers each, but with their torches also extinguished. These men were not students, but hired attendants, probably the boot-cleaners of the students, called by them boot-foxes. Many of them were of considerable age. In this manner stood the car and its attendants before the house for about a quarter of an hour, when the coffin, also richly covered with black velvet, and white ornamental work of silver-plated nails and shields, was put into the car; the light was removed from the top, and the attendants, lighting their torches at the funereal fire in the cresset, communicated light from one to another down the line. The pall-bearers, who were young students from the native town or neighbourhood of the deceased, took their places on each side of the car, dressed in court dresses, with their swords, and wearing white scarfs. The mutes, with staves of black, ornamented with bunches of white crape, walked on each side; the band struck up a mournful strain, and the procession moved on. The band, a military one, from Mannheim, a full and very superior one, preceded the car, the musicians being clothed also in black. Immediately behind came the chief mourners, young students in full dresses, with white neckcloths and white gloves. These carried no torches, but on each side of them walked the hired torch-bearers. Then followed the main and almost innumerable train of students, in their usual costume of frock coats and caps, headed by two professors, in their college gowns and caps.

Our author goes on to state that the procession, consisting of about seven hundred students, in two lines, extended to not much less than half a mile; that it passed on to the church where they are usually buried, the clergyman performing the customary service, after which a student pronounced an oration over their departed companion. The service being over, the procession moved to the Museum Plaz, at the window of which our author stood. As the first of the long line approached this spot, "the sound of the music became audible, and presently the first torches came flaring through the darkness." We again take up the narrative in a less broken shape:

Nothing can surpass the strange and wild effect of this scene. The procession, which had gone towards the church slowly, now returned at a quick pace; the music, which had been dolorous and complaining, was now gay and triumphant. The band was playing a martial and resounding air; the students in a wild troop, three abreast, came rushing on, whirling round and round their torches, and shaking them above their heads, like so many wild Bacchanalians, and crowds of boys and young men ran on each side, amid the mingled flare and smoke and gloom, some of them having snatched up fallen and nearly burnt-out torches, and whirling them fiercely about as they ran. The band halted before the door of the Museum, and continued playing while the students formed themselves into a large circle in the square. The first, as he took his place, flung his blazing torch to some distance on the ground, and every one as he arrived did the same. This became the centre of the ring, round which the whole train arranged itself; and as the young men came near its bounds, they tossed up their torches into the air, which came whirling and flaming down from a hundred places into the area of the circle. The scene was most wild and strange. The gathering ring of densely standing figures, all in the Burschen costume; the lights tossing, and spinning, and falling through the air: the hundreds of them lying and blazing on the ground; while others, flying errant, dropped into the thickest masses of the spectators, and were again snatched up, and again sent aloft, and through all this the band playing in a consonant thunder and rending strain of exulting music. * * When the circle was complete, and all the torches had been flung down, the marschals and the police were seen walking about in it. The scattered torches were thrown together, till they formed one blazing heap, which illuminated with its red light the whole walls and windows of the square, and sent up a rolling column of pitchy smoke, that hung like a sable canopy above the crowds. At once, the band ceased playing: there was a pause of deep silence, and then the whole circle of students, as they stood round the flames, burst forth into a funeral song, which, unexpected as it was, and sudden and solemn as was the strain, startled and thrilled beyond description. The deep red light flung upon the circle; the dark groups behind; the marschals and seniors standing with drawn swords; the blazing pile in the centre, and the sound of the funeral hymn, sung by hundreds of deep and manly voices, like the sound as of the sea itself,—was altogether so wild, so novel, and strange, that it is not to be conceived by those who have not witnessed the like, nor forgotten by those who have. The song was that sung on all such occasions, the hymn for the maintenance of their academical liberty. As it closed, one of the seniors stood forward, and wielded his sword as in defiance. The rest rushed together, and with wild cries clashing their swords above their heads, there was a shout—"Quench the fire!" and the whole of the students at once dispersed. The crowds then closed round it, water was thrown on the flames, the dense black column of smoke changed into a white one, and the whole was over.

We have now only to add that this attractive book contains many spirited and manifestly faithful illustrations, after designs by Mr. Sargent.

ART. VI.—*Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford. Selected from the Originals at Woburn Abbey. With an Introduction by Lord John Russell.* Vol. I. Longman.

THE Fourth Duke of Bedford was the grandson of the Lord Russell who died upon the scaffold in the reign of Charles the Second; and his Correspondence was known to contain authentic materials for the illustration of an important period in the political history of England. He was born in 1710, and was a second son, succeeding his elder brother Wriothesley, at the age of twenty-two. On entering the House of Peers he joined the anomalous opposition which eventually drove Walpole from the helm of public affairs. The Duke, however, did not, when the change in the Ministry took place, immediately come into office; but in 1744 he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, which office he held till 1758, when he became Secretary of State. He afterwards served the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and in 1763 negotiated the much-contested peace as Ambassador at Paris. He was President of the Council in Grenville's Administration; and continued to concern himself with politics to the close of his life. His connexion with public affairs, therefore, extended over the interesting term which elapsed between the fall of the administrations of Walpole and Chatham,—his Correspondence illustrating the period from 1744 to 1770.

John, Fourth Duke of Bedford, although not a man of shining parts, had great influence in the state; and this not merely in consequence of his high rank, immense wealth, and numerous boroughs, but his honesty and methodical system of conducting every kind of business. He was besides a generous friend, and a man of considerable refinement of taste as well as amiability of manners. Still, he would not have been a notable historical character on account of anything that he was, did, or caused to be done, had it not been for the unprincipled and atrocious attack which an anonymous writer made upon him towards the close of his life, and when he became the Duke of Bedford of Junius.

The present volume, a few prefatory letters excepted, contains the Correspondence during the Duke's Administration at the Admiralty. The period therefore when he became a mark for the fierce and bitter enmity of the libeller, and when among other charges, he was accused, in negotiating the peace of '63, of having pocketed the money of France, falls not within the limits of the pages before us. We may remark in the meanwhile, however, that although in the whole range of the villainous and lying attacks of Junius, no one was made the object of a severer blow than the personage under consideration, yet the shafts fell upon none of the coward's victims, with apparently less discomposure on the part of the assailed, or with less injury to

his reputation. "Whither," said the infamous assassin of character, "shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis? If he return to Woburn, scorn and mockery await him. He must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision." And yet it is not less true that the aged Duke was enjoying himself according to his wonted taste at clubs, evening parties, the theatre, and so forth, apparently unruffled, than that the deadly charges of Junius turned out to be without foundation.

But to confine ourselves more particularly to the contents of this first volume, we have to observe that we have not any very new lights upon either the history or the manners of the period comprised; nor can we reasonably look for important novelty of illustration until the conclusion of the correspondence. In the meantime, however, the collection is much diversified in regard to writers, and furnishes agreeable reading; touching too upon a variety of subjects. We have not merely notices of a number of public men and of political intrigues, but of private affairs and family interests. Frequent sights into the business of the Admiralty are obtained,—the Duke, according to Lord John, not making it a practice to "allow his decisions to be over-ruled by the junior lords, nor his plans to be disturbed by the meddling of the Duke of Newcastle." We may here quote a curious illustration of his Grace's determination, candour, and methodical minuteness, as given in the editor's introduction :—

> In the year 1743, the Duke planted the large plantation in Woburn Park known by the name of the "Evergreens," to commemorate the birth of his daughter, afterwards Caroline Dutchess of Marlborough: the space was something more than a hundred acres, and was before that time a rabbit-warren, producing nothing but a few blades of grass, with the heath or ling indigenous to the soil, and without a single tree upon it.
>
> In the course of a few years, the Duke perceived the plantation required thinning, in order to admit a free circulation of air, and give health and vigour to the young trees. He accordingly gave instructions to his gardener and directed him as to the mode and extent of the thinning required. The gardener paused, and hesitated, and at length said, "Your Grace must pardon me if I humbly remonstrate against your orders, but I cannot possibly do what you desire: it would at once destroy the young plantation, and, moreover, it would be seriously injurious to my reputation as a planter."
>
> The Duke replied, "Do as I desire you, and I will take care of your reputation."
>
> The plantation was consequently thinned according to his instructions, and the Duke caused a board to be fixed in the plantation, facing the road, on which was inscribed, "This plantation has been thinned by John Duke of Bedford, contrary to the advice and opinion of his gardener."

The correspondence in this first volume naturally pertains in a particular degree to the war and the negotiation for peace. But on these points we have not regarded the letters with any deep interest,

—our object chiefly having been the style of the several writers, or the slighter matters that occupied them.

The most interesting of the letters perhaps are those of Lords Anson and Sandwich, whose opinions on matters political and naval, the Duke was in the habit of consulting. There is character of a manly kind too in the epistles of Vernon. Newcastle looks even weaker than we had been accustomed to view him; and Chesterfield is still the accomplished trifler, although on one occasion at least, exhibiting a deeper humanity than he has generally got credit for. Listen to him when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and when disclosing a specimen of the extortionate and corrupt practices of the age:—

Dublin Castle, 17th September, 1745.

My Lord,—Your Grace will remember, that some time ago I laid a complaint before the Regency, of the cruel manner in which the French prisoners at Kinsale were treated; and I have now the honour of assuring your Grace that they are not in any degree better used than they were then; which I am sure is very contrary to your Grace's intentions. Brigadier de Grangues, a man of truth and honour, is just come from thence; and has assured me of his own knowledge, that those unhappy people are more inhumanly treated than negroes in the West Indies. One Newman, who takes care of them, and who I suppose is appointed by the commissioners of sick and wounded, not only defrauds them of good part of what the Government allows them, but loads them with irons if they complain. His deputy, one Webb, is an apothecary at Kinsale, who, when his master has made them sick either by starving or bad food, crams and drenches them with his physic, and then ruins them with his bills. Though I have no power over Mr. Newman, I could not hear of his brutalities without letting him know that I knew them, and reprimanding him for them. I have accordingly had him writ to, and acquainted that I intended to lay the affair before your Grace; which, in common humanity, I thought myself obliged to do.

By the accounts we have here from Scotland, nothing is more ridiculous than that rascally Highland army, with which his Royal Highness Prince Charles intends to conquer us, except it be our army that runs away from such a pack of scoundrels. But if they have no foreign assistance, which your Grace will take good care to prevent or intercept, there must be soon an end of them one way or another. I wish other things now depending may end as well, as I am persuaded this rebellion will. I need not, I believe, assure your Grace, that no man living can be with greater truth and respect than I am, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

But by far the best correspondent of the present number as regards literary elegance and graceful thought is Legge. Here is a specimen:—

Temple, 29th June, 1742.

My dear Lord,—Whilst the fate of my old patron (Walpole) was depending, I avoided any application to your Grace for protection, and did so, that

I might the more effectually preserve your Grace's good opinion of me; well knowing that I should advance my pretensions very little with any man of sense and honour by appearing more solicitous for myself than for the person to whom I owed the highest obligations. As that debt of gratitude is now punctually paid, the cause of my reserve consequently ceases; nor can I see all men around me intent upon self-preservation, and be so insensible of my own danger as to think of no refuge, or so forgetful of your kind disposition towards me as to think of any other than your Grace's friendship: permit me, therefore, without any further preface, to acquaint you with the present state of my affairs. The only danger I apprehend is from Mr. Pulteney; and, after many rumours, to which, as mere town-talk, I gave little attention, I am now convinced he has a design of putting Mr. Furnese into my place. If this happens, not only my whole income is taken away, but that which was my study and profession, and by which I hoped, one day or other, to have been serviceable to the public as well as myself, is converted into a sinecure, and added to the superfluities of one who is already possessed of a large estate. How far any personal application to Mr. Pulteney upon this occasion may be decent for me to ask, or agreeable to your Grace's situation and inclination to grant, I am very doubtful; but this I would venture to affirm, that if it were conveyed to Mr. Pulteney through some channel of undoubted authority, that I have the honour to be an old (pardon the vanity if I say) an intimate acquaintance of your Grace, in the support and preservation of whose fortune you have the goodness to interest yourself warmly, a description so much to my advantage would, I dare say, put me beyond the reach of all danger. I have received too many marks of favour from your Grace to doubt your willingness to assist me; and therefore ought to leave the time, as well as manner, to your better judgment; but as this is the crisis of my fortune, upon which the whole success of my future life depends, pardon my warmth when I add, that there is no time to be lost, and that nothing but your speedy patronage can effectually preserve,

My Lord, your Grace's most obedient and faithful servant,

H. Legge.

Our readers may wish to learn how the affair concluded, regarding which Mr. Legge thus manfully expresses himself. We therefore quote another of his epistles to the Duke:—

King's Bench Walk, 13th July, 1742.

My dear Lord,—I thank your Grace for the sight you have given me of Mr. P.'s letter, which I return enclosed to you; and as the situation of affairs is described in it, am not surprised that even your intercession was ineffectual towards maintaining me in the Treasury, though I dare say I felt the good effects of it in the manner of turning me out; for this morning, at the same time that Mr. Furnese kissed hands for my place, I likewise kissed for being Surveyor of the Woods, &c. To be sure, it is a fall; but as they have laid the boughs of trees under me to break it, I am not near so much bruised as if I had been tossed out on the bare pavement.

I send you a list of the executions which were performed this morning: it is as authentic as any you will see in the papers, and will come at least as

soon to you as you can receive it from any other private hand. I hope very soon to make my personal acknowledgments to you in a green coat, with all the elements of forest jurisdiction about me; and shall never lose the sense I have of the zeal and affection with which you have protected

Your most obliged, &c. H. Legge.

We quote another specimen of this spirited and accomplished letter-writer's correspondence: it is one of playfulness:—

I rejoice extremely in the good account you send me of my playfellow, and congratulate your Grace and My Lady Dutchess upon the happy effects of your prudent courage [inoculation]. I can't help thinking myself greatly interested in the preservation of Lady Caroline's charms, as I think they will not fail hereafter to torment and mortify many of those saucy rascals who will have the insolence to be very young men at the time when I shall have the misfortune to be a very old one. It is an interest of a more generous nature which I take in Lord Tavistock's education, though perhaps a little selfish too, at bottom. I take it, one may relish applause long after beauty has lost all its effect; and when hereafter Lord Tavistock makes a good figure in the world, as I don't doubt but he will, your Grace will not grudge me the little comfortable vanity of supposing I have been in a small degree accessory to it. Though the soil and the cultivation is the work of others, yet it must be confessed I called aloud for the gardener, and may therefore pretend to a kind of merit, somewhat akin to that of a certain sexton recorded in metre—

"The sexton thus of preaching well
Claimed half the praise—who rang the bell."

It is well for your Grace that paper has bounds if nonsense has none, and that I can defer no longer to acknowledge myself,

Yours, &c. H. Legge.

Having given examples of manly solicitation, and also proofs of the high estimation in which the Duke was held, we may cite another illustration and also testimony of a kindred sort, coming too from one whose celebrity may be taken as a sufficient set-off to that of Junius: we mean the author of "Tom Jones!" which work, in fact, was dedicated to his Grace. Fielding thus writes with a modesty and becoming confidence, as well as hearty gratitude, befitting the man who gave to the world an "Allworthy:"—

Bow street, December 13, 1748.

My Lord,—Such is my dependence on the goodness of your Grace, that before my gout will permit me to pay my duty to you personally, and to acknowledge your last kind favour to me, I have the presumption to solicit your Grace again. The business of a justice of peace for Westminster is very inconsiderable without the addition of that for the county of Middlesex, and without this addition I cannot completely serve the government in that office; but this unfortunately requires a qualification which I want. Now there is a house belonging to your Grace, which stands in Bedford street, of 70*l* a year value. This hath been long untenanted, and will, I am informed

require about 300*l.* to put in repair. If your Grace would have the goodness to let me have a lease of this house, with some other tenement worth 30*l.* a year, for twenty-one years, it would be a complete qualification. I will give the full worth for this lease, according to the valuation which any person your Grace shall be pleased to appoint sets on it. The only favour I beg of your Grace is, that I be permitted to pay the money in two years, at four equal half-yearly payments. As I shall repair the house as soon as possible, it will be in reality an improvement of that small part of your Grace's estate, and will be certain to make my fortune.

Mr. Butcher will acquaint your Grace more fully than perhaps I have been able to do; and if your Grace thinks proper to refer it to him, I and mine shall be eternally bound to pray for your Grace, though I sincerely hope you will not lose a farthing by doing so vast a service to,

My Lord, your Grace's, &c.

H. FIELDING.

Lord John's Introduction presents, besides certain biographical notices of the Duke, a brief *resumé* of the public events during the period to which the volume refers. Something of a like nature is to be prefixed to each portion of the publication. The specimen here prefixed will be found useful, not only to explain the incidents of the time, but to connect the letters. It is also cleverly written, and conceived with marked liberality to persons of an opposite school of politics. He is very charitable to Walpole,—seeking for worthy motives where others would hardly think they could readily be discovered. We cite two passages. The first gives us Walpole's leading opponents:—

Pulteney, his most powerful assailant in the House of Commons, acted in conjunction with Carteret, the most able and accomplished debater in the House of Lords: both of these leaders were Whigs, both had held high situations under Walpole, and both had been alienated by his supremacy of power and influence, which threw their ambition into the shade. Pulteney was a quick and lively speaker; always ready with some apt illustration or diverting story, which went round the town, and turned the laugh against the Minister. Carteret was an excellent scholar: he had carried away from College, said Swift, more learning and information than became a man of his rank and fortune. When Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he showed his readiness by a retort upon Swift himself, in which the Viceroy excelled the wit. Swift having been kept a long time in the ante-room of Dublin Castle, left these lines:

My very good Lord, 'tis a very hard task,
For a man to wait here who has nothing to ask.

To which Carteret replied, alluding to the pending prosecution of the Draper's Letters:

My very Good Dean, there are few who come here,
But have something to ask, or something to fear.

He excused himself classically for his strong measures against political libels, by quoting from Virgil:

> Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
> Moliri.

Yet while these two disappointed and angry men had light to shine, and even scattered fire to brand and consume their opponents, it will be seen that neither had the firmness to pursue a consistent course, nor the qualities necessary to inspire confidence, nor the strength to hold the standard they had vigour sufficient to wrest from others. Pulteney was more avaricious than ambitious: Carteret was better fitted for social conviviality than for steady business: both were vain of the distinction of being thought capable of the highest place, rather than anxious to govern well. The fall of Walpole was a test of their capacity.

The other specimen portrays the Duke of Newcastle:—

His chief fault in public affairs was a constant and universal jealousy. He was jealous of Walpole, jealous of Pitt, jealous of Carteret, jealous of the Duke of Bedford, and not less jealous of his own brother than of his own rivals. His best talent was his indefatigable industry: his mind was constantly employed in political affairs; and, from the highest concerns of peace and war to the lowest contention for an exciseman's office, he never relaxed his attention, or missed his opportunity. But, having no large capacity, or steady views of his own, this perpetual struggle to rule affairs, to which he was hardly equal, gave him an uneasy and fidgety manner. It was well said of him, that he always seemed to have lost half an hour in the morning, and to be running after it all the rest of the day."

We have now merely to add that while Lord John properly cherishes a warm feeling in behalf of the reputation of his ancestor, the Correspondence promises to furnish a complete vindication of his Grace's character; at the same time that it will be a valuable contribution to the materials of history, and the already rich collections of our state papers.

ART. VII.—*Notices of the Reformation in the South-West Provinces of France.* By R. E. JAMESON. Seeley and Burnside.

THE title-page gives us for date 1839. We do not undertake to account for the discrepancy in regard to publication and authorship. One thing, however, is clear, that "the Reformation in the South-West Provinces of France," is a subject that does not lose its interest, or gain its importance, by the lapse of a few years; and therefore it may stand now as well as three years ago, for review. At once, therefore, we proceed to speak of the character and merits of the work in a few short sentences, and then to furnish samples.

Mr. Jameson appears to have travelled as well as to have read a good deal; and this at least must be said of him, he speaks his mind plainly and boldly. Nay, he thinks for himself; and cares not to march in the track traced by predecessors. He is at the same time a strong evangelist,—probably some would pronounce him to be a sectarian filled with the cant of methodism. However, we are not inclined to regard tendencies of a religiously flavoured sort with other than forgiving feelings; generally finding that what may be wrong in doctrine, or questionable in statement, is made amends for by sincerity and honesty of disquisition.

Mr. Jameson made a stay of considerable endurance at Pau, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Navarre, a town now containing fourteen thousand inhabitants, and identified with much of the history of Henry the Fourth of France. Our author looked around him, and set to read the history of the ex-kingdom. The following statement gives us an account of his method and his opportunities. Having obtained an introduction to, he made use of the good offices of, the Reverend Doctor Don Juan de Herrando, the principal librarian of the extensive collection belonging to the town, preserved in the ancient monastery of the Cordeliers. "This worthy Spaniard (to whose courtesy and information I am much a debtor), has been for seven-and-twenty years the superintendant of this library, many curious works of which he has rescued from the ravages of time and revolution. By his kindness I was placed in one of the ancient cloisters, and provided with materials for attaining the object I desired. On one side of me were the works of the Protestant, on the other, those of the Romanist historians." These Mr. Jameson enumerates; and such were the sources whence he derived his minute knowledge of the local history of Bearn, being particularly struck, he tells us, "with the similarity between the history of Navarre, during the seventeenth century, and that of Ireland during the present."

Such having been the mode and source of Mr. Jameson's researches with regard to the reformation in the south-west provinces of France, he has given us, as might be expected, notices that are pointed and interesting. It cannot be denied that he is a partisan, in as far as religious sentiments go. He does not even admire Henry IV., the friend and the pupil of Sully, and the monarch whose chivalrous history is so warmly cherished by the French people. All Mr. Jameson's sympathies are lavished on his sister, his mother, and Marguerite, in whom he discovers nothing but purity, consistency, and fidelity to the Protestant cause. His interpretation takes at times, if not fantastic, an advocate's air, and to the production of far-fetched, improbable conclusions. Hear how he varnishes the death-bed scene of Marguerite, whom he will not allow to have been the author of the Nouvelles:

She retired to the little village of Tusson in Angouleme, joining *a religious community of females*, over whom she presided for a series of years. Subsequently she removed to the Chateau d'Odos, near Tarbes, where she died Dec. 21, 1549, from the effects of exposure in observing a comet which was then visible. Whilst gazing anxiously at the celestial stranger, she was seized with paralysis, and, being immediately removed to her bed, died in eight days after. Her senses do not appear to have entirely forsaken her, even under the influence of the distressing malady which had attacked her. On hearing it observed that she was going to felicity,—"Not yet," she exclaimed, "I must sleep a long time in the earth first." The Romish writers claim her as a re-convert, because, in her dying moments she kissed a crucifix which was placed before her. She, who had embraced the cross in early life, and had so long borne it typically by patient endurance, might surely, while in the agony of leaving one world, and in the earnest expectation of entering another, have clasped a crucifix without any superstitious feeling. The materialism of religion could have had but little influence over the dying senses of a Christian like the Queen of Navarre, who, while her paralytic hands grasped a crucifix, sufficiently declared the sort of feeling with which she viewed it, by thrice exclaiming, as she expired, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

Still, these *notices* will be perused with that sort of satisfaction that arises from novelty, sincerity, and fluent expression. We do not dislike Mr. Jameson's plain dealing, when, for example, he objects to the French word *temple*, as being neither significant nor Christian, when applied to a Protestant church or house of worship. The place of the kind at Pau, we are told, is merely a small room rented by the English visitants for their own use, and where the Protestants of the town assemble. The Duchess of Gordon, however, has purchased a site for a church and school-room, both of which are in great forwardness, says Mr. Jameson, but the finishing of which is now suspended for want of funds.

It will suit to introduce here our author's account of Protestantism as it existed throughout France at the time he wrote. It will be seen that the conditiou and prospects of that branch of the reformed church do not offer to Mr. Jameson's mind a very fertile subject of congratulation or hope. He thus reports:—

At present there are scarcely five thousand *nominal* Protestants in this district (Bearn). Persecution and patronage having been removed, they have dropped, in the absence of excitement, into an apparent state of lukewarmness. Here and there a zealous minister "prophecies upon the bones," and "a shaking" is visible. But the French character is not disposed to be sectarian in its humbler sense, of separation and inferiority. The hubbub of concourse, or exterior distinction, are requisite to engage them. If a "*coup de religion*" could be effected with sufficient notoriety in any part of France, the excitement of a spirit might possibly spread; or, if Protestant "temples" could be reared, like their stately prototype of Charenton, they

no doubt could be speedily filled.* But these very considerations are arguments for increased missionary efforts; and, happily, they are now in operation in several parts of France. Within the last few years, Protestant congregations have been formed at Avignon, Rheims, Tours, and other places; humble indeed as to number, but still forming links in the chain which may one day receive the electric fire from heaven, that may corruscate over and enlighten the whole of France.

The French reformed church is divided into sixteen synodal districts, having eighty-five consistories, and two hundred and eighty places of worship. There are also thirty-one consistories, and two hundred and eight churches of the "Confession of Augsburg," or Lutheran faith. The Societè Evangelique de France has, likewise, fourteen settled ministers, and eight *Evangelistes*, or missionaries. The European, or Continental Society of London, and the Societè Evangelique of Geneva, are also in the field, independently of the Societè Biblique, and other bodies of auxiliaries.

The estimated number of the Protestants in France, at present, is about a million and a half. Some raise the amount higher, but "they are not all Israel who are of Israel." The droppings from the Romish church do not much swell the stream; but there are many of the *Guizot* school, (such as in England are called "*rational* Christians,") who roll with it. "The church of the Laodiceans" has many followers here.

In the south-west of France, (particularly the ancient Bearn,) the mild plastic character of the people, and historic recollections, seem to invite missionary exertion. The sun that has set has left some warmth in the soil. May it rise again and endure, not merely as in former days, during the course of a polar summer, but "until time shall be no longer."

We have intimated that Mr. Jameson is no enthusiastic admirer of the gallant and splendid prince who has generally been regarded, in spite of some grave errors and gross blots, to have been one of the wisest and most patriotic sovereigns. And the colouring becomes more apparent when his sketches of Henry's mother and sister are contrasted with that monarch's portraiture. The passages which we now quote will confirm the opinion which we have just expressed:—

Jeanne earnestly implored her son in her last will, (a document which, if sculptured on the tomb of Henry the Fourth, would be a sufficient illustration of his character,) to cultivate piety, and to regulate his conduct according to the doctrines in which he had been brought up; not to allow himself to be drawn away by the illusions of the world, by its pleasures or vices, falsely attractive; to watch with carefulness the execution of the ordonnances she had published in Bearn, not to suffer them to be changed or relaxed; to drive from his dwelling evil counsellors, flatterers, libertines, and irreligious men, and to draw around him people of character, pious and Christian

* The Protestant *temple* of Charenton was destroyed by the mob of Paris, who poured forth to level it, in October, 1685. The event is recorded by a medal then struck, representing the stately edifice in ruins, its fluted pillars of stone and solid masonry lying around in scattered heaps.

persons; to be a tender guardian of his sister Catherine, taking care that she should be educated in the reformed faith, and that she should be married only to a prince of the same communion. To *every one* of these earnest appeals of a pious and tender parent Henry of Navarre acted in direct opposition.

Again—

During the last twenty years of his reign, Henry became a stranger to his native country; he forsook the religion of his people; he reversed the decrees of his maternal predecessor, whose name was associated with the institution of that religion, and the best interests of the country; he broke up the established order and the peaceful unity which time had so happily produced, and this in opposition to his own solemn declaration, to his people's urgent appeals, and to his sainted mother's dying entreaty! * * The crown of France (at least the undisputed enjoyment of it) was the price that Henry received for his apostacy; but the crown of Navarre was already his, and by the strongest of titles, since he was the son and heir of Jeanne d'Albret. * * Had Henry the Fourth of France adhered to the scriptural religion he was brought up in; had he trusted in the God who, that religion must have taught him, never forsakes those who sincerely obey him; what a different aspect might the continent of Europe, nay the whole world, have presented at this day! Had the crown of France been lost through adherence to principle, that principle would have gained popular importance, and the sacrifice have constituted a legitimate claim to the title of *great*. Navarre, as a Protestant kingdom, under *such a king*, would have upheld, and been supported by, the Protestants of France; their cause must have gained a more extensive hold on that nation, through the active maintenance of its enlightened doctrines. Had Henry the Fourth acquired a firm seat in the throne of France, without a change of religion, what a wide extent of prospect opens!

There is too much of conjecture, just as there is of assertion, in these passages. Henry was not so unaffectionate nor neglectful as he is here represented to have been. At any rate he yielded, on several of the points alleged, to what most men would have felt to have amounted to the strongest expediency. He was surrounded by such pressing difficulties, and so perplexing were his exigencies, that, according to every charitable method of interpreting, his political conduct, with respect to a change of religion, appears to have deserved a milder censure than our uncompromising author has bestowed. But we do not embroil ourselves with imaginations on this subject, seeing that it is in vain to reason on mere assumptions, or to effect any change with regard to a period and to personages so far removed from our era and the present posture of affairs in France. At the same time, it must be admitted, that Mr. Jameson's is a readable and informing book. It abounds with minute details and curious anecdotes or passages from documents which have not often been consulted, and which have frequently in them features that are strikingly characteristic of the times and of the writers themselves.

Our attention has been directed to two long letters, the one by the Cardinal d'Armagnac to Jeanne d'Albret, and the other being the answer she returned, that are particularly worthy of notice. We must, however, restrict ourselves to some of the more pointed passages in each, and to such a method of condensation as may not altogether destroy the connexion and the strain of these documents.

The Cardinal, on the occasion of the cathedral of Lescar being denuded of its "altars, images, and other anti-scriptural devices," thus writes to the Queen:

Madam,—The duty of the service in which I was born, and which I have continued faithfully to fulfil, both to the late sovereigns, your father and mother, as well as to the late king your husband, has so complete an influence on my conduct, that I must ever be attentive to the means of sustaining your welfare, and the glory of your illustrious house. Moved by the zeal which attaches me to your interests, I will never conceal from you whatever it is desirable that you should learn, and which I may have previously heard, trusting that you will receive in good part the representations of your long tried, most attached, and faithful servant, who will never offer to make them for his own private advantage, but solely for the sake of your conscience and the prosperity of your affairs. I cannot then, madam, conceal from you the deep affliction which penetrates me on account of the information I have received of the overthrow of images and altars, and the pillage of ornaments, silver, and jewels, committed in the cathedral of Lescar, by the agents of your authority, as well as the severity of those agents to the chapter and people, by the interdiction of divine service. This proceeding appears to me to be the more monstrous, since it took place in your presence, and resulted from evil counsels which must lead to your ruin. It is in vain for you to conceive that you can transplant the new religion into your dominions at your pleasure. The wishes of the ministers who have assured you of this are at variance with those of your subjects. They will never consent to quit their religion, as they have already declared by their protest at the last meeting of the estates of Bearn. * * And even supposing that they were reduced to accept your faith, consider what you would have to fear from the two sovereigns whose territories surround you, and who abhor nothing so much as the new opinions with which you are so delighted. Their policy would lead them to seize your dominions, rather than suffer them to be the prey of strangers. To shelter you from these dangers, you have not, like England, the ocean for a rampart. Your conduct perils the fortunes of your children, and risks the beholding them deprived of a throne. * * You will thus become worse than an infidel, by neglecting to provide for those of your own house. Such is the fruit of your Evangelism. * * Has not God, who worked so many miracles through them (i.e. the Saints), manifestly directed us to regard those holy personages rather than Luther, Calvin, Farel, Videl, and so many other presumptuous men, who would desire us to slight those reverend names, and adopt their novelties? Would they have us hold an open council to hear them, or unite in one common opinion against the Catholic church?

* * Without wasting time in further reflections, let me entreat you to place in their former condition the churches of Lescar, of Pau, and other places, which have been so deplorably desolated by you. This advice is preferable to that given you by your ministers, which it imports you to abandon, &c. &c.—Your loyal and very obedient servant,

THE CARDINAL D'ARMAGNAC.

Vielleperite, August 18, 1563.

Now follows Queen Jeanne's reply, the Cardinal's courier having been kept in waiting while her Majesty penned the epistle. Whatever might be the merits of the subject which engaged the two writers, or however unreasonable, violent, and cruel might be the principles and conduct of the religious parties that at the time distracted the south-west provinces of France, the Cardinal, we imagine, found the Queen's reply too spirited and clever for him to provoke many more contests with her of the sort. Still, if Mr. Jameson had reported so fully from the Catholic chronicles as he has done from those written by the Protestant authorities consulted in the library at Pau, it is probable, that the reader might have found more to be objected to in the history and characters of the women whom he pictures as being the holiest and most exemplary of saints, than occurs at present in his pages. The Queen to the Cardinal:

My Cousin,—From my earliest years I have been acquainted with the zeal which attached you to the service of my kindred. I am not authorized by ignorance of that zeal to refuse it the praise and esteem it merits, or to be prevented from feeling a gratitude which I should be desirous of continuing towards those who, like you, having partaken of the favour of my family, have preserved good will and fidelity towards it. I should trust you would still entertain those feelings towards me, as you profess to do, without allowing them to be changed or destroyed by the influence of I know not what religion, or superstition. Thanking you, at the same time, for the advice you give me, and which I receive according to its varied character, the dissimilar and mingled points it touches being divided between Heaven and Earth, God and Man! As to the first point, concerning the reform which I have effected at Pau and at Lescar, and which I desire to extend throughout my sovereignty, I have learnt it from the Bible, which I read more willingly than the works of your doctors. * * As to the ruin impending over me through bad counsel under the colour of religion, I am not so devoid of the gifts of God or of the aid of friends, as to be unable to make choice of persons worthy of my confidence, and capable of acting, not under a vain pretence, but with the true spirit of religion. * * I clearly perceive that you have been misinformed, both respecting the answer of my estates and the disposition of my subjects. The two estates have professed their obedience to religion. * * I know who my neighbours are; the one hates my religion as much as I do his, but that does not affect our mutual relations: and besides, I am not so destitute of advice and friends as to have neglected all necessary precautions for the

defence of my rights in case of attack. * * Although you think to intimidate me, I am protected from all apprehension; first, by my confidence in God whom I serve, and who knows how to defend his cause. Secondly, because my tranquillity is not affected by the designs of those whom I can easily oppose, * * with the grace of Him who encompasses my country as the ocean does England. I do not perceive that I run the risk of sacrificing either my own welfare or that of my son; on the contrary, I trust to strengthen it in the only way a Christian should pursue; and even though the spirit of God might not inspire me with a knowledge of this way, yet human intellect would induce me to act as I do, from the many examples which I recall with regret, especially that of the late king, my husband, of whose history you well know the beginning, the course, and the end. Where are the splendid crowns you held out to him? Did he gain any by combating against true religion and his conscience? * * I blush with shame when you talk of the many atrocities which you allege to have been committed by those of our faith; cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the moat in thy brother's eye: purify the earth that is stained with the innocent blood which those of your party have shed, a fact you can bear testimony to. * * You are ignorant of what our ministers are, who teach patience, obedience to sovereigns, and the other virtues of which the apostles and the martyrs have left them an example. * * You affirm that multitudes draw back from our belief, while I maintain that the number of its adherents increases daily. As to ancient authorities, I hear them every day cited by our ministers. I am not indeed sufficiently learned to have gone through so many works, but neither, I suspect, have you, or are better versed in them than myself, as you were always known to be more acquainted with matters of state than those of the church. * * I place no reliance on doctors, not even Calvin, Beza, and others, but as they follow scripture. You would send them to a council. They desire it, provided that it shall be a free one, and that the parties shall not be judges. The motive of the surety they require is founded on the examples of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. Nothing afflicts me more than that you, after having received the truth, should have abandoned it for idolatry, because you then found the advancement of your fortune and worldly honours. * * Read again the passages of scripture you quote before you explain them so unhappily on any other occasion: it might be pardonable in me, a female, but you, a cardinal, to be so old and so ignorant! truly, my cousin, I feel shame for you. * * If you have no better reasons for combating my undertaking, do not again urge me to follow your worldly prudence, I consider it mere folly before God, it cannot impede my endeavours. *Your* doubts make me tremble, *my* assurance makes me firm. When you desire again to persuade me that the words of your mouth are the voice of your conscience and your faithfulness, be more careful, and let the fruitless letter you have sent me be the last of that kind I shall receive. * * Receive this from one who knows not how to style herself: not being able to call herself a friend, and doubtful of any affinity till the time of repentance and conversion, when she will be,—Your cousin and friend,

JEANNE.

ART. VIII.—*The Age of Great Cities; or Modern Society viewed in relation to Intelligence, Morals, and Religion.* By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. Jackson and Walford.

DR. VAUGHAN is an originalist, and in the best sense of the word. In this work we not only meet with what is new in regard to design, but with what is excellent in point of doctrine and sentiment. All this too is illustrated with his accustomed skill; although, perhaps, there is more appearance of effort on certain occasions than we discovered in one or two of his former works. This feeling on our part, just as the actual existence of the feature, may be accounted for by the fact that "The Age of Great Cities" carries out the author's object and views as contemplated also in the "Modern Pulpit," as well as in his "Congregationalism;" being a continuation of what he considers to be the progress and tendency of human advancement, especially as developed in modern British society. One fancies that he experiences a slight degree of over-elaborated sameness, not of idea certainly, nor owing to any poverty of expression; but because, perhaps, our author's previous speculations and reasonings were so luminous as to shed light over kindred fields, and cause us to feel that we could in some measure of ourselves explore their recesses and perceive whereto they conducted.

But if there be a degree of effort displayed in these pages, or even of repetition, it is effort and it is repetition of which the intelligent and inquiring reader will not soon get tired. Dr. Vaughan's liberality is built upon such a firm basis, his views are so broad and maintained with such a philosophic calmness and dignity, while his eloquence is so fitting and masterly, that it will be long before we seriously complain of him on the score of one-sidedness, or of an advocacy where zeal bewilders the judgment. In a word, our author embraces a large sweep of subject in the present pages, and cultures to a high degree of susceptibility, that upon which he plants his foot; so that the result is richer in suggestion and more teeming in regard of genial fruit, than any less prolific and disciplined capacity would conceive to belong to the theme, as indicated by the title of the book.

It is probable indeed that the reader will not very readily or clearly perceive what is meant by that title; and also, that after he has been conducted by the author a considerable way into the work, he will begin to fancy that the subject takes a much wider scope than can very appropriately be brought within the domain, as indicated by the name. However, objections of this sort may be deemed hypocritical, especially when learning and research, together with a sustained philosophy and beautiful illustration, characterize the current and the wide compass of the deductions.

Dr. Vaughan is an advocate of great cities in their intellectual and also in their moral results. He holds that, until men congregate in large numbers together, and upon a principle of settled residence, they cannot advance beyond a very inferior stage of civilization. This doctrine, he maintains, not only as that which is agreeable to the reason of the thing and the constitution of human nature, but as taught by the history of large towns in ancient, and still more fully, in modern times. His review extends to the middle ages as well as to the classical and the patriarchal. Nay, he argues that not alone do letters and the fine arts flourish most healthily in great cities, and also whatever belongs to refined life and social comforts, but that agriculture itself is indebted for its best discoveries and triumphs to these seats of enlightenment.

Our author renders it quite clear, that feudalism and the military spirit, as manifested in the middle ages, are inimical to the best interests of society; whereas the tendencies of large cities greatly preponderate the other way. He exposes in his most successful manner the perverseness of the opposite creed, which has many advocates even at the present day. Let us here quote from his pages:—

Hence the time has come, in which some men do not scruple to speak of great cities as the great evil of the age. It is not deemed too much to say, that the accident, or revolution, which should diminish everything commercial and civic, so as to place the military and the feudal in the old undisturbed ascendancy, would be a change fraught with good, more than with evil. Avowals of this nature have been made deliberately, openly, and in journals of the highest authority. According to some discoveries in social philosophy, which have been recently made, every great city should be regarded as an unsightly "wen," and not a healthy, a natural portion of the body politic. Its speedy disappearance, either by dispersion, or by almost any other means, so far from being a matter to be deplored, should be an object of solicitude. It may be, that our being a people whose land has become in an eminent degree the home of great cities, is the fact which has raised us to our place as the great commercial power of the globe, and which has secured to us our greatness in nearly all other respects; but with persons of the class adverted to, considerations of this nature are no matter for congratulation. The statesman who should signalize his ascendancy by reducing us from this elevation to-morrow, would deserve a place among our greatest benefactors. In the esteem of such persons, the main and the natural effect of the social relations, as they obtain in any greatly-crowded population, is to generate ignorance, vice, and irreligion. Hence, the political change, which should serve to restore much of the military arbitrariness which characterized the secular power in the old feudal times, and which should restore the power of the Christian priesthood in much of the form and measure which distinguished it during the middle age, would be regarded by such persons as a change which should be hailed with gratitude by every friend of order, virtue, and religion. Principles of this tendency

may of course be adopted in various degrees, but in the case of multitudes they are embraced to the extent now stated.

Even religious men, who mean well to their country and to humanity, contribute unconsciously to swell this tone of accusation against our civic population, and against the whole character of the civilzation exhibited in our large towns and cities. Such persons are deeply affected by the scenes of depravity and wickedness which they explore in such places; and they express themselves in strong terms, natural to men who know little with regard to the condition of the masses of the people in the great cities of other lands and other times; and in terms, we may add, which are no less natural to men who consider little what the condition of these people would have been, had they been wholly separated from the good influences which go along with such forms of civilization, as well as from those of an opposite description. It must be obvious, also, that there is much need of caution, if persons of this class are to guard strictly against a manner of representation and colouring, which is not so well adapted to convey the whole truth, as to produce a certain kind of effect. We naturally expect that our case will be pleaded with success, in proportion as it can be made to appear one of deep urgency.

We have referred to Dr. Vaughan's review of the social and moral condition of the inhabitants of the large cities of antiquity; not only of those of Athens and Rome, but of Asia; and the manner in which he touches upon many matters indirectly, as well as others pointedly and at length, in this survey, is truly informing. Let us hear what he has to say of the condition of woman in the East and the classical cities of ancient times:—

It is to a defective estimate of female character that we must trace the practice of polygamy, so common in the East. In that pernicious usage alone, we see a cause sufficiently potent to prevent any nation adopting it from becoming either free or great. Polygamy converts the family circle into a caldron of passion most repugnant to concord and happiness; and nations are made up of collections of families. In such families, every new wife must become a new element of rivalry, and the children of the same father become acquainted with the relationship which is common to them only to become enemies on account of the relationship in which they differ. Even the conjugal relation, in such cases, has commonly a stronger tendency to cherish the malevolent than the milder affections; and the same may be said of the relations of brother and sister. The proper fruit of polygamy, throughout the domestic circle, is distrust in the place of confidence, and a disposition to cherish an ever-rankling animosity in place of the tenderest attachments. Nor is this all: it is an institute which, in its general effect, first degrades women, and then allows them to become the educators and rulers of the class of men who should be as educators and rulers to all beside! Where this usage prevails, princes receive their education in the seraglio; and, in general, the effect of their early training is sufficiently observable to the end of their days.

In Greece and Rome, a man was the husband of one wife, but that wife was in scarcely any sense his equal. His servants were slaves; his wife was

the guardian of his children; and his home embraced little that could serve to abate the roughness of temper and manner likely to be induced by long familiarity with the cares of private occupation, or with the storms of public life. Athens, indeed, at one period, possessed accomplished women; but they were women who, in breaking through the restraints of usage, lost in virtue more than they had gained in social position. In Rome the same course was pursued, and the same consequence followed; or if something more of importance was ceded to the weaker sex, it was that their finer and characteristic qualities might be in a greater measure effaced, and that they might be assimilated to the harder and coarser features of men, too much after the manner of the women of Sparta.

Thus, in antiquity, the milder sentiments natural to woman, were rarely suffered to make their just impression on man. Domestic habits in the case of the chief man of a household, became, in consequence, too much chracterized by reserve, hardness, selfishness, and absence from home. At home there were none with whom he could unbend, as there were none whom custom had allowed to become properly familiar with his thoughts and solicitudes; nor was relief always attainable when sought from abroad. In that quarter, rival interests were much too common to admit of frequent expressions of confidence. Amidst the jostlings and anxieties of ordinary life, and amidst the discharge of the sterner acts of public duty, men needed much more of a softening influence than was thus afforded them. The moral feeling must always lose in freedom, tenderness, and power, when concealed and pent up after this manner by artificial circumstances.

But his exposition and deductions go back to the patriarchal ages, and the degree of civilization as indicated in the Hebrew Scriptures. The picture is not one of an attractive nature :—

The most ancient and the most unsuspicious account we possess concerning the early stages of human society, and the vices or virtues natural to them, is supplied by Moses; and this account is far from being of a kind to sanction the notion that the life of wandering herdsmen, or of any comparatively rude people, is indeed favourable to morals.

The book of Genesis is very instructive on this point. The narrative which speaks of Tamar as taking her place by the way-side, in the manner understood as that of a harlot, is sufficient to show that vice in that form had become a matter of regular avocation even in those times. Judah, one of the worthiest of the sons of Jacob, fell readily into the snare which was thus laid for him; and when it became known to him that his guilt in that matter was the guilt of incest, the woman being his own daughter-in-law, we see no signs of the remorse and penitence which such a discovery might have been expected to produce. Abraham lived in constant apprehension on account of the beauty of Sarah, fearing lest some man should murder him in order to possess her person: and she was made to pass in consequence as his sister. We have read the story of the wife of Potiphar. We remember the violence suffered by Dinah, the daughter of Jacob, at Sechem, and the treachery and cruelty practised on the people of Sechem by the brothers of Dinah, to avenge her dishonour, notwithstanding the manifest repentance of the individual who had done the wrong. And if the conduct of these

brothers towards their younger brother Joseph, and toward their father, the aged Jacob, may be taken as indicating the kind of moral feeling natural to a pastoral and partially civilized state of society, there is certainly little in such a retrospect that could prompt any moral man to desire a return to it. Nor is the picture much improved if we look to the history of the relationship previously subsisting between Jacob and Esau, and between Isaac and Ishmael. In that connexion we can see little to admire in the conduct either of Sarah or Rebekah. And who can have read the account of the deceitful and cruel dealing practised by Laban on his young kinsman Jacob—practised too, with so much hardened effrontery—and not feel indignant that this man of the herds should have become so much an adept in the science of a cunning and pitiless selfishness, as to have left little to be acquired in that shape by any of the race of knaves that should come after him? If we meet with facts like these in connexion with the line of families to whom Divine revelation was committed, and to whom the Divine promises especially pertained, what might we not expect elsewhere?

How different is this method of speculation, and how contrary the doctrines here taught, to the narrow and misleading dogmas which have been so long current, and among the classes of religionists to which Dr. Vaughan may be supposed to cherish the most friendly sentiments! And having thus noticed the superiority of his manner, and some of the novel views which are entertained in this standard volume, let us recommend certain hints contained in it, and which read a smart lesson to the priesthood of the Kirk, relative to their general attainments in learning, and their inferiority to the ministers who serve at altars which our author regards as shrines of error. For example, he pays a warm compliment to the erudition of a Wiseman, while he discovers lamentable defects as respects the learning of the Scotch Presbyterians. Not, however, that he would exchange the service of the disciples of Calvin and Knox for the creed of Rome, which he in a great measure identifies with the forbidding condition which Portugal, Spain, and Italy present amid the nations of Europe. He thus expresses himself:—

Portugal, Spain, and Italy, have continued their adhesion to the old faith; and to this day they are the victims of the old decrepitude. Nations upon the threshold of those countries have been making every sort of progress, with unprecedented rapidity, during the last three centuries; and during that period those kingdoms have not been merely stationary, but in most respects retrograding. The proud power of Spain has passed away, and the dreams of regenerating Portugal and Italy, in what have they ended? It is true, Germany and France have become great without becoming strictly Protestant. But the Catholicism of Germany has always been greatly modified by the presence and ascendancy of the antagonist faith; and the spirit and institutions of France derive much of their character from an indifference with respect both to the old faith of Europe and to the new.

We have already seen that Dr. Vaughan is the hearty advocate of great cities. He is decidedly of the mind that if the history of such,

and of their influence on their respective territories, were deducted from the history of humanity, the narrative remaining would be the reverse of attractive. "In such case, the kind of picture which human society must everywhere have presented, would be such as we see in the condition, from the earliest time, of the wandering hordes of Mongolians and Tartars, spread over the vast flats of Central Asia. In those regions scarcely any thing has been 'made' by man. But this happy circumstance, as it seems to be accounted—the total absence of any thing reminding you of human skill and industry—has never been found to realize our poetic ideas of pastoral beauty and innocence. It has called forth enough of the squalid and of the ferocious, but little of the refined, the powerful, or the generous." Take an opposite picture,—that of the association of man with his fellows.

If anything be certain it would seem to be certain that man is constituted to realize his destiny from his association with man, more than from any contact with places. The great agency in calling forth his capabilities, whether for good or evil, is that of his fellows. The picturesque, accordingly, may be with the country, but the intellectual, speaking generally, must be with the town. Agriculture may possess its science, and the farmer, as well as the landowner, may not be devoid of intelligence; but in such connexions, the science and intelligence in common with the nourishment of the soil, must be derived, in the main, from the studies prosecuted in cities, and from the wealth realized in the traffic of cities. If pasturage is followed by tillage, and if tillage is made to partake of the nature of a study and a science, these signs of improvement are peculiar to lands in which cities make their appearance, and they become progressive only as cities become opulent and powerful.

Listen to an account of the extent to which commercial confidence may reach, and where it finds its best growth.

Commercial credit, from its humblest to its very highest form, is based on moral confidence—confidence, not so much perhaps in what the individual trusted might probably do if left to himself, as in what he will be constrained to do rather than brave the resentment with which the moral feelings of society would be prepared to visit the unjust or dishonourable. If much should be wanting in the principle of the individual, much will be supplied by the principle of society; and if the man should wholly fail in this respect, the community will not. With every step in social advancement, this system of credit widens, and becomes more intricate; and, in the greatness of its compass, and in the delicacy of its details, we perceive that as men become more opulent and civilized, they learn to place increasing confidence in each other, manifestly regarding each other as more trustworthy—more moral. In all these respects the morality of law is the public morality embodied. We may add, that order, punctuality, promptitude, courage, all are more or less necessary to mercantile success, and all are in the same degree necessary as elements of moral habit. Nor can it be less obvious, that the constant and

earnest occupation which so effectually precludes idleness, must do much to preclude vice.

Our last extract from this delightful book, so full of generous sympathy and profound thought, carries us to another branch of the subject so copiously handled by Dr. Vaughan,—we allude to his exposition of the influence which manuscripts, in the absence of the press, must have had on letters, and the relation which such scantily circulated writings must have borne to the general civilization of a people.

Even in Athens and Rome, the absence of printing was sufficient to render literary tastes the distinction of a class rather than the acquisition of a people. Without the printing-press, the only existence of books must be in the shape of costly manuscripts. The possession of a library, accordingly, was restricted to the rich, and the classes below them were almost without a stimulus even to learn to read. In classical antiquity, mental culture, even in the case of the educated, followed much more from what men heard than from what they read. Classical authors, in consequence, wrote to the few and not to the many. Hence, in great part, the patient elaboration by which their works are characterized. In general, the men who bought books were the men who could best judge of them. Authors who commended themselves to a lower level of discernment, did so at the hazard of not finding either purchasers or readers. It should be observed, therefore, that in those times the republics in letters, in common with the republics in politics, were such in name much more than in reality ; the number of the privileged, who shared in the influence of literature directly and powerfully, being very small compared with the number of the commonalty, who were affected by it only indirectly and feebly.

ART. IX.—*Etruria-Celtica.—Etruscan Literature and Antiquities Investigated.* By SIR WILLIAM BETHAM, Ulster King-of-Arms. Dublin, Hardy; London, Groombridge. 2 vols.

PATIENT research, various learning, and deep earnestness, mark these two elaborately illustrated volumes. And yet ingenuity and curious fancy rather than demonstration are the principal characteristics of a work that seeks to identify the language of the Iberno-Celtic with that of the ancient and illustrious people of Etruria, and to show both to have been Phœnician. We confess that we have not been able to discover that Sir William has been successful in the attempt to establish this fact or theory ; and in the absence of any thoroughly authenticated Irish document to become the foundation and guide of his researches, and while there has not yet appeared any satisfactory solution of the meaning of the Etruscan inscriptions, it will hardly be expected that his effort should prove other than doubtful in its issue.

Sir William Betham, however, is very confident on the subject, even when conducting his readers to such an unexpected, and we may add, unlikely source of evidence as that on which he has fallen. Yet his opinion in any department of the kind, especially when Irish antiquities are concerned, is deserving of respectful attention. True, we are not ignorant that the most conflicting as well as extravagant theories have been broached with respect to the ancient civilization as well as the origin of the Irish race; one of these theories tracing this people to Phœnicia, and representing them as far advanced in social and intellectual improvement, when other European nations that have greatly distanced the natives of the Emerald Isle, in the march of civilization, were in a state of barbarism. At the same time, although our author's conclusions reach to this great and flattering length, be it borne in mind that he is not an Irishman by birth, and therefore cannot be presumed to have any overweening prejudice in favour of ancestry on this question; unless indeed we set down whatever confidence and warmth of conclusion that he may display to an enthusiasm acquired in a branch of study that he has pursued perseveringly, and not without some important discoveries or solutions. In fact, Sir William has contributed efficiently to the elucidation of Irish literature. In a former work he tells us that, "having been impressed with the idea that the demonstration of the true origin and history of the Irish people would afford powerful aid towards elucidating those of other European nations, I have pursued this investigation for many years, and the results have justified the accuracy of the opinion I had formed beyond my most sanguine expectations." He also tells us that in that volume "I endeavoured to demonstrate the identity of race of the Irish, Britons, and Celtic Gauls of Cæsar's day, and suggested that they were all of Phœnician origin." He has, however, seen cause to change his opinion upon some points, although he has not found much to recall; subsequent inquiry having for the most part established the general ground taken.

But in the present work, as already intimated, he has proceeded much farther with his theory; for having by accident been led to compare the Etruscan language with the Iberno-Celtic, and in the course of the investigation thus set on foot, having discovered that his conjecture, with regard to the former being essentialy Celtic, was well founded, he has been at the great labour to give the results of the investigation in the volumes before us.

Now, we do not see that there is any very serious objection to entertaining the conjecture, that the ancient inhabitants of the North of Italy may have belonged to the Celtic family. It is, however, a very different thing to prove that the Irish can trace a civilization back to a period contemporary with that of the people of Etruria. On the other hand, according to Roman historians, especially Tacitus,

the Irish were a barbarous and contemned race, not being thought worthy of conquest. But it is right that we should let our author be heard concerning the Eugubian tables upon which so much stress is laid in this discussion, the argument in favour of these relics being, he holds, above all suspicion.

Gubbio, or Ugubbio, is an episcopal city in the duchy of Urbino, within the papal territory, in the delegation of Ancona, containing a population of about 4,000 souls, in latitude 40 deg. 30 min. north, longitude 13 deg. 31 min., at the western point of the Apennines, about ten British miles north of Perugia. It was anciently called Eugubium or Inguvium. Mrs. Hamilton Gray, in her account of the papal cities, says—"Of these I place Gubbio first. It is a beautiful place, and ought to be included in every tour. Its ancient name was Ikuvine, and it was much favoured by Rome after it lost its liberty. It is an Umbrian city of untold antiquity, and was conquered by the Etruscans about one thousand years before the Christian era. There are kept the famous Eugubean tables found at La Scheggia, a little to the north of the town, in A.D. 1444, close to the temple of Jove Apenninus. They are tables of brass or bronze, engraved on both sides (?) with a long liturgy, and the names of places and deities, and references to land, manners, and customs, which but for them would be unknown. These tables were seven in number, but only six are preserved. One was sent to Venice to be translated before the conquest by Napoleon, and has never been recovered. It and the old Italian MSS. of the four Gospels are probably in some private collections. According to Sir William Gell, eight of the inscriptions are in Umbrian, or Pelasgic, commonly called Etruscan, and four in Latin characters. In the latter, which seem to be like the other tables as to their contents, but somewhat modernised, the letter *o* appears instead of *v*, and sometimes instead of *f*. The *g* is also introduced, which was not used, as is imagined, till about the year 400 B.C. Those in the Umbrian character may be three hundred years older; that is, about the time of Romulus and Numa. The lines run from right to left. A slight alteration had taken place in the language when the tables in the Roman letters were written. The archæological professors at Rome told me that the language here called Umbrian was the Oscan, not identical with the Etruscan, but as near to it as the Swedish is to the German, and Portuguese to Spanish; perhaps as near as modern English is to that of Henry II. or nearer. The third table is an edict for the feast called "*Plenarum Urnarium.*" One of the oldest Latin tables is a prayer for the agriculture of Ikuvium, after written IIOVINA, or thus, ANIVVOII. The Latin of these tables was not understood in the days of Cicero or Livy. The reader is probably aware that, among all the nations of eastern origin, the ancient mode of writing public acts was on tables of stone or brass, and that such writings were held sacred as laws, or records of history. Specimens may be seen in the capital of the consular times, which look as fresh and as sharply engraved as if they had not been more than a twelvemonth out of the workman's hands. The cathedral of Gubbio, with one or two churches containing excellent pictures, the duke's palace, the town-house, and public library, are particularly well worth notice." This account of these tables,

given to Mrs. Gray by the Italian *savans*, differs widely from the statements of their own writers; even their number is inaccurate. Mrs. Gray's volume is full of amusement and instruction; the errors in it are not hers, but of those whose statements and opinions she relates. Mrs. Gray says the tables are engraved on both sides; but this would appear inconsistent with the account given by Conciolus, who states that they were found fixed up against the wall. The statement that the city of Gubbio was callled Icubini, or Iiovina, arose from these words occurring so often in the tables, and its having some similarity to the name Iguvium, or Eugubium; but is doubtful whether they had any reference to the name of the city. It is, however, possible the dedication of the temple to Minerva, and this shout of Icubine, Icubini, Iovini, and eventually Io Pæan, may have had the influence of giving name to the temple and the city. Antonius Conciolus states, in his description of the city of Gubbio, that while certain excavations were going on at a hill near the city, in the year 1444, the workmen came in contact with buildings of compact masonry, which, on being cleared from the earth and rubbish, exposed to view an ancient temple or crypt, in one of the chambers of which were found, fixed up against the wall, nine tables, or plates of ancient brass or bronze, covered with inscriptions in the Etruscan character and language. Of these tables, seven are still preserved in the museum of Gubbio; two are said to have been sent to Venice in 1505 for the purpose of being interpreted or translated. Of the seven tables now remaining at Gubbio, five are written from right to left in the old Etruscan character, and two from left to right, in what is now called, and has ever been considered, the Roman character. Father Gori, in his *Museum Etruscum*, calls the character in which the two last are written the Pelasgic—by what authority it is not easy to imagine. Müller calls it the Latin character. Sanctes Marmochini, in the preface to his MS. Dialogue, p. 16, on the back, says, that he saw five tables of brass at Gubbio written in Etruscan characters, which he transcribed into his little book; but he takes no notice of the two written in the Roman character, or of the eleven lines in the same character added at the end of Table III.: probably he did not consider them Etruscan, being in the Roman character.

But, admitting these inscriptions to be genuine and originals, by what laws does Sir William conduct his interpretation of them? It appears to us that his method is in a great measure arbitrary, and in observance of a preconceived theory that is as likely to be wrong or defective as otherwise. Again, we by no means feel convinced that he reads the Irish language correctly. This is a point upon which we should speak with the utmost diffidence, having no pretensions to any acquaintance with that tongue, or that dialect of the Gaelic. But we are at the same time aware that but very few persons can lay claim to more than a very imperfect knowledge of it, or of its literature; and although Sir William has studied the Irish language, with a view to the furtherance of his antiquarian researches, we do not discover that he has guarded against an over-sanguine appreciation of the genuineness of its relics, and a certain degree of credulity

with regard to their real date; while it appears to us still to remain doubtful, whether the Irish language, as interpreted by him, was ever the vernacular of the people of Hibernia.

But we must, in our incompetency to review this elaborate, and in a variety of respects most meritorious work, cull a few passages more, despairing, however, to convey anything approaching to an adequate notion of the diversity of its contents, or of popularizing the profound, we may add, mysterious subject. First, take a hasty epitome of the several chapters.

In the commencing volume Sir William starts with a discourse regarding the aboriginal inhabitants of the British Islands. In the second chapter he passes to Etruscan antiquities, and a consideration of the efforts made to discover their meaning and the evidences they present. We have next his views of the origin of language, and the manner in which it was first formed; together with a comparison of the Etruscan and Irish; the author maintaining that they were not only both monosyllabic, but that a remarkable closeness of affinity subsisted between them. Another chapter treats of the Eugubian tables, which are presented to us not merely in the Etruscan character, but in Irish, and also in English, both literally and idiomatically. Other celebrated inscriptions of very modern date, the Perugian, for example, discovered in 1822, are subjected to discussion and to Sir William's explanation.

Coming to the second volume we have another series of chapters, which traverse wide and recondite fields. The shortest notice that it is possible to give of these contents, will convince any reader of the abstruseness of the archæological researches to which our author has addicted himself. For instance, we have his theory and illustrations of the mythology of the Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans, with entirely new interpretations both as respects names and import. Ancient and most obscure mysteries are explained according to readings which are quite new, with great reliance upon the soundness of the alleged discoveries. The Celtic ring-money and the coins of Etruria, with the legends in the latter explained, afford subjects for much illustration both by letter-press and engraving. Weapons of war, and a multitude of other relics, as also the ancient sepulchral mounds both of Ireland and Etruria engage the patient and ingenious elucidatory powers of our author. The round towers of the sister island, of course, come in for ample treatment; Sir William appearing to us to set nearly at rest their meaning and character, and construing them to be sepulchral. Next follows an explanation of the geographical names of Italy aad Greece, and also an account of the knowledge which the ancients are supposed to have possessed of the magnet. And the entire work concludes with a summary of the doctrines arrived at in the course of the whole investigation, and which amount to quite an extraordinary mass of

results, if true, in favour of Ireland, its antiquities, civilization in remote ages, and as the birth-place or nursery of much which the world has hitherto been in the habit of identifying with the classic lands of ancient times.

Having thus indicated the scope and character of the contents of a work which professes to present a clue not only to the origin and history of the Irish people, but to expound the mysterious Etruscan language, it seems only further necessary to dip into a few of Sir William's pages, in order to exhibit specimens of his candour, perspicuity in as far as style is concerned, and ability to illustrate the antiquities of a country and race who have so long engaged his ardent research. To return to the Eugubian tables, he thus in one passage speaks, little doubting:

The tables No. V. to I. treat of the discovery of Ireland, which is attributed to the influence of Minerva, or, as she is called in these inscriptions, Nerf, or Nerfe, which was her true name, being the goddess of the moon, the sea, and maritime enterprise, as well as of wisdom. It is stated, that a Phœnician vessel proceeded in a strong current along the coast of Spain, beyond Cape Ortegal, then called the "Northern headland of the Ocean," (on which it appears a fire-beacon was kept burning for the benefit of mariners at night), for twelve days, in a direction due north, observed by the polar star, when they saw land, and came to a point, which they named *Car na*, or *the Turn;* in another place it is called *Tus cer*, or the *first Turn*, being the first deviation from the direct northern track; they saw also a large black rock in the middle of the sea. They went round this point and got into smooth water, and were free from the heavy seas and swells they had so long encountered. They called this *Car na cer tus cer*, or the *Free Turn of the first deviation.* That point of land bears the name of *Carnasoire Point*, and the rock the *Tuscar Rock.* The peninsula is now the parish of *Carne*, in the county of Wexford; by Ptolemy it was called *Sacrum Promontorium.* The mariners, having got into smooth water, proceeded to examine the coast, and soon discovered the entrance into the river Slaney, which they entered in safety. The flux and reflux of the tides are described with extraordinary accuracy—declared to be governed by a certain law, and influenced by the moon. They dedicated the country to Nerf, by the guidance of whose wisdom they had made the discovery; and it is worthy of remark, that coins of bronze are still extant, evidently made to commemorate this discovery, and, in the honour of the goddess, with the inscription IKUBINI, in Etruscan characters, which will be found figured and described hereafter in the chapter on the coins of the Phœnico-Etruscans.

The word mentioned in the inscription may be rendered, says Sir William, "*by wisdom night and day in the;* and he adds,—

From this the *Io Pæan* of the Greeks and Romans was no doubt derived: but of this more hereafter, when the deities of the Phœnico-Etruscans are considered. The tables then state that mountains were seen to the north of Carne. Some description is given of the return to the Frith,

as the Straits of Hercules are called, and many curious particulars are adverted to, particularly the advantage of keeping from the land, in deep water, which is represented as entirely free from the danger of shoals or rocks; that, contrasted with the old method of coasting, it was delightful; that the seamen were confident, happy, and contented; that steering by the north star, they were certain of arriving at Carne, and might be sure they were right when they saw the rock in the sea. That this land was dedicated to Nerf, because it was the first land discovered, and the introduction to other undiscovered countries; and that by her coercion and guidance it was found. It was thus Ireland became a holy island, dedicated to the "illustrious holy one of the sea, the holy guiding one of the sea, even Nerf."

We have already mentioned that Sir William was led by accident to institute the comparison of the Etruscan language with the Iberno-Celtic. In reading, he says, in Suetonius, the life of Augustus, he found that *Aesar* in the Etruscan tongue signifies God; and the import in Irish being the same, "it struck me forcibly that this might not be accidental, but that the Etruscan language might be essentially Celtic, and therefore capable of interpretation by the Irish." We read further as follows:—

Aesar in Irish means God, literally "of ages the ruler." This first induced me to believe that the Etruscans were a Celtic race; and if so, that the Irish language might be ancillary to the explanation and interpretation of the Etruscan inscriptions. Physiology and ethnography are now fashionable sciences, and have been very properly brought forward to assist in demonstrating the different races of mankind. Profound learning, industry, and talent have been employed; an ethnographic map of the world has been projected; many volumes of ingenious speculation and learned discussion have appeared on the subject; and what is the tangible result? Is the subject understood, or have any of the difficult questions been answered satisfactorily? The attempt to extract from the Greek and Roman writers any consistent account of the origin, language, manners, or customs, of their more polished and civilised predecessors has proved abortive. As well might we expect a history of the Romans, or their literature and arts, from the barbarians who overcame and destroyed their empire. It is from their own writers, the remains of their literature, and the arts which survived the catastrophe, that we can alone derive any certain knowledge. The Greeks and Romans were in the same relative position with their civilised predecessors, as the barbarous German, and other northern tribes, held to themselves; and we shall ever remain in ignorance of the true history of the Phœnicians and Etruscans, unless we be able to extract something certain from the remains of those people themselves, to be found in the inscriptions and works of art which have escaped the destroying hands of Greek and Roman. Whatever the Greeks knew of the Phœnicians, or the Romans of the Etruscans, or other more ancient people, they knew imperfectly, nor could they give anything like an accurate account of them; for which reason all the deductions made, as to their manners or customs, from their writings, by modern ethnographers, are involved in obscure and contradictory anoma-

lies. From reading the works of modern ethnographists, the mind can derive nothing certain; the testimony brought forward leaves no other impression than a misty conclusion, that the writers had not acquired sufficient knowledge to instruct others, or even to satisfy themselves. They speak of the Pelasgoi, Tyrrheni, Raseni, Osci, Umbri, &c., as of distinct and separate races, without knowing whether they were so, or merely denominations of the same people, designating their localities, occupations, or circumstances. A German professor states, that there is no certainty of the meaning of any words in the Tuscan language, except two, *avil* and *ril*, which he says certainly mean *vixit annos*: but which is the verb, and which the substantive, he does not know! Again; he observes, that the Italian *savans*, "who supposed the Umbrian idiom to have been nearly allied to the Etruscan, or even took the Eugubine inscriptions as specimens of the Tuscan language, were greatly mistaken. The orthographical systems of the two languages differ widely. The Tuscan has no mute consonants of the soft or middle class; only terms and aspirates. The Umbrian has soft mutes, and scarcely any trace of aspirates."

With regard to the monosyllabic character of language in its origin we have these observations:—

In the infancy of the human race language consisted of the most simple, uncompounded sounds—every syllable was a word; to express a compound idea, as many words were used as would convey the intended notion. These monosyllabic words, of which, in combination, polysyllables have been formed, are called *roots or radicals*, out of which more artificial and compounded languages have arisen. It may be safely asserted, that the more remotely ancient the language, the more simple will be found its construction: this will be found the best test of the antiquity of any language; by it all questions of the greater antiquity of tongues may be decided; the language in which the monosyllabic roots alone are found may safely be judged to be the parent of any more compounded and polysyllabic kindred tongue. The Etruscan language is entirely composed of *roots;* every syllable (with very few, if any, exceptions) is a word. The Iberno-Celtic, like its Etrusco-Punic ancestor, was once absolutely and still is substantially, a monosyllabic language, and can be analytically reduced into its elements. The Etruscan is, in fact, the simple uncompounded Celtic or Phœnician; and the Celts were Phœnician colonies, settled indeed at different periods, but all essentially and substantially one race, having the same language, manners, customs, and habits—each, perhaps, having a peculiar shade of difference induced by particular local circumstances or other accidents.

On the ancient Irish compositions:—

The most ancient compositions in the Irish language are four poems attributed to Amergin, or Ammuirgan, who is said to have been son of Milespan, or Milesius as he is more generally styled, giving the name a Latin termination. He was brother to Heber, Heremon, Ir, and the other brethren, the chiefs of the colony of Celts, who are said to have conquered Ireland near ten centuries before the Christian era. These poems are found in the books of Leacan, Ballymote, and the book of Conquests, copied

from more ancient MSS. now lost, or, if existing, unknown. In all these books the glosses, or scholia, are various and extended, each scholiast endeavouring to make out a meaning, but all have been singularly unfortunate. They have not been able to give a rational rendering of sense, and have perverted the whole so much as to render them ridiculous and contemptible, as has been the case with most of the translations from the ancient Irish, producing feelings of little respect, if not of derision, in the learned of other nations, for Irish literature. The Irish writers for the last two centuries have certainly obscured the dignity and beauty of their ancient literature by puerile conceits and absurd attempts at translation.

We must leave it to others to ascertain whether Sir William's interpretation be mere conceit or not, and whether his clue may be safely taken in hand for the discovery of all the mysteries in question. We now quote part of what he says concerning one of the ancient Irish compositions:—

One of these poems is an account of the passage of a ship across the Bay of Biscay to Ireland; being, as it were, an Irish account of the event celebrated in the Eugubian Tables. The language of these poems bears a most striking and extraordinary resemblance to that of the Ettruscan Tables. It is monosyllabic, many of the expressions are the same, and the style of the whole is very like. There can be no doubt of their very remote antiquity, being handed down by successive transcribers for centuries, who, ignorant of their meaning, had no motive for deception; they transcribed them from more ancient copies to preserve them as ancient monuments of their country, admitting their incapability to develope their meaning. They have been nearly as much a sealed book as the Eugubian Tables. Our readers may now form a just estimate of the identity of the ancient Iberno-Celtic with the Etruscan of the Tables of Gubbio, and satisfy themselves from these translations, that the comparison made between them is not a credulous, nor over-stretched effort of imagination; but that the author may reasonably demand the judgment of the learned and the public, affirming the identity of the Celtic and Etruscan tongues, which to him appears established by irresistible evidence.

It is proper that ere concluding we cite a passage alike honourable on the score of modesty to the author, and of enthusiasm in Irish investigation. He says, "I am sensible that I do not possess many of the acquirements necessary to the perfect accomplishment of a work like this; but conceiving myself in possession of the clue, without which learning, however profound, must be useless, I felt that unless I undertook the task, it might probably never be accomplished: few have been placed in circumstances to lead them to such a discovery, and of that few not one might be found able, or, if able, willing to undertake so arduous a labour. I have, therefore, ventured; and now launch my bark amid the rocks and storms of criticism, trusting that, at least, it may prove a means of enabling some more learned and competent scholar to do justice to a subject so pregnant with important results."

If indeed he has discovered the clue, or only indicated where it may be certainly found, he ought to be and will be regarded as one of the most successful and meritorious contributors that have yet arisen to the illustration not merely of the history of Ireland, but of Europe and civilization.

ART. X.—*The Bible in Spain.* By GEORGE BORROW. 3 vols. Murray.

MR. BORROW has entered upon many of his travels, and in a variety of countries, as an agent of the Bible Society,—Spain among others; and the present volumes contain his "Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments," while attempting to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. Our readers will remember some of the curious and strange passages which we quoted from his "Gipsies of Spain;" and they will not be less amused by the lively sketches which are mingled up in the work before us, along with the author's odd adventures, and the queer positions in which he often placed himself.

Mr. Borrow's adventures and journies in the Peninsula extended over several years, with, however, considerable interruptions; the present work having more particularly for its period that which elapsed between 1835 and 1838. He started from Lisbon for the southern provinces of Portugal; thence proceeding through Elvas and Badajos to Madrid. Here he at once employed himself in negotiations with two successive ministers, in order to be permitted to print and circulate a Spanish version of the New Testament without notes; an object which, to a certain extent, was carried, through the influence of Mr. Villiers, now Lord Clarendon. Our author therefore, and as directed by his employers in England, commenced printing in the capital of Spain, and subsequently made a journey through the northern parts of the kingdom, distributing testaments in villages and cities, and appointing local agents wherever he could find any such assistants ready and competent to co-operate with him. And on his return to Madrid he actually opened a depôt for the sale and circulation of the Bible Society's book. This step, so bold in the circumstances, was ere long forbidden by authority. Mr. Borrow then set about printing a translation of St. Luke in the mongrel dialect of the Gipsies; but at length was arrested and thrown into confinement for his activity in propagating the Gospel. This check befel him at the instigation of the clergy; but he had his triumphs over them upon this occasion. For there being some informality in regard to his seizure and incarceration, he refused to go out privately, taking St. Paul's conduct for his model, and was at last liberated with flying colours, and being more determined than ever to proceed in his biblical course, whatever the authorities or the law of the land

might say. The premier of the period told him that it would be for his interest to be "still," and warned him to "beware." But Mr. Borrow answered that although the Church forbade such circulation, "it is pleasant to be persecuted for the Gospel's sake," and that "I shall make the attempt in every village in Spain to which I can penetrate."

We are not going to pronounce any opinion relative to the policy of our author's resolution and open avowal as concerns the real and lasting interests of religion. But certainly he placed himself very much at the mercy of an independent power, and which was in a secular sense on friendly terms with England. And yet hardly so independent on the occasion as the term literally imports; for, as already mentioned, the British ambassador at the court of Spain was not only eager but active in behalf of the circulation of Mr. Borrow's publications in that country, although not after the proceeding was authoritatively denounced and forbidden. Just at the moment when Mr. Borrow was meditating on one of his projected journies, a person belonging to the British embassy, we are told, made his appearance. "After a little conversation he informed me that Mr. Villiers had desired him to wait upon me to communicate a resolution which he had come to. Being apprehensive that alone and unassisted, I should experience considerable difficulty in propagating the Gospel of God to any considerable extent in Spain, he was bent upon exerting to the utmost his own credit and influence to further my views, which he himself considered, if carried into proper effect, extremely well calculated to operate beneficially on the political and moral state of the country. To this end it was his intention to purchase a very considerable number of copies of the New Testament, and to despatch them forthwith to the various British consuls established in different parts of Spain, with strict and positive orders to employ all the means which their official situation should afford them to circulate the books in question, and to assure their being noticed."

Now, upon this proceeding and interference by the representative of the British crown we are unwilling to speak on other than political and international grounds; but assuredly if viewed in these latter lights, and taking such a functionary in his universally understood capacity, there seems to have been at least great informality in Mr. Villiers's conduct; and which, in any Catholic country less distracted than Spain, might have brought not only the ambassador but the power that he represented into serious trouble.

But the influence and the circumstances to which we have been alluding, if preposterous in one sense, have contributed to the stirring character of Mr. Borrow's adventures; nor is it easy to name any other work in our language of a more amusing character. Certainly there is not one in the shape of travels that can be compared with it. Nor can its oddity and extraordinary fund of entertainment be

imagined by any person who may regard every agent of a Bible, a missionary, or a proselytizing society as necessarily a sedate and severely disciplined religionist.

But a word relative to the success of Mr. Borrow's agency in the Peninsula. No doubt he sowed and circulated with zeal and assiduity. We think it probable that there never was a person employed by the Bible Society who could rival him in respect of address,—knowledge of mankind, of nations, or of languages,—prompt resources,—and indifference to toil, privation and danger. In fact, he is eager rather than otherwise, for adventure, for encountering strange characters, and witnessing exciting scenes, even to the extent of jollity and recklessness. Our readers may remember that he cherished a sort of warm sympathy for the wild and unbelieving gipsies. But still the amount of his biblical service in Spain, speaking in a strictly religious sense, was not apparently, with all his versatility and perseverance, remarkably encouraging. Many books were purchased or distributed; numbers of the more educated of the people, such as schoolmasters, just as of those classes who could easily part with the price, seeming to be more desirous of obtaining a book, than to possess that in which the words of eternal truth are to be found. Some of the clergy, however, were not only willing to permit the distribution of the scriptures, but desirous of possessing a copy from Mr. Borrow; while many of the lower orders are represented to have cherished religious feeling, and to have welcomed his arrival in a degree equal to the dislike with which they looked upon their priests. But whatever was the amount of his success while unrestrained by authority, uninterrupted by bad health, or on short visits to England, he was finally obliged to leave, or felt himself too weary of the field to remain. Accordingly, his books having been seized, as also those in the hands of his agents, other severities being experienced, he withdrew first to Seville, then to Gibraltar, afterwards passing over to Africa, still circulating the scriptures to the close of the third volume, and leaving his reader there with about as little ceremony or forewarning as his narration of adventure commenced.

We repeat that these volumes are filled rather with stories of adventure and strange occasions, than the ordinary kind of description that abounds in books of travel. In the very choice and character of his Greek servant there was romance; while the encounters which Mr. Borrow experienced, not all unsought, with Carlists at one time and Christinos at another,—with Jews and gipsies,—with priests and inquisitionists,—with Mahomedans and crazed creatures, &c. &c., and with each sort in an off-hand, free-and-easy manner; frequently, however, for the attainment of a distinct object—that object seldom to be seen as one that could be contemplated by a Bible Society's agent,—are features which all contribute to place

the present work in the first rank of entertaining and even of informing books. If the author be not one of the most profoundly, he is assuredly one of the most variously, acquainted persons, and therefore the easiest and pleasantest of companions. Without further preamble we proceed to prove all this. Begin with a Premier.

Early one morning I repaired to the palace, in a wing of which was the office of the Prime Minister; it was bitterly cold, and the Guadarama, of which there is a noble view of the palace-plain, was covered with snow. For at least three hours I remained shivering with cold in an ante-room, with several other aspirants for an interview with the man of power. At last his private secretary made his appearance, and after putting various questions to the others, addressed himself to me, asking who I was and what I wanted. I told him that I was an Englishman, and the bearer of a letter from the British minister. "If you have no objection, I will myself deliver it to his Excellency," said he; whereupon I handed it to him and he withdrew. Several individuals were admitted before me; at last, however, my own turn came, and I was ushured into the presence of Mendizabal. He stood behind a table covered with papers, on which his eyes were intently fixed. He took not the slightest notice when I entered, and I had leisure enough to survey him. He was a huge athletic man, somewhat taller than myself, who measure six feet two without my shoes; his complexion was florid, his features fine and regular, his nose quite aquiline, and his teeth splendidly white: though scarcely fifty years of age, his hair was remarkably grey; he was dressed in a rich morning gown, with a gold chain round his neck, and morocco slippers on his feet. His secretary, a fine intellectual-looking man, who, as I was subsequently informed, had acquired a name both in English and Spanish literature, stood at one end of the table with papers in his hands. After I had been standing about a quarter of an hour, Mendizabal suddenly lifted up a pair of sharp eyes, and fixed them upon me with a peculiarly scrutinizing glance. "I have seen a glance very similar to that amongst the Beni Israel," thought I to myself.

* * * * *

As I was going away he said, "Yours is not the first application I have had. Ever since I have held the reins of government I have been pestered in this manner by English, calling themselves Evangelical Christians, who have of late come flocking over into Spain. Only last week a hunchback fellow found his way into my cabinet whilst I was engaged in important business, and told me that Christ was coming. * * * * And now you have made your appearance, and almost persuaded me to embroil myself yet more with the priesthood, as if they did not abhor me enough already. What a strange infatuation is this, which drives you over lands and waters with bibles in your hands. My good Sir, it is not bibles we want, but rather guns and gunpowder, to put the rebels down with, and above all, money, that we may pay the troops; whenever you come with these three things, you shall have a hearty welcome, if not, we really can dispense with your visits, however great the honour."

Take another minister, the Duke of Rivas, together with his gem of a secretary:

The duke was a very handsome young man, of about thirty, an Andalusian by birth, like his two colleagues. He had published several works, tragedies, I believe, and enjoyed a certain kind of literary reputation. He received me with the greatest affability, and having heard what I had to say, he replied, with a most captivating bow, and a genuine Andalusian grimace, "Go to my secretary; go to my secretary—*el hara por usted el gusto.*" So I went to the secretary, whose name was Oliban, an Aragonese, who was not handsome, and whose manners were neither elegant nor affable. "You want permission to print the testament?" "I do," said I. "And you have come to His Excellency about it?" continued Oliban. "Very true," I replied. "I suppose you intend to print it without notes." "Yes." "Then His Excellency cannot give you permission," said the Aragonese secretary: "it was determined by the Council of Trent that no part of the scripture should be printed in any Christian country without the notes of the church." "How many years was that ago?" I demanded. "I do not know how many years ago it was," said Oliban; "but such was the decree of the Council of Trent." "Is Spain at present governed according to the decrees of the Council of Trent?" I inquired. "In some points she is," answered the Aragonese, "and this is one. But tell me who are you? Are you known to the British minister?" "O yes, and he takes a great interest in the matter." "Does he?" said Oliban; "that, indeed alters the case: if you can show me that His Excellency takes an interest in this business, I certainly shall not oppose myself to it."

The British minister having performed more than Mr. Borrow could have expected, and even written a private letter to the duke, we have these further particulars:

So I went to the duke and delivered the letter. He was ten times more affable than before: he read the letter, smiled most sweetly, and then, as if seized with sudden enthusiasm, he extended his arms in a manner almost theatrical, exclaiming, "Al secretario, el hara por usted el gusto." Away I hurried to the secretary, who received me with all the coolness of an icicle: I related to him the words of his principal, and then put into his hands the letter of the British ambassador to myself. The secretary read it very deliberately, and then said that it was evident that His Excellency *did* take an interest in the matter. He then asked my name, and taking a sheet of paper, sat down, as if for the purpose of writing the permission. I was in ecstacy—all of a sudden, however, he stopped, lifted up his head, seemed to consider a moment, and then putting his pen behind his ear, he said, "Amongst the decrees of the Council is one to the effect"....."Oh dear!" said I.

Mr. Borrow obtains another interview with the secretary.

I remained with Oliban, who proceeded forthwith to write something, which having concluded, he took out a box of cigars, and having lighted one and offered me another, which I declined, as I do not smoke, he placed his feet against the table, and thus proceeded to address me:—"It is with

great pleasure that I see you in this capital, and, I may say, upon this business. I consider it a disgrace to Spain, that there is no edition of the gospel in circulation, at least such a one as would be within the reach of all classes of society, the highest or poorest; one unencumbered with notes and commentaries, human devices, swelling it to an unwieldy bulk. I have no doubt that such an edition as you propose to print, would have a most beneficial influence on the minds of the people, who, between ourselves, know nothing of pure religion: how should they, seeing that the gospel has always been sedulously kept from them, just as if civilization could exist where the light of the gospel beameth not! The moral regeneration of Spain depends upon the free circulation of the Scriptures; to which alone England, your own happy country, is indebted for its high state of civilization, and the unmatched prosperity which it at present enjoys; all this I admit, in fact, reason compels me to do so, but"——Now for it, thought I. "But" —and then he began to talk once more of the wearisome Council of Trent, and I found that his writing in the paper, the offer of the cigar, and the long and prosy harangue were—what shall I call it?—mere *phluaria.*

Next take an Austrian orange-seller; the portrait will form a good companion to that of the ice-vender sketched by Kohl in a preceding article.

He was a fellow of infinite drollery, and though he could scarcely read or write, by no means ignorant of the ways of the world: his knowledge of individuals was curious and extensive, few people passing his stall with whose names, character, and history he was not acquainted. "Those two gentry," said he, pointing to a magnificently dressed cavalier and lady, who had dismounted from a carriage, and arm in arm were coming across the wooden bridge, followed by two attendants—"those gentry are the Infante Francisco Paulo, and his wife the Neapolitana, sister of our Christina; he is a very good subject, but as for his wife—vaya—the veriest scold in Madrid; she can say carrajo with the most ill-conditioned carrier of la Mancha, giving the true emphasis and the genuine pronunciation. Don't take off your hat to her, amigo—she has neither formality nor politeness: I once saluted her, and she took no more notice of me than if I had not been what I am, an Austrian, and a gentleman, of better blood than herself. Good day, Senor Don Francisco. Que tal (how goes it)? Very fine weather this —vaya su merced con Dios. Those three fellows who just stopped to drink water are great thieves—true sons of the prison; I am always civil to them, for it would not do to be on ill terms; they pay me or not, just as they think proper. I have been in some trouble on their account: about a year ago they robbed a man a little farther on, beyond the second bridge. By the way, I counsel you, brother, not to go there, as I believe you often do— it is a dangerous place. They robbed a gentleman and ill-treated him, but his brother, who was an escribano, was soon upon their trail, and had them arrested: but he wanted some one to identify them, and it chanced that they had stopped to drink water at my stall, just as they did now. This the escribano heard of, and forthwith had me away to the prison, to confront me with them. I knew them well enough, but I had learnt in my travels when

to close my eyes and when to open them; so I told the escribano that I could not say that I had ever seen them before. He was in a great rage, and threatened to imprison me; I told him he might, and that I cared not. Vaya, I was not going to expose myself to the resentment of those three, and to that of their friends; I live too near the Hay Market for that. Good day my young masters.—Murcian oranges, as you see; the genuine dragons' blood. Water sweet and cold. Those two boys are the children of Gabiria, comptroller of the queen's household, and the richest man in Madrid; they are nice boys, and buy much fruit. It is said their father loves them more than all his possessions. The old woman who is lying beneath yon tree is the Tia Lucilla; she has committed murders, and as she owes me money, I hope one day to see her executed. This man was of the Walloon Guard:—Senor Don Benito Mol, how do you do?"

And now accept passages of the romantic story of the treasure-hunting acquaintance,—Senor Don Benito Mol.

He was a bulky old man, somewhat above the middle height, with white hair and ruddy features; his eyes were large and blue, and whenever he fixed them on any one's countenance, were full of an expression of great eagerness, as if he were expecting the communication of some important tidings. He was dressed commonly-enough, in a jacket and trousers of coarse cloth of a russet colour; on his head was an immense sombero, the brim of which had been much cut and mutilated, so as in some places to resemble the jags or denticles of a saw. He returned the salutation of the orange-man, and bowing to me, forthwith presented two scented wash-balls, which he offered for sale in a rough dissonant jargon, intended for Spanish; but which seemed more like the Valencian or Catalan. Upon my asking him who he was, the following conversation ensued between us:—"I am a Swiss of Lucerne, Benedict Mol by name, once a soldier in the Walloon Guard, and now a soap-boiler, para servir usted." "You speak the language of Spain very imperfectly," said I; "how long have you been in the country?" "Forty-five years," replied Benedict. * * "I should soon have deserted from the service of Spain, as I did from that of the Pope, whose soldier I was in my early youth before I came here; but I had married a woman of Minorca, by whom I had two children; it was this that detained me in these parts so long; before, however, I left Minorca, my wife died, and as for my children, one went east, the other west, and I know not what became of them; I intend shortly to return to Lucerne, and live there like a duke." "Have you then realized a large capital in Spain? said I, glancing at his hat and the rest of his apparel: "Not a cuart, not a cuart; these two wash-balls are all that I possess." "Perhaps you are the son of good parents and have lands and money in your own country, wherewith to support yourself." "Not a heller, not a heller; my father was hangman of Lucerne, and when he died, his body was seized to pay his debts."

And yet Benedict was sure of returning to Lucerne in a coach and six, together with immense treasure, which he described as being buried in a certain church. Mr. Borrow in vain expressed his doubts with regard to the existence of such a hoard.

"My good German Herr," said Benedict, "it is no church schatz, and no person living save myself knows of its existence. Nearly thirty years ago, amongst the sick soldiers who were brought to Madrid, was one of my comrades of the Walloon Guard, who had accompanied the French to Portugal; he was very sick and shortly died. Before, however, he breathed his last, he sent for me, and upon his death-bed told me that himself and two other soldiers, both of whom had since been killed, had buried in a certain church in Compostella a great booty which they had made in Portugal; it consisted of gold moidores and of a packet of huge diamonds from the Brazils; the whole was contained in a large copper kettle. I listened with greedy ears, and from that moment, I may say, I have known no rest, neither by day nor night, thinking of the schatz. It is very easy to find, for the dying man was so exact in his description of the place where it lies, that were I once at Compostella, I should have no difficulty in putting my hand upon it; several times I have been on the point of setting out on the journey, but something has always happened to stop me. When my wife died, I left Minorca with a determination to go to Saint James, but on reaching Madrid, I fell into the hands of a Basque woman, who persuaded me to live with her, which I have done for several years; she is a great hax [witch,] and says if I desert her she will breathe a spell which shall cling to me for ever. Dem Got sey dank—she is now in the hospital and daily expected to die."

Mr. Borrow afterwards meets with the treasure-digger at Compostella; the poor crazy creature being in great want, and eagerly trusting to the guidance of a witch, a fortune-teller. He also consults a canon who enthusiastically enters into the speculation. Benedict's visions of hope grew wilder; nor would he for a moment listen to our author's warnings to beware of the Spaniards, if, for a time trusting to his dream, they should at last find that they had been deceived. We are obliged to pass over many extraordinary incidents in this wonderful story, but must not leave it without this finish:

He went, and I never saw him more. What I heard, however, was extraordinary enough. It appeared that the government had listened to his tale, and had been struck with Benedict's exaggerated description of the buried treasure, that they imagined that, by a little trouble and outlay, gold and diamonds might be dug up at St. James sufficient to enrich themselves and to pay off the national debt of Spain. The Swiss returned to Compostella "like a duke," to use his own words. The affair, which had at first been kept a profound secret, was speedily divulged. It was, indeed, resolved that the investigation, which involved consequences of so much importance, should take place in a manner the most public and imposing. A solemn festival was drawing nigh, and it was deemed expedient that the search should take place upon that day. The day arrived. All the bells in Compostella pealed. The whole populace thronged from their houses; a thousand troops were drawn up in the square; the expectation of all was wound up to the highest pitch. A procession directed its course to the church of

San Roque; at its head was the captain-general and the Swiss, brandishing in his hand the magic rattan; close behind walked the *meiga*, the Gallegan witch-wife, by whom the treasure-seeker had been originally guided in the search; numerous masons brought up the rear, bearing implements to break up the ground. The procession enters the church; they pass through it in solemn march; they find themselves in a vaulted passage. The Swiss looks around. "Dig here," said he suddenly. "Yes, dig here," said the meiga. The masons labour, the floor is broken up,—a horrible and fetid odour arises..... Enough; no treasure was found, and my warning to the unfortunate Swiss turned out but too prophetic. He was forthwith seized and flung into the horrid prison of Saint James, amidst the execrations of thousands, who would have gladly torn him limb from limb. The affair did not terminate here. The political opponents of the government did not allow so favourable an opportunity to escape for launching the shafts of ridicule. The Moderados were taunted in the Cortes for their avarice and credulity, whilst the liberal press wafted on its wings through Spain the story of the treasure-hunt at Saint James. "After all it was a *trampa* of Don Jorge's," said one of my enemies. "That fellow is at the bottom of half the picadias which happen in Spain." Eager to learn the fate of the Swiss, I wrote to my old friend Rey Romero, at Compostella. In his answer he states:—"I saw the Swiss in prison, to which place he sent for me, craving my assistance, for the sake of the friendship which I bore to you. But how could I help him? He was speedily after removed from Saint James, I know not whither. It is said that he disappeared on the road." Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. Where in the whole cycle of romance shall we find anything more wild, grotesque, and sad, than the easily authenticated history of Benedict Mol, the treasure-digger of Saint James?

We now string together a few passages of a more separable nature than the foregoing. This of the Jews in Lisbon:

Gathered in small clusters about the pillars at the lower extremities of the Gold and Silver Streets in Lisbon, may be observed, about noon in every day, certain strange-looking men, whose appearance is neither Portuguese nor European. Their dress generally consists of a red cap, with a blue silken tassel at the end of it, a blue tunic girded at the waist with a red sash, and white linen pantaloons or trousers. He who passes by these groups generally hears them conversing in broken Spanish or Portuguese, and occasionally in a harsh guttural language, which the Oriental traveller knows to be the Arabic, or a dialect thereof. These people are the Jews of Lisbon. Into the midst of one of these groups I one day introduced myself and pronounced a beraka, or blessing. I have lived in different parts of the world, much among the Hebrew race, and am well acquainted with their ways and phraseology. I was rather anxious to become acquainted with the state of the Portuguese Jews, and I had now an opportunity. "The man is a powerful rabbi," said a voice in Arabic; "it behoves us to treat him kindly." They welcomed me. I favoured their mistake, and in a few days I knew all that related to them and their traffic in Lisbon.

I found them a vile, infamous rabble, about two hundred in number. With a few exceptions, they consist of escapadoes from the Barbary shore,

from Tetuan, from Tangier, but principally from Mogadore; fellows who have fled to a foreign land from the punishment due to their misdeeds. Their manner of life in Lisbon is worthy of such a goodly assemblage of *amis réunis*. The generality of them pretend to work in gold and silver, and keep small peddling shops; they, however, principally depend for their livelihood on an extensive traffic in stolen goods which they carry on.

Madrid as a capital:

I have visited most of the principal capitals of the world; but upon the whole none has ever so interested me as this city of Madrid, in which I now found myself. I will not dwell upon its streets, its edifices, its public squares, its fountains, though some of these are remarkable enough: but Petersburg has finer streets, Paris and Edinburgh more stately edifices, London far nobler squares, whilst Shiraz can boast of more costly fountains, though not cooler waters. But the population! Within a mud-wall scarcely one league and a half in circuit, are contained two hundred thousand human beings, certainly forming the most extraordinary vital mass to be found in the entire world; and be it always remembered that this mass is strictly Spanish. The population of Constantinople is extraordinary enough, but to form it twenty nations have contributed—Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Poles, Jews (the latter, by-the-bye, of Spanish origin, and speaking among themselves the old Spanish language); but the huge population of Madrid, with the exception of a sprinkling of foreigners, chiefly French tailors, glove-makers, and peruquiers, is strictly Spanish, though a considerable portion are not natives of the place. Here are no colonies of Germans, as at St. Petersburg; no English factories, as at Lisbon; no multitudes of insolent Yankees lounging through the streets, as at the Havannah, with an air which seems to say, the land is our own whenever we choose to take it; but a population which, however strange and wild, and composed of various elements, is Spanish, and will remain so as long as the city itself shall exist.

A scene in Madrid, and quite characteristic in every way:

We had scarcely been five minutes at the window, when we suddenly heard the clattering of horses' feet hastening down the street called the Calle de Carretas. The house in which we had stationed ourselves was, as I have already observed, just opposite to the Post-office, at the left of which this street debouches from the north into the Puerta del Sol: as the sounds became louder and louder, the cries of the crowd below diminished, and a species of panic seemed to have fallen upon all: once or twice, however, I could distinguish the words, Quesada! Quesada! The foot soldiers stood calm and motionless; but I observed that the cavalry, with the young officer who commanded them, displayed both confusion and fear, exchanging with each other some hurried words: all of a sudden, that part of the crowd which stood near the mouth of the Calle de Carretas fell back in great disorder, leaving a considerable space unoccupied; and the next moment Quesada, in complete general's uniform, and mounted on a bright bay thoroughbred English horse, with a drawn sword in his hand, dashed at full gallop into the area, in much the same

manner as I have seen a Manchegan bull rush into the amphitheatre when the gates of his pen are suddenly flung open.

He was closely followed by two mounted officers, and at a short distance by as many dragoons. In almost less time than is sufficient to relate it, several individuals in the crowd were knocked down and lay sprawling upon the ground beneath the horses of Quesada and his two friends; for as to the dragoons, they halted as soon as they had entered the Puerta del Sol. It was a fine sight to see three men by dint of valour and good horsemanship strike terror into at least as many thousands. I saw Quesada spur his horse repeatedly into the dense masses of the crowd, and then extricate himself in the most masterly manner. The rabble were completely awed and gave way retiring by the Calle del Comercio and the street of Alcala. All at once, Quesada singled out two Nationals, who were attempting to escape; and, setting spurs to his horse, turned them in a moment, and drove them in another direction, striking them in a contemptuous manner with the flat of his sabre. He was crying out, "Long live the absolute Queen!" when, just beneath me, amidst a portion of the crowd which had still maintained its ground, perhaps from not having the means of escaping, I saw a small gun glitter for a moment, then there was a sharp report, and a bullet had nearly sent Quesada to his long account, passing so near to the countenance of the general as to graze his hat. I had an indistinct view for a moment of a well-known foraging-cap just about the spot from whence the gun had been discharged; then there was a rush of the crowd; and the shooter, whoever he was, escaped discóvery amidst the confusion which arose.

As for Quesada, he seemed to treat the danger from which he had escaped with the utmost contempt. He glared about him fiercely for a moment; then leaving the two Nationals, who sneaked away like whipped hounds, he went up to the young officer who commanded the cavalry, and who had been active in raising the cry of the Constitution, and to him he addressed a few words, with an air of stern menace; the youth evidently quailed before him, and, probably, in obedience to his orders, resigned the command of the party, and rode slowly away with a discomfited air; whereupon Quesada dismounted and walked slowly backwards and forwards before the Casa de Postas, with a mien which seemed to bid defiance to mankind.

The treatment of poverty in Spain:

Opposite to my room in the corridor lodged a wounded officer, who had just arrived from San Sebastian on a galled broken-kneed pony: he was an Estrimenian, and was returning to his own village to be cured. He was attended by three broken soldiers, lame or maimed, and unfit for service: they told me that they were of the same village as his worship, and on that account he permitted them to travel with him. They slept among the litter, and throughout the day lounged about the house smoking paper cigars. I never saw them eating, though they frequently went to a dark cool corner, where stood a bota or kind of water-pitcher, which they held about six inches from their black filmy lips, permitting the liquid to trickle down their throats. They said they had no pay, and were quite destitute of money; that *su merced* the officer occasionally gave them a piece of bread, but that he himself was poor and had only a few dollars. Brave guests for an inn,

thought I: yet, to the honour of Spain be it spoken, it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is never insulted nor looked upon with contempt. Even at an inn, the poor man is never spurned from the door; and if not harboured, is at least dismissed with fair words, and consigned to the mercies of God and his Mother. This is as it should be. I laugh at the bigotry and prejudices of Spain; I abhor the cruelty and ferocity which have cast a stain of eternal infamy on her history; but I will say for the Spaniards, that in their social intercourse no people in the world exhibit a juster feeling of what is due to the dignity of human nature, or better understand the behaviour which it behoves a man to adopt towards his fellow-beings. I have said that it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is not treated with contempt, and I may add, where the wealthy are not blindly idolized. In Spain, the very beggar does not feel himself a degraded being, for he kisses no one's feet, and knows not what it is to be cuffed or spitten upon; and in Spain the duke or the marquis can scarcely entertain a very overweening opinion of his own consequence, as he finds no one, with perhaps the exception of his French valet, to fawn upon or flatter him.

There is hardly a page, or a portion of any considerable extent, in Mr. Borrow's volumes, that might not furnish passages equally lively and striking with any one here cited. But there must be an end to our copyings; and here we close.

ART. XI. — *The Eastern and Western States of America.* By J. S. BUCKINGHAM, Esq. 3 vols. Fisher.

THESE three stately volumes complete Mr. Buckingham's labours on the United States of America, making in all eight massive octavos; three of the volumes having been devoted to the Northern or Free States,—two to the Southern or Slave States,—and now three to the Eastern and Western States. And yet our author's transatlantic work, historical, statistic, and descriptive, may still be extended; for he thus speaks, "Whether in the spring of the coming year my health and avocations will admit of my giving to the world the remaining part of our Tour through Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, with a Description of these Dependencies of the British Crown, I cannot at present say; but I shall make an effort to bring it into a single volume, not necessarily connected with those that have already appeared, yet forming an appropriate addition." There is thus left a door open for the appearance of one or more volumes beyond the eight; nor do we see why, according to Mr. Buckingham's verbosity and method of collecting, repeating, and speculating, the single octavo might not swell into three bulky books, and after all obtain testi-

monies from competent judges, just as well grounded and as flattering as those which have been accorded to the first five of the series.

Even no less an authority than Lord Morpeth,—and many other persons of acknowledged eminence, having an intimate knowledge also of the United States, have forwarded their unsolicited and warm approbation of Mr. Buckingham's work,—has said that he is "able to bear a witness's testimony to the three first volumes which accompanied him on his travels;" having found that "their truth, research, and general impartiality, independently of higher results, made them most useful and satisfactory guides and text-books." His lordship hints in complimentary language, that he is not likely to give to the world, in the shape at least of a historical, statistic, and descriptive account, his own notes of America! for he says, "You have so fully occupied the whole ground, that my abstaining from treading in your foot-prints cannot fail to be more generally acquiesced in."

While, then, we cannot but in some degree complain of Mr. Buckingham's prolixity and reiterations,—of his borrowings from quarters which are of easy access without leaving the shores of England, and also of a tendency to obtrude himself as well as commonplaces, at one time, and hobbies at another which he has ridden to leanness, we are bound to declare that in every chapter at which we have glanced in these closely-printed and thick volumes, there meet the eye valuable truths, solid information, and much right feeling. We say *glanced;* for how is the *reviewer*, who happens to have a pile of tomes to turn over, to undertake and deliberately perform the duty of thoroughly analysing and criticising "The Eastern and Western States of America," unless he entertain a passion for the subject and for Mr. Buckingham's manner of treating it, equal to that of the reverend gentleman, one of the ministers of London, who has read "both the first and the second series with the greatest attention, *twice through*, and with increased satisfaction?"

All we profess to do is only to dip, and very much at random, or as directed by some other rapid taster, here and there; avoiding, however, the author's teetotalism, and other topics on which he entertains strong opinions,—such as those which concern free-trade and the corn-laws; for on a variety of social as well as political subjects Mr. Buckingham cherishes notions that are peculiar; and the subjects being at best of too dry or abstruse a nature to suit our present purpose. At the same time, it is proper that we bear testimony to the fact, that many striking, and we may add excellent, passages will be met with in these volumes on commercial topics; while, of a still higher interest, are the author's ideas and statements relative to a variety of social phenomena as witnessed in the United States. Let us see with what becoming seriousness, with what healthy

humanity he expresses himself regarding the crying vices of the American newspapers. As is generally the case with Mr. Buckingham, he fortifies his ground by means of an array of facts, or of inferences that cannot be avoided.

As to the newspapers of the country, and the pernicious influence exercised by them over the minds of the unreflecting, which constitute a large mass of every community, every day furnishes melancholy proofs of its increasing power and effects. The *New York Morning Herald*, which has more obscenity, irreligion, and private slander in it than is to be found in all the papers of the State besides, has an immense circulation in all classes. Females, married and single, talk of the "exposures" in Bennett's paper, and laugh without the least apparent sense of shame at the "jokes" in it; many of which would raise a blush upon any female cheek in England, to hear them even alluded to, and the greater number of which would be thrown down with disgust; having contempt for religion, morality, and decency marked on their front. Though few ladies are seen reading this paper openly, yet it is hawked about the streets of every large city in the Union by newsboys, and is purchased by servants, and taken to their mistresses' bedrooms; while many gentlemen even read it by stealth, and hardly avow their habitual perusal of its unprincipled and contaminating pages. But even the larger and more respectable papers contain, every day, articles which betray a heartlessness and levity on the part of those who write and publish them, which, if long continued, cannot fail to sap the very foundations of social morality.

The moralist might here ask, can the people of the United States ever become a truly great people till their social views and habits are vastly improved? It may be all very true that this people are singularly eager and active; that, as one of them declared, "we are an anxious people. Our minds are always on the stretch. Such is the nature of those pursuits in which we are most devoutly engaged, that we can seldom or never be satisfied." "Give," said the same speculatist, "an Englishman his mug of porter and his chunk of beef, and he is contented:—*Poor wretch! he has no idea of any felicity more exalted.* Give a Frenchman 'his fiddle and his frisk,' and he is happy. Give a Dutchman his kraut and his pipe, and he sets himself down without one aspiration. But an American is always 'on the alert,'—his mind is in constant activity,—his hopes and fears are always excited. He hopes to make a good speculation,—to invent some wonder-working machine,—or, perhaps, to get into a good office; and he fears some of those untoward events which often frustrate the wisest plans laid for the good of our temporalities. We Americans are an anxious people." Be it so; but with all this anxiety, alertness, and "go-a-head" principle, is it accordant with the human mind or the history of communities, that so long as the moral standard is low and the social manners degraded, that a people can ever achieve greatness in the true and best sense of the

term? Can even their literature ever reach an exalted rank? The thing is impossible: the realization of such an eminence appears to be yet remote in the history of the Americans.

On the mal-administration of the laws in the United States, Mr. Buckingham should be heard with attention. At the same time it is inseparable from the *new* condition of many districts, that wholesome laws should be easily evaded, and that crimes of a particular description, or a special nature, should prevail. Hear what our author has to state, after speaking of a fire which occurred in the town of Bath:

Within the last three months, indeed, there appears to have been more extensive and destructive fires in the United States than in any ten other countries, I should think, in the same space of time. Several small towns on the Mississippi have been reported as reduced to desolation by the devouring element; New York has had four large and several smaller fires; New Orleans and Charleston each their full share; and Mobile five successive conflagrations, believed to be the work of incendiaries, by which that rising and beautiful city has been made a heap of ruins; and with this, and its visitation by disease, nearly depopulated. Even Boston is reported, in its own journals, to have had thirty-five fires within a single month, some of them, at least, extensive ones; and in the *New York Observer* of September 21, is the following paragraph respecting Philadelphia, the most orderly city in the Union—the city of Brotherly Love. "During the last month there were in Philadelphia thirteen fires, four rail-road accidents, six stabbings, two attempts to stab, one murder, three suicides, seven coroner's inquests, five persons drowned, two attempts to murder, and four sudden deaths." The close connexion between the increase of fires and the increase of other accidents from recklessness, as well as the increase of crime, is not at first apparent, but it is nevertheless true. There is scarcely a fire that happens at which there are not robberies committed; and it is often to facilitate these, and to profit by the plunder, that incendiaries create these fires. Besides this, fraudulent traders find this an easy way of accounting for losses and justifying insolvency, while others effect insurances at sums above the worth of the property destroyed, and profit in this way. Again, the young men and boys who are called out as firemen learn to drink, swear, and gamble, and to form the most dangerous associations; while the very frequency of the scenes of misery and destitution which these fires occasion, hardens the heart and leads to ferocity and cruelty of disposition. The following paragraph, taken from a recent Boston *Courier*, exhibits this in a striking light:—"A savage feeling seems to have been created by the desperate degree of misery to which Mobile is reduced Lynch law is now added to the catalogue of other crimes; and burning at the stake, it is presumed, will be the finishing touch. A young bar-keeper named Gosling, of the City Hotel, Mobile, having lost his wallet of money, which he was accustomed to place at night under his pillow, some time ago threw out a hint, before the hotel was burnt, that a Dutch servant-girl in the house had probably taken it. A Dutchman present remarked, that a thing more probable was that he himself had burnt the hotel. Five persons, including the Dutchman,

and, disgraceful to relate, a highly respectable magistrate, and one or two other citizens of good standing, decoyed Gosling on the night of October 18th to go in a carriage with them. They tied him to a bush, gave him fifty stripes, and then agreed, in council, to burn him to ashes! The rifle-company fortunately came up, and, as the city is under martial law, arrested the offenders, and carried them before the Committee of Safety, by whom they were committed to gaol in default of 5,000 dollars bail each. By last accounts, great excitement was produced, and the mob threatened summary execution.

Many parts of Mr. Buckingham's America leave upon the reader's mind a very unfavourable impression of the people of that country. Other passages give one a sight of strange characters, or such as can only be looked for in a land circumstanced as it is. Take some notices of a female politician.

While the cars were waiting at the depot, a well-dressed female, with gay bonnet, veil, and shawl, entered with a small basket, covered up so as to conceal its contents; and from it she took copies of a political pamphlet, which she handed round to the passengers for sale, saying, "it is a good Harrison paper, and yet not against General Jackson either; for though I respect General Harrison, I avow that General Jackson is the god of my idolatry."

My first impression was that the woman was insane, but this was corrected by several gentlemen who knew her well, as a person obtaining her living by this mode of writing and vending political pamphlets in person. I asked if she were a foreigner. "Oh! no," was the reply, "a native American, and the only one so engaged—so that she has all the trade to herself." She was most voluble of discourse, and sufficiently communicative to all parties, but without saying anything offensive to any. This was the title of her pamphlet, "A History of the present Cabinet—Benton in ambush for the next Presidency—Kendal coming in third best—gather all your strength, and out with the Cossacks—Draw their teeth in time unless they should devour you.—An Exposition of Martin Van Buren's Reign." At the close of the pamphlet were some verses, not of the highest order, of which two of the stanzas will suffice:—

"Unfurl the broad banner once more,
And rally around it in your might,
The Destructives with sadness the hour shall deplore,
When Harrison and Tyler lead on the fight.

Our cause is a just one, our leaders are true,
The Locos already begin to despair,
They know that if led by old Tippecanoe,
The hero, the statesman, we've nothing to fear."

This was not an anonymous pamphlet, but signed at the close, "Lucy Kenney." I asked her if she were the author of the compositions, prose and verse; to which she replied, "Yes, that is my real name; and there is but one man in the world for whom I would change it." I said, he must

consider himself greatly distinguished. "Indeed," she returned, "you are right, he *is* distinguished, for General Jackson is the man. I tried the old hero hard," she continued, "but he declared that he was too old; though I told him I did not think so, but if he would not marry me, I should live and die with the name of Lucy Kenney." The old general must be nearly eighty. The lady who in vain strove to win him, could not be more than thirty; and though her conversation was thus eccentric, her general demeanour was respectful and orderly.

We are anxious to escape from the offensive and the less inviting portions of our author's pictures; happy to find that there are many set-offs to the forbidding. The following account of a class that must be peculiar to America, viz., the lumber-men, may be placed against that given of fires. Mr. B. tells us that it is the practice for a body of men, varying from twenty to fifty, to furnish themselves with a corresponding number of teams of oxen, three yoke in each team, and large open waggons for draft; and that, having laid in a stock of provisions for nine weeks, consisting chiefly of flour, pork, and coffee, for them to set out for the frontier of the disputed territory, and there to build themselves log-sheds for the winter. The account then proceeds in the agreeable and romantic manner, of the passage now to be cited.

Here they remain from November to May, cutting down trees, barking, and otherwise preparing them for floating down the river. When reduced to the proper lengths, and completely stripped of branches and bark, they are drawn by the teams to the river's banks, then shut up by ice, and there deposited within booms, until the opening of the summer shall thaw the river, when they are floated down in rafts to the saw-mills on the Penobscot, and there reduced to planks and shingles for the Bangor market. The cold is here much greater, it is said, than at Bangor, though in that city it is common for the mercury to descend to thirty degrees below zero almost every winter; and instances of forty and forty-five degrees have been occasionally known. With this intense cold, however, there is always a bright sun; and all parties seem to represent the atmosphere, which is at such times dry and unvarying, to be much more agreeable to the feelings than a less degree of cold, with fluctuating weather, such as characterises the New England spring. The life led by these "lumber-men" in their "logging campaign" is described as a very merry and happy one. They enjoy independence of all superior control, and taste the sweets of that kind of liberty which the desert Arabs love, and the pioneers in the great west enjoy amid the untrodden prairies, of which they are the first to take possession. Labour is agreeable rather than otherwise; their provisions are abundant, and a bracing atmosphere and vigorous exercise give them a high relish for their food, a zest for their evening's enjoyment, and the best preparation for sound and refreshing sleep. Our companion had been nine months without seeing a house, and he preferred this mode of life so much beyond that of a city, that he always longed to get back to it again. The earnings of the men were equal to about twenty dollars a month, exclusive of their pro-

visions, while employed in cutting, and from two to three dollars per day while "teaming" and "floating;" so that, like sailors after a long voyage, they had generally a handsome sum to receive on concluding their enterprise, and, like sailors also, they usually spent it in a short space of time. In describing the border of the disputed territory, he said there were large quantities of wood that had been cut down by the Americans on the banks of the Aroostock; but that the British had planted a number of cannon on the other side, pointing their muzzles over each separate "boom" within which the timber was confined; so that no one could float it down the stream without being fired on and probably killed. He was such an enthusiast in his admiration of different trees—the hemlock, the spruce, and the pine—that he said "in some places the timber was so beautiful, that it was dreadful handsome merely to travel through them; and that if a man should camp in such spots, he would not be able to get a wink of sleep for looking at the trees."

And this we like, acquainting us with the enthusiasm with which American young ladies regard Queen Victoria, and even the interest with which they look upon a person who has actually beheld her.

The idea of a female governing a great nation, seemed to them to lift the whole sex, in every other country, somewhat higher in the scale of importance, and to give to every woman in every land, a right to consider it as a sort of homage paid to the entire sex. One lady told us that she never remembered to have felt so intense an interest in any subject, as that of the accession, coronation, and marriage of Queen Victoria; that she had literally devoured all the newspaper details of the processions, ceremonies, dresses, and paraphernalia of these three occasions, and could read them all again with increased delight. Another said she had dreamt of Queen Victoria, and of being introduced to her, oftener than of any other subject, and that she would "give the world to be able to see her, and speak to her in reality." When they understood that Mrs. Buckingham and my son had each seen the Queen, both before and since her accession, they literally overwhelmed them with inquiries; but when told by them that I was present, as a member of the House of Commons, and not far from her Majesty's person when she delivered her first speech, on proroguing the Parliament, soon after her ascending the throne, it seemed to give a reality and identity to the subjects of their inquiry, that they had never felt before. We were the only persons they had ever met with who had actually seen the Queen, and the pleasure it appeared to give them to know this fact, furnished a fresh stimulus to their curiosity.

Among the inquiries made, the greater number related to the Queen's personal appearance, manners, and education; though some few were directed to the age, figure, fortune, and relative position of her husband. One of the ladies had been greatly pained at hearing that the Queen had red hair, and was evidently much relieved at being assured that it was a fine rich brown. One inquired whether she was as handsome as the engravings represented her; another whether she was graceful and genteel in her manners; and another whether she was accomplished, and sang and

played like other young ladies, for they had heard to the contrary of all this, and were delighted to find their questions answered in conformity with their wishes. It was evidently a satisfaction to them also to learn that Prince Albert was young, handsome, amiable, and affectionate; but they wondered very much that he could not be made king.

We close with some interesting details relative to Pennsylvania. In one of the wings of the State-House of that early settlement in the history of American colonization, are preserved all the original records, from the first charter of Charles II. to William Penn, down to the time of the Revolution. "The charter is in excellent condition, and is framed and glazed, and suspended on the wall of the office (the Secretary of State's)."

Among the records are several original grants of lands by Indians to Penn, signed by the marks of the Indian chiefs, which are mostly emblematic hieroglyphics, as a horse, a tent, a bow and arrow, a buffalo, a dog, all rudely executed, but sufficiently intelligible. One of these chiefs is called "Last Night;" and his appropriate emblem would be the setting sun. This singularity of names and the compounding of epithets importing qualities or virtues, is not, however, peculiar to the Indians, but has existed in different nations from the oldest times. Mr. Wilkinson in his beautiful work *On the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, gives several instances of a similar practice, observed among them; and he mentions, among others, the following names:—Tœgar-amachus Momchiri, the Memphite, called Yoigaramos, or "a man redundant in his members;" Stœchus, his son, called Arés, or "the Senseless;" Sirius, called Abascantus, or "the Son of the Cheek;" Thyosimares, called Ouosimares, or "the Robust;" and Thinillus, called Sethenilus, which signifies "the augmenter of his country's strength." The names of Rufus, Ironsides, Longshanks, Cœur-de-Lion, the Black Prince, and others in our own history, will occur to every one. Among the deeds and agreements of the time of Penn, is one that refers to a memorable deceit practised on the Indians, in the purchase of one of their tracts of land near the Delaware. The stipulation of the original agreement was, that, in consideration of the articles enumerated, almost all of trifling value, and among which were hats, blankets, wampum, handfuls of fish-hooks, and articles of little cost, the Indians were to cede to Penn and his companions as much land as could be walked over in one day and a half's journey in one direction and three days in another. In the first day's walk, Penn accompanied the Indians himself, and they were satisfied with his fairness and moderate pace. But, on the second day, the whites who accompanied the Indians walked so immoderately fast, and ran so often down declivities and over plains, that they went over two day's journey in one, at which the Indians were so dissatisfied as to refuse to ratify the grant; and the agreement preserved in the Office of Records here consents to annul that treaty, and enter on a new negotiation. In the library of the State-House are preserved all the old printed records of colonial times, when Benjamin Franklin was the state printer; and among these are files of the oldest Philadelphia newspapers, small and badly printed sheets, that are quite eclipsed by the mammoths of the present day. The library is kept up by annual appropri-

ations from the state funds; and, as every member of either house has the power of taking out any number of books he wishes for perusal at home, it is made to answer the purpose of a circulating library for the town; the ladies especially obtaining through the members such books as they require, without buying them; a due supply of new novels being added every year to gratify their demand.

The present volumes contain, besides a portrait of the author, a great number of pictorial illustrations. The work is dedicated to the Prince Albert. An extract from this formal and grateful passport to popular favour deserves a place in our pages. Says the author, "Your Royal Highness further condescended to observe, that the feelings of good will towards the American people, under which the work was undertaken, could not fail at the present moment of producing a desirable effect." We have only to add, that this good and humane feeling is everywhere apparent; and not the least so when Mr. Buckingham, in a manner the most remote possible from rancour or any unworthy sentiment of national rivalship, exposes the vices in the social system of the people, and pointedly animadverts on the further tendencies as well as positive and actual evils of these blots and blemishes.

ART. XII.—*The Modern History and Condition of Egypt.* By W. H. YATES, M.D. 2 vols. Smith and Elder.

As the title more fully setteth forth, these volumes treat of the "Modern History and Condition of Egypt, its Climate, Diseases, and Capabilities; exhibited in a Personal Narrative of Travels in that Country: with an Account of the Proceedings of Mohamed Ali Pasha, from 1801 to 1843; interspersed with Illustrations of Scripture History, the Fulfilment of Prophecy, and the Progress of Civilization in the East."

It does not very clearly appear at what period Dr. Yates travelled in Egypt; but it must have been several years ago, to judge from incidental allusions in the work, and indeed from the fact that having sailed from Malta for Alexandria, he proceeded to Cairo by way of Rosetta, a route now rendered unnecessary in consequence of the facilities afforded by steam, and when a visit to the country of the Pharaohs has become a very ordinary portion of an extensive tour, and even of short trips. Nor did the Doctor's excursions and explorations reach to any place out of the most hackneyed ways: neither the journey to Cairo nor the passage to the second cataract, and back again, offering to any one in these days, unless there be originality in himself, or an extraordinary penetration, novelty of subject or a key to new speculations.

Now, Dr. Yates does not seem to be in any respect remarkable as a traveller; while, considering the years elapsed since he visited the parts described by him, his facts, incidents, and reflections must be somewhat ancient, if not stale. There is much in his volumes that would be commonplace at any time; and when we add, speaking generally, that his manner of writing is diffuse, prolix, and that of a person who can hardly have done with what he undertakes to talk about, it will be surmised that the "Modern History and Condition of Egypt" is not only a bulky but a heavy book. And yet had compression of his notes and opinions been rigidly instituted; had the Doctor busied himself about matters which, although all very proper and desirable at the time when he travelled, have already grown quite familiar to the general reader, as well as let points alone upon which he does not seem to have been thoroughly informed, we should not only have had a cheaper and lighter work, but one that must have been much more satisfactory as a record of facts and speculations as well as a portfolio of pictures, than the one which he has at such a late hour given to the world. Above all, we object to the mass of documents thrown into an appendix to each volume, which greatly swell the book, without anything like an adequate amount of information or interest resulting.

Dr. Yates's Modern Egypt would at any time have been an acceptable and entertaining work, had its contents consisted almost exclusively of a narrative of those things that came immediately under his observation, or of those opinions and reflections that fell within the range of his more particular knowledge,—such as professional matters, and whatever had been the subject of his previous more eager reading and study. It would be easy for any sound-headed and tolerably well-informed person, to pick out of his pages a sufficient number of apt and even of striking passages for the filling of a tidy volume. For example, although he is sparing of medical remarks, even when a main object of his travels was the examination of diseases, yet he never delivers himself of a statement of facts and circumstances which address themselves to his professional sense, without exhibiting a competency of skill, whether you take his matter or his manner. A fair sample of his satisfying and informing, —of his condensed and pertinent, observations in the department mentioned, will be found where he speaks of the barber-surgeons of the East. He says—

> Barbers in the East, as in Europe in the olden time, generally understand the arts of cupping, bleeding, and tooth-drawing; some of them pretend to set bones, and they are not unfrequently applied to for "nostrums;" they are also expected to dress wounds and extract balls. Their manner of cupping is very simple; rude, but efficacious. They first apply a buffalo's horn to the skin by its broad end; the narrow end remaining open, the air is sucked out by the mouth. Atmospheric pressure causes the skin to rise;

the lips being withdrawn, the horn is removed, and the parts beneath are scarified by means of a razor: the horn is instantly applied, and a second vacuum being created by aid of the lips, the blood flows. Cupping, and counter-irritation, especially by the "moxa," or the actual cautery, are had recourse to by these people on almost every occasion; and they often do a great deal of good. In Persia and China, blood-letting is highly objected to, especially among the great, chiefly on superstitious grounds: and the same prejudice is believed to have facilitated, if it did not cause, the death of the late Princess Mirhmah, a daughter of the Sultan Mahmoud. She was the wife of Sayeed Pascha, who held the office of Seraskier; and so great a favourite, that when she died a royal firman was issued interdicting all singing and music, and every other demonstration of joy, for several days to come. It seems that the princess was delivered of a still-born infant; and symptoms of inflammation arising after a lapse of three days, the physician advised that she should be bled. The proposal being, however, so novel, and so much at variance with established usage (for it is thought presumption to spill the blood of a princess), the wishes of the H'akkim were resisted to the last; and the royal patient sunk into the grave, another victim to the hydra of superstition.

Barbers put us in mind of beards rather than of bleeding in these days of European advancement; and therefore we may let the Doctor be heard regarding the hairy appendix of the eastern chin,—its honours, privileges, and offices.

Poor Burdkhardt, who was better known in Egypt as "Sheikh Ibrahim," found his beard a great protection to him; and those who have read his travels will remember, that on one occasion, a certain chief, doubting that he was a Mussulman, insulted him by pulling his beard, which was instantly resented by a blow: no further doubts were then entertained. To stroke the beard, or gently touch the end of it, is regarded as a compliment; and it is a common practice among the Arabs thus to lay hold of it, admire, and smooth down the beard, when endeavouring to coax and flatter or make a bargain. It throws a man off his guard, and opens his heart. An Arab would almost as soon be deprived of a limb as be shorn of his beard: for, independently of the disgrace which the sons of Islam attach to such an operation, he feels that he is severed from an object to which he is bound by the strongest ties of affection. It is his constant friend and companion, let his circumstances alter as they may. He confers with it in difficulties and doubts; he imparts to it all his secrets; It affords him diversion in solitude; and in the hour of adversity and trial it becomes his solace and resource. When thoughtful, he grasps it; when pleased, he strokes it; when vexed and excited, he pulls it. It is held sacred by every class, and it is referred to as a token of fidelity and honour. To swear by the beard, the beard of one's father, and the beard of the Prophet, is at all times sufficiently binding; and he who possesses a fine beard, is invariably a person of commanding exterior, and an object of respect—for he cannot be very young, and he is therefore supposed to have some wisdom, and a certain degree of experience in human affairs.

In most parts of the East, those men who are by nature beardless are considered insignificant; and in Persia, where this graceful appendage is so highly esteemed, they become objects of ridicule, and are quaintly denominated "Birish," "No beards." It may well be supposed, then, that any slight offered to the beard in such countries is an unpardonable offence; and various epithets are applied by individuals in token of their contempt or regard according as the case may be. Thus, to "laugh at his beard," and to "make play with another man's beard," signify to mock or cajole, and are a direct insult to manhood.

The illustrations of Scripture history occupy a very considerable space in these volumes, and will, owing to the study which the author has manifestly devoted to biblical themes, be perused with particular attention. We quote one passage, which is crammed with apt notices and examples.

The Arabs of the Desert commonly clothe themselves also in manufactures of camel's hair; and the article most prized by them is the "halk," or cloak of that material: it is either black or white, with or without broad stripes; it consists of a square piece, with holes for the arms, and has no seam. The Druses of Lebanon, and the people of Mesopotamia, not only wear a coat which is "without seam," but "of many colours," having variegated stripes proceeding to a point downwards from the shoulders, like a reversed pyramid. This is believed to be of the same description as that bestowed by Jacob on his favourite child. We are informed that our Saviour also wore "a coat without seam, woven from the top throughout;" and that, in the wilderness, St. John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins." The "sackcloth" of the Scriptures was a similar manufacture, but of the roughest and coarsest kind, like that which is worn by dervishes and reputed saints. It is still used for sacks and tent-covers. We can easily understand the necessity of a girdle; no persons with loose flowing robes can engage in active occupations without first "girding up the loins"—that is, taking up a portion of their dress out of their way. Some lay aside their outer garment for the time; Others prepare to put forth their strength by fastening a belt or girdle round the waist, and by laying bare the arms to the shoulder. Thus, Elijah "girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to Jezreel;" and the sacred writings abound in passages which, like this, illustrate the habits of those who wear the Oriental costume.

One specimen more: it belongs to the more ordinary class of tourist-themes, exhibiting the Doctor as an eye-observer and a man of right feeling, as well as how ably he can turn to a professional account circumstances which would become positively barren of practical suggestions in the hands of other sorts of travellers. Donkey-boys furnish the text.

There is not a more useful set of people in the country, especially in Cairo and Alexandria. Whatever we do, wherever we go, they are in request: we could not get on at all without them. They are sure to find out the residence of a Frank, and as sure to be at hand when needed. They watch

his motions, and, like the secret police of Austria, can generally tell where he is to be found, which are his favourite haunts, and at what hour he reached his home the previous night. They are to be seen lurking about the corners of the streets in parties, with their ragged, jaded, scraggy-looking animals, waiting for a job. They are themselves as ragged, wretched, and emaciated; and it is truly wonderful how they are able to support the fatigue which they are destined to go through. They live but sparingly, and are at the call of every one, whether Infidel, Turk, or Jew. They are constantly on the alert; watch the looks of every passer-by; and at the smallest indication of assent, drag their meagre-looking beasts to the spot, vociferating all the way, abusing each other, scrambling to arrive first, and sounding the praise of these most unfortunate of all the brute creation—animals which, to judge by appearances, would hardly have strength to transport themselves into the adjoining street, and therefore little calculated to bear the burden of a full-grown Turk, to say nothing of a saddle and trappings weighing twenty-five pounds. It is easy to perceive that neither man nor beast has more rest or more to eat than he knows what to do with. Some bread, a few dates, a piece of gourd or melon, some "youart," (curd), and a little rice occasionally, constitute the food of the one, and a bundle of chopped straw and a few beans the support of the other. Both sleep in the open air, or in a miserable shed surrounded by filth and rubbish. I have already described the manner of their proceeding, the hurried uncertain course of their existence, and the singular vivacity with which they wriggle their way along the crowded streets, threading the busy multitude, apparently without fatigue to either party. These boys must run several miles in the course of a few hours; and their very looks betray the nature of their avocation. The countenance is always haggard, pale, and anxious, their breathing hurried, their whole visage and demeanour sharp and restless. As we might expect, they shorten their days, and very many of them die of a diseased heart. They are not predisposed to consumption; for this is a disease that is seldom to be met with in Egypt; nor is asthma so frequent in its occurrence as we might imagine *à priori* that it would be: still it occurs, and, I have no doubt, is brought on in these youths by violent exercise, and frequent exposure to the heavy dews of the night. But "use is second nature;" and if they lived better, they would probably not only be unable to perform their work, but they would be rendered more susceptible of disease. They are generally satisfied with three or four piastres a day, and think themselves well paid. Many do not give them half that sum, and others take their donkies by force, especially the soldiers and "jacks in office," and give them nothing, except, perhaps, a severe beating. No wonder, then, that they prefer the service of a Frank, and particularly of an Englishman, who still preserves his character for liberality even in Egypt.

The volumes, according to the prevalent fashion, are enriched by means of illustrations of an artistic kind.

ART. XIII.—*The Works of Jeremy Bentham.* Part XX. Edinburgh. Tait.

DR. BOWRING'S "Memoirs of Bentham, including Auto-biographic Conversations and Correspondence," are drawing to a close; another part promising to complete the work. We may at some future time feel it necessary not only to enter upon an examination of the character of the great jurisconsult and legal reformer, and also of his works, but of the biographer's performance. In the meanwhile, it is scarcely needful to do more as regards the present instalment, than to say, that in so far as the correspondence is in this portion of the publication to be spoken of, extending for about forty years over the lifetime of the philosopher, and reaching his eightieth year, it is as vivacious, as abounding in native simplicity, candour, and cordial love of what would in most men be the mere theme of dry abstractions, or of worn-out and unheeded speculations, as were his first impulses and theories, and he as he was when he first promulgated them. Whether right or wrong in his doctrines and mode of disquisition, Jeremy was to be beloved, and will be revered for his honesty, his unaffected vanity if you will, his unselfish discoveries, his permanency in all that he believed to concern the lasting interests of human society. Indeed, were it for nothing but the labour, the ardour and good-will, the perfect self-denial, with which to the last he pursued his grand objects for ameliorating and elevating the condition of his fellow men, he would be deserving of high honour; but when one studies his works as well as his character, and finds that he was a great originator and wise cultivator, it is impossible not to look upon him in the most exalted light of a doer as well as a projector. Just hear how Edward B. Sugden adressed Jeremy on one occasion:

> I do myself the pleasure of sending you a copy of a pamphlet, on a subject which you have so long since so entirely and happily exhausted, as to leave nothing to future writers to attempt. Truth, however, requires sometimes to be repeated; and this is all that I have done. It is not without hesitation that I venture to intrust to you my humble production; but Mr. Brougham assures me that it will be kindly received; and, as he justly observed, it is a tribute due to the father of the subject. I beg to express my regrets that I have so long delayed to render it.

But how playful, how affectionate,—what a character-reader and plain-spoken person,—what a prophet and what a lover, the shy yet garrulous old man! How gay yet how grave! How doting yet how wise! It needeth only to pluck, and fruit full of knowledge, flavour, and mellowness you will grasp. These to Henry Brougham, whose accession and adhesion to the cause of legal reform were the subjects of boundless gratulation on the part of the philosopher.

Q. S. P., 24th September, 1827.

My dearest best Boy,—You are not so much as fifty. I am four-score —a few months only wanting: I am old enough to be your grandfather, I could at this moment catch you in my arms, toss you up into the air, and, as you fell into them again, cover you with kisses. It shall have—ay, that it shall—the dear little fellow, some nice sweet pap of my own making: three sorts of it—1. Is Evidence. 2. Judicial Establishments. 3. Codification Proposal— all to be sucked in in the order of the numbers.

Again— 30th November, 1827.

My dear Boy,—You have now been breeched some time; and with a little study, you are able, I am sure, to get a short exercise by heart, and speak it quite pretty. Here is one for you; the next time you toddle to Q. S. P., let me hear you say it; and if you say it without missing more than four words, I have a bright silver fourpence for you, which you shall take and put into your pocket.

When you say it you are to fancy you are in the House of Commons; that I am speaker; and you sitting on one of the forms, with a pretty silk gown on your little shoulders, and a fine bushy wig on your little pate; and then you start up as fierce as a little lion, and say what is in the paper which is here enclosed.

Do as you are bid—I am sure you can, if you will—and the one I have mentioned is not the last of the silver fourpences you will receive from the hands of your loving guardian. J. B.

Master Henry Bróugham.

P.S.—In some places, you will see various readings marked by brackets. Give my respects to your grandmamma, and beg of her to choose for you which you shall say.

In our next, *Broom* is still the person addressed, a summons to a dinner-party being the occasion:

13th May, 1822.

Get together a gang, and bring them to the Hermitage, to devour such eatables and drinkables as are to be found in it.

I. From Honourable House:—
1. Brougham, Henry.
2. Denman.
3. Hume, Joseph.
4. Mackintosh, James.
5. Ricardo, David.

II. From Lincoln's Inn Felds:—
6. Whishaw, James.

III. From India House:—
7. Mills, James.

Hour of attack, half after six.

Hour of commencement of plunderage, seven.

Hour of expulsion, with the aid of the adjacent Police-office if necessary, quarter before eleven.

Day of attack to be determined by Universal Suffrage.

N.B.—To be performed with advantage, all plunderage must be regulated.

Witness matchless Constitution.

Burdett figures along with Brougham in what immediately follows,—the views of the philosopher having been communicated to one of his friends:

The member by whom this letter is franked is the famous Mr. *Brougham* —pronounce *Broom*—who, by getting the orders in council revoked, and peace and trade with America thereby restored, has just filled the whole country with joy, gladness, and returning plenty. He has been dining with me to day and has but just gone. This little dinner of mine he has been intriguing for any time these five or six months; and what with one plague and another, never till this day could I find it in my heart to give him one —I mean this year: for the last we were already intimate. He is already one of the first men in the House of Commons, and seems in a fair way of being very soon universally acknowledged to be the very first, even beyond my old and intimate friend, Sir Samuel Romilly: many, indeed, say he is so now.

Sir Francis Burdett is still upon my hands, for a dinner he has been wanting to give me, any time these six weeks, offering to have anybody I will name to meet me. In real worth he is FAR BELOW *those others:* but being the *hero of the mob, and having it in his power to do a great deal of harm,* as well as a great deal of good, and, being rather disposed to do good, and indeed, having done a good deal already, must not be neglected.

To *Lord Burdett* himself:

Q. S. P., 11th February, 1828.

FRANCIS,—I see how it is with you. You don't know where to go for a dinner; and so you are for coming to me. I hear you have been idler than usual, since you were in my service; always running after the hounds, whenever you could get anybody to trust you with a horse. *I hear you are got among the Tories, and that you said once you were one of them: you must have been in your cups.* You had been reading *High Life Below Stairs,* I suppose, *and wanted them to call you Lord Burdett.* You have always had *a hankering after bad company,* whatever I could do to keep you out of it. You want to tell me a cock-and-a-bull story about that fellow Brougham. * * * * I always thought you a cunning fellow; but I never thought it would have come to this. You want to be, once more, besides getting a bellyful, as great a man as——

Well, I believe, I must indulge you. No work will there be for you on Wednesday; I can tell you that. That is the day, therefore, for your old master to be charitable to you. So come here that day a little before seven. Orders will be given for letting you in.

Relative to Sir Robert:

Peel is weak and feeble. He has been nursed at the breast of Alma Mater. Like the greyhounds of a lady I know, which were fed upon brandy to prevent their growth, *so he feeds upon old prejudices to prevent his mind from growing.* He has done all the good he is capable of doing, and that is but little. He has given a slight impulse to law improvement in a right direction.

Once more of Brougham:

Insincere as he is, it is always worth my while to bestow a day on him. I shall try to subdue him, and make something of him. I shall see whether he has any curiosity to assist in tearing the established system of procedure to rags and tatters.

I amgoing off the stage. Brougham keeps on. *When I am in the grave I shall have the advantage over him.* He will, perhaps, disappoint me.

And lastly, at present the philosopher himself,—the love-stricken, disappointed, heart-covenant-keeping philosopher! How touching and deep, how manly and instructive the love-letter!

Q.S.P., April 1827.

I am alive: more than two months advanced in my 80th year—more lively than when you presented me, in ceremony, with the flower in the green lane. Since that day, not a single one has passed (not to speak of nights), in which you have not engrossed more of my thoughts than I could have wished. Yet, take me for all in all, I am more lively now than then—walking, though only for a few minutes, and for health sake, more briskly than most young men whom you see—not unfrequently running.

In the enclosed scrap there are a few lines, which I think you will read with pleasure.

I have still the pianoforte harpischord, on which you played at Bowood: as an instrument, though no longer useful, it is still curious; as an article of furniture, not unhandsome; as a legacy, will you accept it?

I have a ring, with some of my snow-white hair in it, and my profile, which everybody says is like. At my death you will have such another; should you come to want, it will be worth a good sovereign to you.

You will not, I hope, be ashamed of me.

The last letter I received from Spanish America (it was in the present year), I was styled *Legislador del Mundo*, and petitioned for a Code of Laws. It was from the man to whom that charge was committed by the legislature of his country—Guatemala.

Every minute of my life has been long counted: and now I am plagued with remorse at the minutes which I have suffered you to steal from me. In proportion as I am a friend of mankind (if such I am, as I endeavour to be), you, if within my reach, would be an enemy.

I have, for some years past, had a plan for building a harem in my garden, upon the Panopticon principle. The premiership waits your acceptance; a few years hence, when I am a little more at leisure than at present, will be the time for executing it.

For these many years I have been invisible to all men (not to speak of women), but for special reason. I have lost absolutely all smell; as much as possible all taste, and swarm with petty infirmities. But it seems as if they ensured me against serious ones. I am, still am I gay, eminently so, and "the cause of gaiety in other men."

To read the counterpart of this in your hand would make a most mischievous addition to my daily dose of bitter sweets—the above-mentioned mixture of pain and pleasure. Oh, what an old fool am I, after all, not to

leave off, since I can, till the paper will hold no more. This you have done at sixty, and at half six miles distance. What would you have done at present, and at sixteen? Embrace ——— ———: though it is for me, as it is by you she will not be severe, nor refuse her lips, as to me she did her hand, at a time, perhaps, not yet forgotten by her, any more than by me.

Art. XIV.

1. *The Jack o' Lantern (Le Feu-Follet), or the Privateer.* By J. F. Cooper, Esq. Bentley.
2. *Midsummer Eve. A Tale.* Saunders and Otley.

The scene of "The Jack o' Lantern" is Elba and the Italian coast; and the period Caraccioli's disgraceful execution. The characters are various as well as numerous; Nelson being one of them, who is cleverly, though coldly sketched. The author, however, has exhibited art in the portraiture, having studied fairness without exaggeration or extenuation of the foul affair to which we have alluded. Raoul Yvard the hero, Ghita Caraccioli the heroine, and Ithuel Bolt the unscrupulous and coarse American, are the best drawn in the novel. The first of these is the handsome, elegant, dashing fellow, whose enthusiasm and bravery has been fed by the French revolution, and whose love of honour is such as was bred during that convulsion in the breasts of the respectable part of the nation. Ghita deeply loves the gallant sailor, but being an earnest, intelligent, religious Italian, she refuses to marry him on account of his scepticism,—the author's aim being to draw a contrast between profound belief and light-hearted infidelity. There is thus opposed the enthusiasm of patriotism and warlike honour to unwavering piety and submissiveness of spirit, giving rise to many tender scenes, and preserving the principal interest of the story during the requisite number of volumes. Bolt is a seaman who has been impressed into the British service; so that, independently of his democratic notions, he harbours bitter and rankling feelings. There is another character in the novel who interests the reader: this is the unlucky, good-hearted, drunken Clinch.

With regard to the work as a novel, or, to come still nearer to a test, as compared with Cooper's former naval and maritime stories, it would be too much to say that it bears out the assertion of the author, that this class of works of fiction have an inexhaustible field to traverse and cultivate. Certainly we have here, in the shape of character, scenes, and incidents, a goodly number that can present little novelty to persons who have read Mr. Cooper's earlier sea-stories. Still, we think that *Le Feu-Follet* is one of the best of this author's novels. The characters are drawn with discrimination as well as with the freedom and ease of a practised artist. The dia-

logue is dramatically conducted. The story reads as if it might have had reality for its foundation; because the novelist not merely understands the service he endeavours to picture, even to its minutest technicalities, but because the scenery and the parts which he describes have been observed by him. He does not speak at random, or only as an adventurous fancy might do, to the violation of a truthful effect, but as knowledge, familiarity, and study have enabled his otherwise fertile mind to do. He even has accomplished a higher object in this work than to absorb the reader's attention and give a most striking semblance of reality to the story; for he impresses truths distinctly, and places before you important characteristics; enabling you at the same time to understand how such results have come to pass, and what has originated them. Thus, one is led to see in what way the British service operates upon the minds of those bred in it. One discovers, besides, the influences of the French revolution and the mode of its working; and even the difference between the spirit of religious creeds upon the conduct of its several professors.

It is difficult, in the way of extract, to convey any idea of the more stirring and animated parts of the "Jack o' Lantern," or of the more impressive scenes in the history of the hero and heroine, without spoiling the novel-reader's curiosity and pleasure. However, we may copy out one passage of considerable length, and which contains a story in itself, that will engage and inform the mind. In fact, it gives one a better idea of promotion and of the disappointed feelings that must abide in many a breast, than anything we have read in the way of complaints of a like nature, either in the reports of parliamentary speeches, in pamphlets written on the subject, or from the lips of subalterns.

"I hope you parted good friends?"

"The best in the world, Captain Cuffe. No one that feeds and lodges *me* well need dread me as an enemy."

"I'll warrant it. That's the reason you are so loyal, Clinch."

The hard, red face of the master's-mate worked a little, and, though he could well look all sorts of colours, he looked all ways but in the captain's eye. It was now ten years since he ought to have been a lieutenant, having once actually outranked Cuffe, in the way of date of service at least; and his conscience told him two things quite distinctly,—first, the fact of his long and weary probation; and second, that it was, in a great degree, his own fault.

"I love his Majesty, Sir," Clinch observed, after giving a gulp, "and I never lay any thing which goes hard with myself to his account. Still, memory will be memory; and spite of all I can do, sir, I sometimes remember what I *might* have been, as well as what I *am*. If his Majesty *does* feed me, it is with the spoon of a master's-mate; and if he *does* lodge me, it is in the cockpit."

"I have been your shipmate often, and for years at a time," answered Cuffe, good-naturedly, though a little in the manner of a superior; "and

no one knows your history better. It is not your friends who have failed you at need, so much as a certain enemy with whom you will insist on associating, though he harms those most who love him best."

"Ay, ay, Sir, that can't be denied, Captain Cuffe; yet it's a hard life that passes altogether without hope."

This was uttered with an expression of melancholy which said more for Clinch's character than Cuffe had witnessed in the man for years, and it revived many early impressions in his favour. Clinch and he had once been messmates even; and though years of a decided disparity in rank had since interposed their barrier of etiquette and feeling, Cuffe never could entirely forget the circumstance.

"It is hard to live, as you say, without hope," returned the captain; "but hope *ought* to be the last thing to die. You should make one more rally, Clinch, before you throw up in despair."

"It's not so much for myself, Captain, that I mind it, as for some that live ashore. My father was as reputable a tradesman as there was in Plymouth; and when he got me on the quarter-deck he thought he was about to make a gentleman of me, instead of leaving me to pass a life in a situation which may be said to be even beneath what his own was."

"Now you undervalue your station, Clinch. The berth of a master's-mate, in one of his Majesty's finest frigates, is something to be proud of. I was once a master's-mate; nay, Nelson has doubtless filled the same station. For that matter, one of his Majesty's own sons may have gone through the rank."

"Ay, gone *through* it, as you say, Sir," returned Clinch, with a husky voice; "it does well enough for them that go *through* it, but it's death to them that *stick*. It's a feather in a midshipman's cap to be rated a mate; but it's no honour to be mate at my time of life, Captain Cuffe."

"What is your age, Clinch? You are not much my senior?"

"Your senior, Sir! The difference in our years is not as great as in our rank, certainly, though I never shall see thirty-two again. But it's not so much *that*, after all, as the thoughts of my poor mother, who set her heart on seeing me with his Majesty's commission in my pocket; and of another, who set her heart on one that I'm afraid was never worthy her affection."

"This is new to me, Clinch," returned the captain, with interest. "One so seldom thinks of a master's-mate marrying, that the idea of your being in that way has never crossed my mind, except in the manner of a joke."

"Master's-mates *have* married, Captain Cuffe, and they have ended in being very miserable. But Jane, as well as myself, has made up her mind to live single, unless we can see brighter prospects before us than what my present hopes afford."

"Is it quite right, Jack, to keep a poor young woman towing along in this uncertainty during the period of life when her chances for making a good connexion are the best?"

Clinch stared at his commander, until his eyes filled with tears. The glass had not touched his lips since the conversation took its present direction; and the usual hard settled character of his face was becoming expressive once more, with human emotions.

"It's not my fault, Captain Cuffe, he answered in a low voice; it's now quite six years since I insisted upon her giving me up, but she wouldn't hear of the thing. A very respectable attorney wished to have her, and I even prayed her to accept his offer; and the only unkind glance I ever got from her eye was when she heard me make a request which she told me sounded impiously, almost, to her ears. She would be a sailor's wife, or die a maid."

"The girl has, unfortunately, got some romantic notions concerning the profession, Clinch; and they are ever the hardest to be convinced of what is for their own good."

"Jane Weston! Not she, Sir; there is not so much romance about her as in the fly-leaves of a Prayer-book. She is all *heart*, poor Jane! and how I came to get such hold of it, Captain Cuffe, is a great mystery to myself. I certainly do not *deserve* half her affection, and I now begin to despair of ever being able to repay her for it."

"Jack, my honest fellow, there is good stuff in you yet, if you will only give it fair play. Make a manly rally, respect yourself for a few months, and something will turn up which will yet give you your Jane, and gladden your old mother's heart."

There are periods in the lives of men when a few kind words, backed by a friendly act or two, might save thousands of human beings from destruction. Such was the crisis in the fate of Clinch. He had almost given up hope, though it did occasionally revive in him whenever he got a cheering letter from the constant Jane, who pertinaciously refused to believe anything to his prejudice, and religiously abstained from all reproaches. But it is necessary to understand the influence of rank on board a man-of-war, fully to comprehend the effect which was now produced on the master's-mate by the captain's language and manner. Tears streamed out of the eyes of Clinch, and he grasped the hand of his commander almost convulsively.

"What can I do, Sir? Captain Cuffe, what can I do?" he exclaimed. "My duty is never neglected; but there *are* moments of despair, when I find the burden too hard to be borne without calling upon the bottle for support."

"Midsummer Eve" is a story of the religious persecutions in the reign of *Bloody Mary*. It is simple and almost bald in respect of incidents and characters, and without that originality, or that elevation and animation in the mode of treatment, necessary to recommend it to any very particular notice.

We never entertain a prepossession of a kindly nature for religious fictions, or tales especially which deal not merely as the present one does, in polemical argument, but which purport to represent the dissensions between sects and communions that may have led to terrible cruelties and persecutions to the death. If the reader look for amusement or an hour's relaxation, are these the themes that can naturally yield what he seeks after? If for historical truth, are we to take the colourings of a romancer, who, to produce the proper effects of his art, must deal in high colouring and strong reliefs? If

for religious impressions, why, the less that one studies the brutalities of tyrants and bigots, the phrenzies of fanatics, or the despair of the hunted and the martyred, the better; unless, indeed, it be to receive lessons which the romancist never regards as his prime object. It is to the production of emotions, such as are experienced on witnessing a tragedy, that he sets himself; not to the inculcation of truth, or the piety becoming a humble and confiding Christian.

With respect to the story before us, in a literary sense, its subject, its manner of treatment, and the language of the author, we must speak in a more favourable tone. It is a tale, as we have already stated, of persecution for conscience sake; the heroine being a poor blind girl, who is rescued from the clutches of the brutal Bonner by the courage of a young gallant, the lover of her sweet lady-patroness. Besides this main plot, there is that of Master Barker, the reforming minister of Islington. The arrest of both these poor people,—their examination in the Bishop's court,—their subsequent incarceration in the vaults and the Lollard's tower of St. Paul's, whence they are delivered from the ferocious prelate, constitute the staple of the three volumes.

There are, however, a number of spots, places, and scenes which have been carefully studied, and which are minutely described. The manners and customs of the age too, are given with remarkable fidelity. Even the personal appearance, as well as the coarseness and sensuality of Bonner, are exhibited with force and painstaking exactness. And yet there is a grave literary defect in the performance, which mars the vividness and even truthfulness of the story: the author's imagination has not been able to seize upon the essentials of the characters and scenes, or to represent them by a few happy and bold strokes, so as to animate the whole with real life, or to picture them with that ideal tone that harmonizes and sustains the moral sentiments in accordance with their capacities and demands. We shall now quote a scene which affords a sample of what some may call powerful writing and effective description, but which we characterize as being too literal to be of a high order either in a dramatic or a sentimental acceptation.

The Bishop strode up to the chancel where was a reading-desk similar to the one at the door: he rushed up to it, and having glanced into the book, wrenched off the iron chain, and threw the folio away with all his might.

"Bibles! Bibles!" cried he; "nothing but Bibles. By God, this parish ought to be burnt to the ground with every soul; for if there had been a single Christian in it, such a vile hole as this could not have been so near London and I not know it. Would you believe it, sirs, that yonder book is the Bible—Coverdale's Bible, which was ordered to be destroyed a year past? By God, sirs, the worst book ever brought into the realm! for it hath made more heretics than all other. Now, John Smith—hey, you villain, what art thou?

The cause of the last exclamation was, that as the Bishop turned towards the churchwarden, he observed a person take up the Bible, and place it very carefully on the desk. This person, as he turned about, the Bishop discovered to be Master Barker, the minister.

"God-a-mercy, fellow," quoth the Bishop, "thou art bold to take up a book that I have cast down."

"It is the Holy Bible, my lord."

"The holy devil, knave! Art thou the parson of this church?"

"Yea, my lord."

"Then didst thou not receive our mandate ordering thee to erect a well-favoured rood of goodly stature, and other necessary ornaments of the altar, while thou hast nothing but a table?"

"Please you, my lord," interposed the churchwarden, "the old rood was pulled down in Edward's time, and now we be so poor we cannot—"

"Get thee out, fool!" cried the Bishop, "I will have thee to give answer at my consistory in Paul's, and thence thou wilt go to Newgate. But, Barker, what meaneth these writings on the wall, taken out of yonder forbidden book? Did I not send thee, on the 15th of October last, that thou shouldest abolish and extinguish such Scriptures and paintings on thy walls, so that by no means they could be either read or seen, warning thee that thou and thy churchwardens, yea, and thy parishioners, too, should appear before us, and be excommunicated for lack of doing it? Didst thou not receive my mandate?"

"Yea, my lord."

"Then why hast thou not obeyed it?"

"Please you, my lord, to hear me patiently; I will explain it."

"Patiently, knave!" the Bishop began to bawl, when the Knight stopped him by observing—"I pray you, my lord, hear the worthy priest; it seemeth to me unreasonable that a man should be condemned without a hearing."

Bonner then maintained a sullen silence while Barker said—

"My lord, I was ordained to the ministry of Christ by Dr. Cranmer, in the time of King Edward. There were then the rood, the pix, the altar, and all other necessaries for performing the popish ceremonies—"

"Popish! thou rascal!" cried the Bishop, "dost thou not know that word is forbidden?"

"I beg pardon, my lord, I would say the Romish church—"

"Nay, why sayest thou not the Catholic church?"

"I mean, my lord, the church in which you are a bishop. I was commanded by my bishop to renounce those things, and in their stead to place a Bible conveniently in the church, and the Book of Homilies in the porch, and to write certain portions of Scripture on the walls for the edification of the people; these orders I obeyed, as I was bound to do."

The bishop would not dispute that, as he had in some measure obeyed the laws of the church in Edward's time; he contented himself with demanding—

"Why, then, dost thou not obey the present laws, which come with greater authority than any other?"

"My Lord, I see it is very common for men to change the object of

obedience according as monarchs and fortunes change, and ambition directeth them; but I have no ambition but to do my duty in a little poor village like this. I will not say what I might do if I had belonged to the priesthood in Henry's days; but I was ordained under Edward, and expressly taught the things which your lordship forbids; and the oaths I then took I cannot be loosened from. My connexion with the English church knoweth nothing of the rood and the altar; and, my lord, they cannot, I think, be imposed on me; for if they can, the laws of man be stronger than the laws of God."

"No, man; but thou art bound to obey the just laws, and observe the true religion, even though thou hast sworn to the false."

"I know not, my lord: every man thinketh he hath truth, and there is no sure judge but conscience. But having been sworn to observe the faith which was lawful in Edward's days, and which I believe is according to the express Word of God, I am bound to pursue it. The Word of God can never be like the passions of men which change with every circumstance. The command even of a king cannot absolve me from the oaths taken to God, for if they can, the faith of men must follow the successes of battles, or treason, or murder; the man that hath rule maketh the faith, and I must be bound to obey the commands of Mahmoud, if the Grand Turk conquer this country."

There was something in this speech that grated on the ears of Dr. Bonner, although it was uttered in an humble manner; and almost before Barker had finished his sentence, his lordship rushed towards him, crying—

"Turks! thou—thou ribald knave!" and raising his hand, struck at him. Sir Thomas Granville, probably fearing the bishop might commit himself, stepped forward to beg for peace, when his lordship's holy and heavy fist came full on his ear, and sent him spinning against the benches two or three yards off.

"What meanest thou by that, priest?" cried Sir Thomas Granville, highly indignant at this blow; but the bishop made no reply, being struggling with his chaplain to get at Master Barker.

"I ask thee, Dr. Bonner, what thou meanest by striking me;" he cried again. Let me tell thee that no man, whether priest or soldier, shall strike me with impunity."

"And what meanest thou by thou-ing me, thy Bishop? I tell you, Sir Thomas Granville, that I grievously suspect you; and as soon as my suspicions are verified, neither thy knighthood nor thy soldiership shall save thee. Nobler names than thine have been dealt with for heresy, and shall again."

"False priest, I defy thee," cried the Knight. "None of my family have ever been tainted with heresy, and none have borne the chastisement of a priest. I have fought the battles of three monarchs, and my forefathers have been foremost wherever England required brave men, whilst thy ancestors have borne trenchers and scowered pewter in kitchens! and thou, to strike and revile me! I will appeal to her majesty against thee, and if I do not tie thy hands and thy tongue, never trust me!"

"I spit upon thee, thou heretic!" cried the Bishop, out of his senses with passion.

"Englishmen!" cried the Knight to the Parishioners, who had flocked in considerable numbers to the church, "Englishmen! you hear how this shaven priest revileth brave men. Take away Master Barker with you, and keep him out of the man's hands. I give you notice I will put up a rood at my own charges, and I will at once appeal to her majesty, who will stop this wild beast."

NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*The Temple Church.* By C. G. ADDISON, Esq.

AT present, we leave it to others to account for the remarkable veneration which has awakened towards the ancient, and especially ecclesiastical, edifices and monuments that still abound amongst us. Not only is this a feature in the feelings of the nations on the continent, but in Protestant England a similar spirit is manifesting itself in many restorations; but nowhere so notably, at such an enormous expense, and with such magnificent effect, as in the case of the Temple Church, by the two societies which now occupy that seat of an ancient order, whose religion was that of chivalry. A grander or a simpler record they nowhere bequeathed; and not a nobler or more interesting monument exists in the land. Most justifiably, therefore, did Mr. Addison, the author of the "History of the Knights Templars," undertake to give to the world an historical and descriptive account of the edifice, which is partly taken from his larger work, yet contains a considerable amount of what is new, especially such particulars as the discoveries made during the restoration have furnished; the whole thrown into a sufficiently popular and attractive shape, and cleverly illustrated by lithographic views, conveying a good idea of the architecture of the church. Of the decorations no adequate notion can be formed from the sketches.

We need not go into the subject of any of the chapters of the work. Suffice it to say, that having brought down the history of the church, subsequent to the dissolution of the order, and to the present time, a complete account is given of the nature and extent of the recent restoration. A distinct chapter is allotted to the cross-legged figures, and the personages they are supposed to represent. All, in a word, that the general reader can desire to learn of the past and present condition of the edifice is here communicated. And when it is understood that no less than 50,000*l.* have been expended in the repairs and restoration, it will be believed that its present appearance is not unworthy of its great fame and almost unique character.

It is proper that we give a specimen of Mr. Addison's account, and cannot do better than quote what he has to relate concerning the sort of "improvements" that have been replaced, by the recent alterations.

"Shortly after the Reformation, the Protestant lawyers, from an over-anxious desire to efface all the emblems of the Popish faith, covered the richly painted ceiling of this venerable structure with an uniform coating of

simple white-wash; they buried the antique tesselated pavement under hundreds of cart-loads of earth and rubbish, on the surface of which, from ten to fifteen inches above the level of the ancient floor, they placed another pavement formed of old grave-stones.

"In the reign of Charles the Second, the fine open area of the body of the church was filled with long rows of stiff and formal pews, which concealed the bases of the columns, while the plain but handsome stone walls were encumbered, to a height of eight feet from the ground, with oak wainscoting, which was carried entirely round the church, so as to shut out from view the elegant marble piscina, the interesting almeries over the high altar, and the *sacrarium* on the eastern side of the edifice. The elegant gothic arches connecting the Round with the Square church were filled up with an oak screen and glass windows and doors, and with an organ-gallery adorned with Corinthian columns and pilastres and Grecian ornaments, which divided the building into two parts, altogether altered its original character and appearance, and sadly marred its architectural beauty. The eastern end of the church was, at the same time, disfigured with an enormous altar-piece in the *classic* style, decorated with Corinthian columns and Grecian cornices and entablatures, and with enrichments of cherubims and wreaths of fruit, leaves, and flowers, beautiful in themselves, but heavy and cumbrous, and quite at variance with the gothic character of the edifice. A huge pulpit and sounding-board, elaborately carved, were also erected in the middle of the choir, forming a great obstruction to the view of the interior of the building, and the walls and many of the columns were thickly clustered and disfigured with mural monuments."

We subjoin an anecdote that contains a homily.

"To enable the builders to prop up the Round Tower during the progress of the delicate operation of replacing the old columns with new ones, it was found necessary to take away all the sarcophagi and coffins with their interesting contents. The mouldering bones of the renowned knights and warriors who had made kings tremble on their thrones, were accordingly removed, after having been entombed for more than six centuries, into a shed erected in the Temple, where they were visited by hundreds of anxious inquirers. Exposure to light and air unfortunately soon produced an unfavourable effect upon them; the sackcloth which enveloped the bodies crumbled to dust, and after a few days nought remained in the coffins but some bones and skulls and a dark-coloured powder."

We have alluded to the feeling of veneration which is beginning to evince itself for our national monuments, and which is displayed not only by provisions against decay and dissolution, but by repairs, restorations, and replacings; we quote some proofs and additional instances, as we find them collected in the Athenæum from the local journals. After referring to the proper spirit which has in this respect been manifested at Hereford, Oxford, and Cambridge, the paper proceeds in these terms:

"Such of our readers as reside in the neighbourhood of London, have, no doubt, already admired the Ladye Chapel at St. Saviours, Southwark, the

restorations at Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate, and observed other and equally interesting evidence of a like character. St. George's Chapel, Windsor, also comes within their reach, where extensive repairs are going on under the advice of Mr. Blore. The modern glass is to be removed, and ancient stained glass substituted, and when this cannot be procured, new will be used of a superior character, and in harmony with it. The repairs of the great west window have been just completed under Mr. Willement's direction. At Eton, the estimated expense of the alterations is nearly 30,000*l.* The College chapel has already undergone very extensive alterations. The side walls of the principal part of the edifice were covered with wainscot to a considerable height—this, and also the screen which concealed the fine old Gothic stonework, have been removed, and the old altar-piece, as well as several ancient monuments, brought to light. A stone pulpit elaborately carved is being erected, near the altar, in keeping with the character of the edifice. It is also in contemplation to remove the remainder of the wainscoting, and throw back the screen and organ gallery about sixteen feet into the ante-chapel. The old organ has been removed, and a new one erected at a cost of 800 guineas. The alterations and improvements, in the Chapel alone, will cost little less than 4,000*l.* They have been executed under the direction of Mr. Shaw. Restorations are about to be commenced at Wells. At St. Alban's—at Rochester—as we have lately had occasion to notice; and at Chichester, repairs and restorations are going on in a right spirit, and at the latter the obituary window of painted glass, put up at the cost of the Dean and in memory of his sister, has roused quite a spirit of emulation among the gentry of the neighbourhood; another has already been erected by a private gentleman—Mr. Humphrey—to the memory of his brothers; a third is preparing for Mr. Smith, the Member for the city dedicated to his father, and others are talked of."

Great improvements are looked for in Westminster Abbey from the new dean, Dr. Turton; and certainly there is abundance of scope for them, both as regards the processses of removal and restoration, and the admission of the public to meditate and to cherish all the proper sentiments which the grand ecclesiastical structures of ancient times, with their monuments and epitaphs, are calculated to awaken.

ART. XVI.—*Days in the East. A Poem.* By J. H. BURKE, Esq.

LIEUTENANT BURKE, Bombay Engineers, having contracted ill-health while actively employed in the jungles, felt obliged to return to his native country. During his home-bound passage he composed the greater part of this poem, in which he has attempted to portray the departure from birth-place, voyage to India, and subsequent career of an officer in the East India Company's army. "As far as India is concerned, the scene is laid in one or two only of its western provinces." "Should this specimen please, he may perhaps be induced to continue and conclude the subject." Now, the subject has scope and offers abundance of points to kindle poetic fire, provided it be inborn. Mr. Burke, however, is not very full of the element, and can only

lay claim to its superficial warmth. Still, he is a fluent versifier, has a pleasant manner, and cherishes proper feelings. His ideas are natural although not vigorous; his fancy is ready, although not inspiring; so that he conveys in an agreeable and very readable way, a good idea of the Indian life of an officer in the Company's army. The form and the style of the piece are Byronic, but without the darkness of spirit of the noble bard. We think that the lieutenant may take courage and "conclude the subject." A few stanzas may be acceptable. The first sample is from the beginning of the poem, giving the very starting of the cadet.

"There is an isle by Nature blest,
There is an isle by Nature deemed
As she is fertile to be free;
Washed by the dark Atlantic wave—
Alike that wave she shares not rest,
But seems the same eternally;
On her all glorious has beamed
Enough of talent the worlds to save,
Yet she is still in misery.

"Such is the land from whence my lone one sprung,
For he was born there, and he owned her sire,
From childhood had he with deep rapture hung
Upon the thrilling numbers of her lyre;
And if at times the wild notes he had strung
Swept o'er the hills, or wandered by the shore
That he did love in solitude to track,
Deem not in fancied frensy he did soar,
To wish for other days, recall past ages back.

"For he did love his home, and was a boy,"—
* * * *

We give a scene and a specimen of description.

"But are all Britons dreamers in this land,
As he who wandereth would seem to be?
No!—but a chivalrous and stirring band,
Full of wild venture, and of energy.
Their home, yon tents beneath that mangoe tree,—
There view them dauntless, careless, and elate,
Free in each action, in expression free,
As if existence were a lengthened fête
And they had but to wish, enjoyment to create.

"This is their holiday, their day of sport;
They meet, the tenants of the wild to slay,
Beneath the frown of yon majestic fort
Their fellows stormed upon some former day;
Each gallant Arab's sympathetic neigh,

Chimes with the ardour that enlivens all,
On to the jungle side, there roams the prey,
That soon a victim to their spears should fall—
Its well-won spoils soon grace their forest festival.

"All mounted, haste along the covert side,
The willing Indians raise tumultuous cries,
Beat the loud tom-tom, range the thicket wide,
And scour the cane-field where the monster lies,—
Half daunted, yet unwillingly he flies,
Then turns, as if the covert to regain:
Foiled by the crowd who view the destined prize,
That wonted shelter is besought in vain,
And as a last resource he bursts upon the plain.

"It is a scene of ecstacy, that burst—
A scene of rapture—a soul-stirring sight!
On rush the hunters, emulous which first
May check the current of his headlong flight.
Bold are their wishes as their spears are bright,
And swift their progress as their souls are true;—
Nought save the chase their rapture to excite,
None save themselves their venturous deeds to view,
No gaping crowd to mark what they may dare to do.

"Swift close the horsemen with a fearful speed;
Their lances glitter in the morning sun:
Ah! vain his strength, his vigour vain indeed,
Unless that yonder range of hills be won:
There in security the chase may run,
For horses cannot follow, but more near
The fate approaches that he may not shun;—
Already pushed, behold the threatening spear,
His life's best blood to drink—to close his stern career.

"Onward they bound, as if devoid of care,
(He wins the prize by whom first blood is shed;)
Where is the leap they would not gladly dare?
O'er the cracked earth, across the torrent's bed,
Stretched is each form, strained forward every head;
And well-plied spurs enforce the rider's will.
One lucky thrust—the monster's course is sped,
His last wild charge is turned with practised skill,—
That blood-shot eye is closed, that grisly form is still."

ART. XVII.—*The Omnipotence and Wisdom of Jehovah; two Orations.* By J. W. LESTER.

WE should have liked fewer and better ordered words,—less of boisterous rhetoric on this august and stupendous subject, than swell out these Orations.

ART. XVIII.—*Leaves from Eusebius.* By the Rev. H. STREET, M.A.

THESE "Leaves" are from Eusebius's great work, "The Evangelical Preparation." In the early struggles of the church against paganism and the infidelity of the philosophers, the Bishop of Cæsarea was the boldest and best equipped champion of his time. He was more than a match even for Porphyry; laying bare the sophist's untenable principles, detecting his skilful arts, and exhibiting the absurdity and essential hideousness of that cosmogony and polytheism which had been reared on Phœnician and Egyptian foundations. The bishop demonstrated how superior was the system of the Hebrews to that of the most accomplished sages of refined Greece; and all this with an elegance of style, as well as a force of argument, which the mere English or modern reader will not expect. It is therefore with pleasure that every lover of the truth and admirer of scholarship should welcome these "Leaves," which appear to be extremely well selected, and which are certainly translated in a happy manner. Nor will the metrical version of the oracles, those curious relics, disappoint the poetic any more than the scholarly taste. These "Leaves" are published very opportunely, considering some of the questions which at present agitate the Church; for they lend an insight into its condition and doctrines at an early period of its history and trials.

ART. XIX.—*The Sporting Almanac and Oracle of Rural Life.* 1843.

THIS Sporting Almanac is now five years old, and is as spirited and refreshing as ever. To sportsmen, the information given in it is not more practical in its nature than pleasant in its form; everything of the kind being made applicable to the months as they pass. Even to persons who are not skilled in country sports, and have but few opportunities of enjoying rural life, such an oracle will be consulted with a profitable relish. Besides, it presents all the more ordinary and generally useful features of the Almanack race. The illustrations are excellent; they would grace and enhance the value of a book of much higher pictorial pretension, as might be expected when it is known that the plates have been well engraved after sketches of E. Landseer, Cooper, Davis, &c. The Sporting Almanack for 1843 is really a very beautiful, sensible, and desirable little book. There are in every part and province of it unmistakable proofs of right judgment, ample knowledge, and healthy taste.

ART. XX.—*Genoveva; a Poem.* By RICHARD CH. FRENCH.

THE story of Genoveva has been often told: that of a lady falsely accused of infidelity and condemned to die by her lord. The ministers of his jealousy, however, penetrated with pity, allow her with her child to escape a houseless wanderer, and to have no protector but God. A white doe suckles her babe, the mother living upon roots, till her innocence made manifest, she is by the remorseful husband eagerly taken home; but to die of the terrible

wrongs which had been heaped upon her, and the dire hardships she had suffered.

The story, of course, belongs to, or is cast in, a remote age, and will be variously told, according as the romancer or the poet who adopts it as his theme, may find suited to his genius. In the hands of Mr. French it has much touching elegance of sentiment and neat sweetness of versification,—frequently swelling into pathos, and reaching the chords of nature with an easy power. The passage which we cite is a good specimen, having for its immediate subject in the tradition the husband's dreary remorse:—

"But the Count, whom prosperous hours
Back to his ancestral towers
Bring, and to his widowed bowers,
How shall he, this lone man bear
The approach and entrance there?
Lonely man! though at his side
Troops of friends and vassals ride;
Lonely man! though at his gate
Him ten thousand welcomes wait;
Heart unwelcomed home, although
Thousand voices skyward go;
Thousand voices fill the air,
But the one is lacking there.
How shall he endure to pace
Those long echoing halls, and trace
Each remembered happy place,
Haunted each with its own ghost
Of some ancient splendour lost,
Each with its own vision bright
Of some forfeited delight
Rising clear upon his sight?
How beside a cold hearth stand,
Quenched by his own reckless hand?
He has borne it, man forlorn!
Borne—while all things may be borne;
And he lives, nor freedom asks,
From life's ordinary tasks.
Him though oft the crowded hall
And the thronging festival
With that dreariest sense oppress
Of a peopled wilderness;
Though the crowds, that to and fro
On their busy errands go,
Oft times seem with all their tasks
But so many gibbering masks;
Though he oft must contemplate
The strange mockeries of fate,
Which with hand profuse had shed
Gifts so many on his head,

Which had lent him splendour, fame,
And a glory round his name,
Honour, due to him whose hand
Helped to save his native land
Yet withdrew the single thing
Which to all a worth would bring.
And the years give no relief
Mellowing an austerer grief:
But a melancholy dim,
Darker and darker fell on him.
Round him, when his state they knew,
Friends and faithful kinsmen drew,
With consoling words and speech,
Which his heart's wound cannot reach.

ART. XXI.—*The Works of Robert Burns, with Notes and Illustrations.* Parts I to III.

AFTER all that has been done by publishers, biographers, critics, and artists, —by admirers of every sort, for Burns, there yet, it appears, is to be a testimony borne to his genius surpassing these former efforts and results,—a more adequate monument to his fame than any that has hitherto been reared. The announced publication, *three parts* of which have reached us, promises to confer honour not only upon Messrs. Blackie and Son, but to be worthy of Scotland, whether taken as a seat for publishing enterprise or for the appreciation of the bard by the nation.

This edition will undoubtedly have special claims on the attention and patronage of the public, on every one who speaks or studies the language and dialects of Great Britain. The suggestion of Mr. Lockhart, in his memoir of the poet, has been adopted and pursued by the projectors and proprietors of the work, where he says that "to accumulate all that has been said of Burns, even by men like himself of the first order, would fill a volume—and a noble volume that monument would be—the noblest, except what he has left in his own immortal verses, which, were some dross removed, and the rest arranged in chronological order, would, I believe, form to the intelligent a more perfect and vivid history of his life than will ever be composed out of all the materials in the world beside."

The features of this edition are to be the following:—A chronological arrangement of the poems, as far as possible, with annotations from all the best commentators; and, in addition, a great variety of Original Notes appended, together with the whole of Mr. Robert Chambers's biographical and topographical details of the persons and places connected with the pieces;—the Poet's Life by Dr. Currie, with such additions and lights as have occurred since that memoir was written, and in the same affectionate spirit;—Professor Wilson's eloquent "Essay on the Genius and Character of Burns;"—and pictorial illustrations, comprising all the landscapes and portraits that embellished the work entitled, "The Land of Burns." The landscapes embrace all the localities identified with the history and works of the poet, from the

pencil of Mr. D. O. Hill, an artist who is said to be intimately acquainted with the subjects he has depicted, and alive to all the poetical feelings which they inspire. We ourselves can speak to his fidelity in several of the illustrations before us.

The edition will extend to *twenty-one* parts at 2*s.* a part; each containing four plates and forty pages of letter-press. When completed and bound, it will present two large octavo volumes, or one of a very massive appearance. It will be the most beautiful and valuable collection of the Ayrshire bard's works, with what illustratively relates to him or them, that has ever met the public eye; and will be truly a national work.

"The Book of Scottish Song," (which waits for notice,) and "The Works of Robert Burns," come both appropriately from one house.

ART. XXII.—*Gerald: a Dramatic Poem.* By J. W. MARSTON.

Mr. MARSTON's name has obtained a wider notice since we received this Poem than, perhaps, he ever dreamed of, although the bardic tribe, like his own *Gerald*, have high aspirings and generally a sufficient appreciation of the powers of their own genius; for his "Patrician's Daughter" has been welcomed on the stage in a manner calculated, we should think, to meet his fondest hopes, and to stimulate him to still better efforts and more successful results.

Gerald has not been written for the theatre, but is a poem in a dramatic form, and as such it will contribute to Mr. Marston's fame. It is indeed a fine and impressive creation of *genius*. We use the term in its legitimate and strict sense; for there are not merely many passages in it that abound with warm and healthy feeling, and others that exhibit an imagination of power and compass, but an originality without which the term genius can never properly be attached to any name. The best test that we can bring to bear at any time, so as to pronounce judgment upon the character of a work of imagination, especially if cast in a dramatic shape, is to inquire of ourselves, after a perusal, whether that perusal was a task; whether we met with things to be lamented in the course of the reading; and above all, when the end was reached, what has been the effect produced upon our sympathies,—what the emotion and the sentiment? Now, we dare not say that we had not our regrets while going through this poem, that we did not meet with things that we considered unseemly; but this we are free to declare, that with the exception of some conceits of language, and also, perhaps, some affectations of thought, we rose from the perusal with great satisfaction,—with delight and a feeling of being bettered; in short we read the poem at one sitting, without a pause, with eagerness, and without knowing at what rate the time had sped, or that it had sped at all.

Gerald is a poem of genuine beauty, that is, beauty that will abide re-examinations,—and manly instructiveness. It teaches as well as touches; its teachings belonging to the stern realities of this life, and even to the proper preparation for that which is to come. The hero of the piece has not only genius, fondly indulging its highest aspirations, but he is overweeningly confident of its power, and obtrusively proud of its aims. To

cure him of his airy notions and to prove to him that the loftiest nature may have ample scope and sufficient occasions among the realities of the world, in the exercise of the homely, and in looking forward to what is the grand destiny of the feeble as well as the gifted in mind, requireth that he encounter life as it is, and be qualified by its severe truths. Accordingly, after giving us the youth of genius on the eve of leaving home, all self-sufficient, oracular of triumph, and scorning the less imaginative of his fellow men, we find him in the capital with a work that is to lead the world captive in thought and admiration. In the third part, that world rebukes and bitterly teaches him until he despairs. In the fourth, he returns broken in spirit and to be a pathetic sorrower; and in the last, to be gradually weaned of all vain imaginings, of all morbid sensitiveness, and to hail death as the passing from a state in which man's boundless aspirations can never realize their legitimate aim, to one of inexhaustible excellence, of unspeakable glory and love.

Edith is the betrothed of Gerald, and engages the chief interest after him. She is as sensible and considerate as she is lovely and sweet; being necessary not only as a winning contrast to her lover, but a rebuker, and the occasion of the most touching lessons at the hour of his final departure. We now present two or three short specimens, and readily adopt those which have been selected by some of our right-judging contemporaries. The first gives us Edith insisting upon more measured expressions of love than Gerald has been uttering, when he is introduced to us.

Gerald. A novel grief—
To mourn excess in love!
Edith. Love me as one
Of Nature's common children—weak enough
To need support, unwary, wanting counsel,—
A weeping, smiling, trusting, doubting girl,
With good intents, marred in the acting oft,
With heaven-ward thoughts that fail through weariness,
And droop the wing, while yet the glance aspires;—
Having much cause for gratitude,—but more
For penitence,—sincere; yet how infirm!
Oh, let me, love! be oftener in thy prayers,
And in thy praises less.

This is from the same scene:

Edith. Ah, love! I would not have these moods recur
In which thou spurnest so the humbler minds.
Perchance there is less difference in men,
Than the great deem. The coarse, unlettered hind,
May not discern the truth in thy high words,
Nor in thy fine and airy thoughts perceive
The feelings they unfold. Yet trust me, love!
Feelings are like in most men, though the forms
Which they put on be diverse. Sympathies
Most deep, and holy, often stir in hearts

That have few words to shape them ; even as streams
Embosomed in the earth, refresh its plains ;
While the broad river, open to the sun,
And mirror of his light, can do no more !

Hear how Edith addresses him when battling with the world, and the bitterness of reality, fill his soul :

"Gerald ! will you despair ? Though to achieve
A seeming greatness, you have vainly striven,
Yet *to be* great, is nobler : I believe
The Poet's fount of thought not chiefly given
That passing groups should praise its crystal stream ;
But his own human heart to fertilize—
A source of fruitful goodness—not a dream
Of transient beauty for admiring eyes.

"It may be both, I grant : for e'en the *sight*
Of what is fair hath a refining spell ;
But if 'tis shunned of men, its own delight
Should in itself be found : in many a dell
Where trees o'ershade, and only zephyrs stray,
Bloom flowers of sweetest breath and loveliest hue
Unpraised—scarce pilgrims know that leafy way—
Only the stars their screen gaze kindly through.

"While sympathy the heart that else might break,
Can solace, or while hands the toil can share
Of the o'erburthened ; while the lip can speak
Of truths eternal, and the region where
The evil no more trouble, and at rest
Are all the weary ; while these tasks divine
Invite, what poetry may be expressed,
Although the poet never write a line !

"In him whom children love, whose serious talk
The village elders prize at evening's close ;
In whose companionship a wonted walk
Rich with new meanings and fresh aspects grows,
Whose gracious influence ever intercedes
With man for man—the beautiful is *real ;*
His loveliest fancies shrine themselves in deeds,
And in his *heart* is guested his Ideal."

Here followeth a vindication of poetry, happily felt and forcibly put :—

Gerald. Fiction ! Poetry
Lives but by truth. Truth is its heart. Bards write
The life of soul—the *only* life. Each line
Breathes life—or *nothing.* Fiction ! Who narrates

The stature of a man, his gait, his dress,
The colour of his hair, what meats he loved,
Where he abode, what haunts he frequented,
His place and time of birth, his age at death,
And how much crape and cambric mourned his end—
Writes a *biography!* But who records
The yearnings of the heart; its joys, and pangs,
Its alternating apathy, and hope;
Its stores of memory which the richer grow
The longer they are hived; its faith that stands
Upon the grave, and counts it as a beach
Whence souls embark for home; its prayers for man:
Its trust in Heaven, despite of man—writes *fiction!*
Get a new lexicon.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

ART. I.—*The Military Operations at Cabul which ended in the Retreat and Destruction of the British Army, January, 1842. With a Journal of Imprisonment in Affghanistan.* By Lieutenant VINCENT EYRE. Murray.

LIEUT. EYRE, of the Bengal Artillery, late Deputy Commissary of Ordnance at Cabul, and whose name is honourably recorded in Lady Sale's celebrated letter, was not only on active service in Cabul at the first outbreak of the 2nd November 1841, which led to the death of Burnes and others, but was a prominent actor in the dreadful occurrences of the period. In fact he continued in the cantonments, taking a prominent share in all the events, till the retreat was commenced on the 5th of January, 1842, accompanying the disorganized army and disastrous route until the ladies and their husbands were delivered up to Mahomed Akber, as the only chance for the preservation of their lives. He was wounded in the first of the unhappy attempt on Beymaroo, one of the lamentable affairs in the ill-fated operations, rendering him incapable of service; when, following his wife, he underwent the captivity, incarceration, and various forced journeys of the other prisoners, till the advance of General Pollock and their own determined minds effected an escape to Cabul on the 21st of September.

The volume before us contains the earliest authentic account that has reached this country of the deplorable series of disasters, and we may add disgrace, of the operations in Affghanistan; being in the form of a journal, from the first outbreak in Cabul, and closing with the seven days' retreat,—from the 6th to the 13th of January,—when the destruction of upwards of seventeen thousand of our fellow-creatures was completed; viz., five thousand fighting men and twelve thousand camp-followers; the horrors appearing to have exceeded even what were at first regarded by cool minds in England as exaggerated reports. Can it much aggravate the reader's feelings to learn that the pecuniary value of the magazine abandoned at Cabul is estimated by Lieut. Eyre at nearly a million sterling? Besides the

entire journal, with remarks upon the events as they occurred, sent piecemeal to a military friend in India as opportunity offered, and thence transmitted to the author's kinsfolk at home, there is a narrative of his imprisonment from January till June; after which period, there are only some occasional fragments, together with a letter announcing the writer's safe arrival at Cabul.

A more painful account, and yet one of more absorbing interest, it is impossible to name, than that which Lieut. Eyre has given in the present volume. In itself, and without relation to the extraordinary contemporary excitement which our military operations in Affghanistan have created, the book has a superior character, not merely as a narrative of events that must always be deserving of marked attention in a historical sense, but as a literary performance. It is written in a manly, unaffected, and dignified style, eminently becoming the pen of a soldier, and remarkably well adapted to the subjects handled. Indeed, Lieut. Eyre had a most important duty to perform, and he has executed his task manifestly with a due appreciation of its magnitude, seriousness, and delicacy. The facts he had to unfold were such as never before stained the military, and perhaps not the political and diplomatic character of Englishmen; exhibiting and bringing home to the conviction of individuals the gravest charges; involving ignorance, incapacity, apathy, and infatuation, such as never were cast on the national name. We are taking it for granted that the narrative and the comments are as fair and unbiassed as can be expected from any man. The author was an eye-witness or fully informed of all he describes. He was a distinguished actor in the events recorded; nor could any person be supposed to feel a deeper responsibility than that which he knew would attach to his report and to his professional judgment. In fact, he pledges himself without equivocation of any sort, to the accuracy of his details, and may be said to stake his military and personal capacity on the propriety of his direct and his implied censures. "In these notes," he says, "I have been careful to state only what I know to be undeniable facts. I have set down nothing on mere hearsay evidence, nor anything which cannot be attested by living witnesses, or by existing documentary evidence. In treating of matters which occurred under my own personal observation, it has been difficult to avoid altogether the occasional expression of my own individual opinion; but I hope it will be found that I have made no observation bearing hard on men or measures, that are either uncalled-for or will not stand the test of future investigation."

We should say that internal evidence bears out what Lieut. Eyre has advanced in behalf of his competency and impartiality; for, independent of the straightforward manner of the diary already mentioned, there is throughout not merely a fulness of information, but a distinctness of narration and a natural order of arrangement that

are proofs of honesty of purpose and exemplary painstaking. Nothing else could have sustained the dignity and interest of a book which discloses such an array of painful and disgraceful facts, and which hurry rather than carry the reader forward with the sort of panting that attends the performance of a skilfully constructed and deep tragedy. Besides, one meets in these pages with so many traits of character, notices of conduct, and instances of individual exploits, that it is impossible not to feel that essential truth as well as dramatic effect distinguishes the work.

The painful but most arresting narrative may be regarded as dealing with two classes of subjects; the one consisting of comments on the nature, tendency, and conduct of the military operations, together with the policy which dictated them; the other presenting incidents and features in detail.

With regard to the policy and conduct of the operations in question, and making every necessary allowance for the individual feelings and judgment of the writer, it must be confessed that never did a story so deeply compromise the principal authorities and officers who had a share in it. Indeed it would be painful for any one, after reading the book, to find himself called on to utter his sentiments publicly on the subject, and difficult in that case to deal in other than heated terms of abuse as well as of censure. To the mere reviewer, therefore, it is a relief to have Lieut. Eyre's facts and conclusions ready at hand for citation; for in the candour and explicitness with which the whole is delivered the severest and justest sentence will be discovered.

Still, after a perusal of the volume, certain gross errors and neglects, together with almost incredible ignorance and inertness, will leave a strong distressing impression of a more general kind on the reader's judgment; while another list of a more particular sort will take hold of his attention, sometimes however not without extenuations and touching circumstances. We shall not on this occasion recur to the impolicy of crossing the Indus or seeking to go beyond that river for a boundary to our Indian empire. But it cannot escape the notice of him who accompanies the Lieutenant in his narrative, that after having taken this false step, and posterior to the brief superficial triumph of Sir John Keane, there seems to have been little authoritative care bestowed so as to become acquainted with the natural spirit of the Affghans; while as regards the unmistakable dislike manifested by them of foreign interference, no sensible and prudential measures of protection were adopted. Nay, the instances of folly and the symptoms of weakness on the part of the British, were too numerous and glaring to escape the eye of the fierce barbarians; so that the result was to tempt the mass as a compact enemy,—our people, on the other hand, bearing themselves as if there had not been a single foe in the territory, that had been temporarily conquered.

But the positive errors, some of them as if intentional insults, will occur to the reader of the present book. The reduction of the stipends of certain chiefs, involving little short of a breach of faith of a public nature, might be instanced. We allude to the annual stipend to the Giljye tribes, which, when curtailed by the orders of Lord Auckland, gave rise to great discontent and was one of the first causes of the insurrection. Even had the force, intended to keep the country in order, been commanded and constituted as the British armies have usually been, it was insufficient for the purpose. But when there is added to this the consideration, that indecision and apathy characterized the authorities like to infatuation,—that the envoy and the general differed in their judgment with regard to the proper measures when emergency became great,—that the position and construction of the cantonment and commissariat, with many subordinate arrangements, were remarkably ill-judged,—and that, in short, the insane sort of security, the palpable mistakes, the improvident steps, the disorganization and misunderstandings of our army, could not but convey a contemptuous sense of our feebleness and incapacity, is it to be wondered at that confidence should have gathered strength in the bosoms of the Affghans, that every new disaster that befel our troops should add fuel to their spirit, or that when they found themselves masters, the most shocking and wholesale system of massacre should mark their hate and their despite? Not a single proof seems to exist of a timely effort to provide against the discontent and treachery of the enemy; while the unchecked atrocities of the 2d of November "taught the enemy their strength, confirmed against us those who, however disposed to join in the rebellion, had hitherto kept aloof from prudential motives, and ultimately encouraged the nation to unite as one man for our destruction."

There was miserable fighting on our side, and more miserable negotiating; there was want of command, and there was cowardice. True, Lieutenant Eyre relieves poor Macnaghten of a considerable share of the blame that has been attached to him; and many are the excellent qualities attributed to the unhappy General Elphinstone; it being clear from the pages before us that he was incapacitated for the performance of the duties of his post by severe bodily sufferings. And then what were the abilities of his second in command, Brigadier Shelton, if his personal bravery be excepted? Certainly, any other than a capacity to direct an army of five or six thousand, either as to the spot they should occupy until reinforcements reached them, or to act at the proper moment with vigour on the offensive. We may here quote Lieut. Eyre's words, with regard to the occupation of the Bala Hissar. "I venture to state," says he, "my own firm belief that had we moved into the Bala Hissar, Cabul would have been still in our possession. Our troops

once collected there would have been spared for offensive operations against the city and the neighbouring forts, by which means plenty of food and forage would in all probability have been readily procured, while the commanding nature of the position would have caused the enemy to despair of driving us out, and a large party would have been ere long formed in our favour."

It becomes tiresome and painful, however, after the event, to indulge in many general remarks aside from the particular passages in our author's volume which we intend to quote. We therefore without further preamble proceed to this part of our task, beginning with some specific charges and close comments. Begin with the selection of head-quarters:

To render our position intelligible, it is necessary to describe the cantonment, or fortified lines so called. It is uncertain whether, for the faults which I am about to describe, any blame justly attaches to Lieutenant Sturt, the engineer, a talented and sensible officer, but who was often obliged to yield his better judgment to the spirit of false economy which characterized our Affghan policy. The credit, however, of having selected a site for the cantonments, or controlled the execution of its works, is not a distinction now likely to be claimed exclusively by any one. But it must always remain a wonder that any government, or any officer or set of officers, who had either science or experience in the field, should, in a half-conquered country, fix their forces (already inadequate to the services to which they might be called) in so extraordinary and injudicious a military position. Every engineer officer who had been consulted, since the first occupation of Cabul by our troops, had pointed to the Bala Hissar as the only suitable place for a garrison which was to keep in subjection the city and the surrounding country; but, above all, it was surely the only proper site for the magazine, on which the army's efficiency depended. In defiance, however, of rule and precedent, the position eventually fixed upon for our magazine and cantonment was a piece of low, swampy ground, commanded on all sides by hills or forts. It consisted of a low rampart and a narrow ditch in the form of a parallelogram, thrown up along the line of the Kohistan road, 1,000 yards long and 600 broad, with round flanking bastions at each corner, every one of which was commanded by some fort or hill. To one end of this work was attached a space nearly half as large again, and surrounded by a simple wall. This was called the "Mission Compound:" half of it was appropriated for the residence of the Envoy; the other half being crowded with buildings, erected without any attempt at regularity, for the accommodation of the officers and assistants of the mission, and the Envoy's body-guard. This large space required in time of siege to be defended, and thus materially weakened the garrison; while its very existence rendered the whole face of the cantonment, to which it was annexed, nugatory for purposes of defence. Besides these disadvantages, the lines were a great deal too extended, so that the ramparts could not be properly manned without harassing the garrison. On the eastern side, about a quarter of a mile off, flowed the Cabul river in a direction parallel with the Kohistan road. Between the river and cantonments, about 150 yards from the latter, was a wide canal,

General Elphinstone, on his arrival in April 1841, perceived at a glance the utter unfitness of the cantonment for purposes of protracted defence; and when a new fort was about to be built for the magazine on the South side, he liberally offered to purchase for the Government, out of his own funds, a large portion of the land in the vicinity, with the view of removing some very objectionable enclosures and gardens, which offered shelter to our enemy within 200 yards of our ramparts; but neither was his offer accepted nor were his representations on the subject attended with any good result. He lost no time, however, in throwing a bridge over the river, in a direct line between the cantonments and the Seeah Sung camp, and in rendering the bridge over the canal passable for guns. * * * But the most unaccountable oversight of all, and that which may be said to have contributed most largely to our subsequent disasters, was that of having the Commissariat stores detached from cantonments, in an old fort, which, in an outbreak, would be almost indefensible. Captain Skinner, the chief Commissariat officer, at the time when this arrangement was made, earnestly solicited from the authorities a place within the cantonment for his stores; but received for answer, that "no such place could be given him, as they were far too busy in erecting barracks for the men to think of Commissariat stores." The Envoy himself pressed this point very urgently, but without avail.

Next with regard to the loss of the Commissariat:

Ensign Warren, of the Fifth Native Infantry, at this time occupied the Commissariat fort with one hundred men; and having reported that he was very hard pressed by the enemy, and in danger of being completely cut off, the General, either forgetful or unaware at the moment of the important fact that upon the possession of this fort we were entirely dependent for provisions, and anxious only to save the lives of men whom he believed to be in imminent peril, hastily gave directions that a party under the command of Captain Swayne of Her Majesty's Forty-fourth Regiment should proceed immediately to bring off Ensign Warren and his garrison to cantonments, abandoning the fort to the enemy. * * It now seemed to the officer on whom the command had devolved, impracticable to bring off Ensign Warren's party, without risking the annihilation of his own, which had already sustained so rapid and severe a loss in officers; he therefore returned forthwith to cantonments. In the course of the evening another attempt was made by a party of the Fifth Light Cavalry; but they encountered so severe a fire from the neighbouring enclosures as obliged them to return without effecting their desired object, with the loss of eight troopers killed, and fourteen badly wounded. Captain Boyd, the Assistant-Commissariat-General, having meanwhile been made acquainted with the General's intention to give up the fort, hastened to lay before him the disastrous consequences that would ensue from so doing. He stated that the place contained, besides large supplies of wheat and atta, all his stores of rum, medicine, clothing, &c., the value of which might be estimated at four lacs of rupees; that to abandon such valuable property would not only expose the force to the immediate want of the necessaries of life, but would infallibly inspire the enemy with tenfold courage. He added, that we had not above two days' supply of provisions in cantonments, and that neither himself nor Captain Johnson of

the Shah's Commissariat had any prospect of procuring them elsewhere under existing circumstances. In consequence of this strong representation on the part of Captain Boyd, the General sent immediate orders to Ensign Warren to hold out the fort to the last extremity. (Ensign Warren, it must be remarked, denied having received this note.) Early in the night a letter was received from him, to the effect that he believed the enemy were busily engaged in mining one of the towers, and that such was the alarm among the Sepoys that several of them had actually made their escape over the wall to cantonments; that the enemy were making preparations to burn down the gate; and that, considering the temper of his men, he did not expect to be able to hold out many hours longer, unless reinforced without delay. In reply to this, he was informed that he would be reinforced by two A.M.

At about nine o'clock P.M. there was an assembly of Staff and other officers at the General's house; when the Envoy came in and expressed his serious conviction, that unless Mahomed Shereef's fort was taken that very night, we should lose the Commissariat fort or at all events be unable to bring out of it provisions for the troops. The disaster of the morning rendered the General extremely unwilling to expose his officers and men to any similar peril; but, on the other hand, it was urged that the darkness of the night would nullify the enemy's fire, who would also be most likely taken unawares, as it was not the custom of the Affghans to maintain a very strict watch at night. A man in Captain Johnson's employ was accordingly sent out to reconnoitre the place: he returned in a few minutes with the intelligence that about twenty men were seated outside the fort near the gate, smoking and talking; and from what he overheard of their conversation, he judged the garrison to be very small, and unable to resist a sudden onset. The debate was now resumed, but another hour passed and the General could not make up his mind. A second spy was despatched, whose report tended to corroborate what the first had said. I was then sent to Lieutenant Sturt, the engineer, who was nearly recovered from his wounds, for his opinion. He at first expressed himself in favour of an immediate attack; but, on hearing that some of the enemy were on the watch at the gate, he judged it prudent to defer the assault till an early hour in the morning; this decided the General, though not before several hours had slipped away in fruitless discussion.

Orders were at last given for a detachment to be in readiness at four A.M. at the Khoistan gate; and Captain Bellew, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, volunteered to blow open the gate; another party of her Majesty's Forty-fourth were at the same time to issue by a cut in the south face of the rampart, and march simultaneously towards the commissariat fort, to reinforce the garrison. Morning had, however, well dawned ere the men could be got under arms, and they were on the point of marching off, when it was reported that Ensign Warren had just arrived in cantonments with his garrison, having evacuated the fort. It seems that the enemy had actually set fire to the gate; and Ensign Warren, seeing no prospect of a reinforcement, and expecting the enemy every moment to rush in, led out his men by a hole which he had prepared in the wall. Being called upon in a public letter from the Assistant-Adjutant-General to state his reasons for abandon-

ing his post, he replied, that he was ready to do so before a court of inquiry, which he requested might be assembled to investigate his conduct: it was not, however, deemed expedient to comply with his request.

We might pick out many other instances of oversight, neglect, and strange error. But not less deplorable were the instances of cowardice, as if portions of the troops had been suddenly panic-struck, and the dastardly feeling had spread with a judicial infectious celerity. But we have not space for accumulated instances of folly and disgrace. Take the storming of a particular fort in order to learn what was the kind of paralysis which seized at times the troops, together with sundry other species of incidents which characterized the period.

The whole issued from cantonments, a storming party consisting of two companies from each regiment taking the lead, preceded by Capt. Bellew, who hurried forward to blow open the gate. Missing the gate, however, he blew open a wicket of such small dimensions as to render it impossible for more than two or three men to enter abreast, and these in a stooping posture. This it will be seen, was one cause of discomfiture in the first instance; for the hearts of the men failed them when they saw their foremost comrades struck down, endeavouring to force an entrance under such disadvantageous circumstances, without being able to help them. The signal, however, was given for the storming party, headed by Col. Mackerell. On nearing the wicket, the detachment encountered an excessively sharp fire from the walls, and the small passage, through which they endeavoured to rush in, merely served to expose the bravest to almost certain death from the hot fire of the defenders. Col. Mackerell, however, and Lieut. Bird of Shah's 6th Infantry, accompained by a handful of Europeans and a few Sepoys, forced their way in; Capt. Westmacot of the 37th being shot down outside, and Capt. M'Crae sabred in the entrance. The garrison, supposing that these few gallant men were backed by the whole attacking party, fled in consternation out of the gate, which was on the opposite side of the fort, and which ought to have been the point assailed. Unfortunately, at this instant a number of the Affghan cavalry charged round the corner of the fort next the wicket: the cry of "Cavalry!" was raised, a cry which too often, during our operations, paralyzed the arms of those, whose muskets and bayonets we have been accustomed to consider as more than a match for a desultory charge of irregular horsemen; the Europeans gave way simultaneously with the Sepoys—a bugler of the 6th Infantry, through mistake, sounded the retreat, and it became for the time a scene of *sauve qui peut*. In vain did the officers, especially Major Scott of H. M.'s 44th, knowing the fearful predicament of his commanding officer, exhort and beseech their men to charge forward—not a soul would follow them, save a private of the 44th named Steward, who was afterwards promoted for his solitary gallantry. Let me here do Brigadier Shelton justice; his acknowledged courage redeemed the day; for, exposing, his own person to a hot fire, he stood firm amidst the crowd of fugitives, and by his exhortations and example at last rallied them; advancing again to the attack, our men again faltered, notwithstanding that the fire of the great

guns from the cantonments, and that of Capt. Mackenzie's juzailchees from the N. E. angle of the Mission Compound, together with a demonstration on the part of our cavalry, had greatly abated the ardour of the Affghan horse. A third time did the Brigadier bring on his men to the assault, which now proved successful. We became masters of the fort. But what, in the meantime, had been passing inside the fort, where, it will be remembered, several of our brave brethren had been shut up, as it were, in the lions' den?

On the first retreat of our men, Lieut. Bird, with Col. Mackerell and several Europeans, had hastily shut the gate by which the garrison had for the most part evacuated the place, securing the chain with a bayonet: the repulse, outside, however, encouraged the enemy to return in great numbers, and, it being impossible to remain near the gate on account of the hot fire poured in through the crevices, our few heroes speedily had the mortification to see their foes not only re-entering the wicket, but, having drawn the bayonet, rush in with loud shouts through the now re-opened gate. Poor Mackerell, having fallen, was literally hacked to pieces, although still alive at the termination of the contest. Lieut. Bird, with two Sepoys, retreated into a stable, the door of which they closed; all the rest of the men endeavouring to escape through the wicket, were met and slaughtered. Bird's place of concealment at first, in the confusion, escaped the observation of the temporarily triumphant Affghans; at last it was discovered, and an attack commenced at the door. This, being barricaded with logs of wood, and whatever else the tenants of the stable could find, resisted their efforts, while Bird and his now solitary companion, a Sepoy of the 37th N. I. (the other having been struck down), maintained as hot a fire as they could, each shot taking deadly effect from the proximity of the party engaged. The fall of their companions deterred the mass of the assailants from a simultaneous rush, which must have succeeded; and thus that truly chivalrous, high-minded, and amiable young gentleman, whose subsequent fate must be ranked among the mysterious dispensations of Providence which we cannot for the present fathom, stood at bay with his equally brave comrade for upwards of a quarter of an hour, when, having only five cartridges left, in spite of having rifled the pouch of the dead man, they were rescued as related above. Our troops literally found the pair "grim and lonely there," upwards of thirty of the enemy having fallen by their unassisted prowess. Our loss on this occasion was not less than 200 killed and wounded.

Sir William Macnaghten's history in Affghanistan is one of the most woful that can be contemplated. And its distressful features are heightened by his having agreed to the terms of a certain treaty, which not only was suggested and proposed to him as a trap to test his sincerity, but considerably compromised his character by having tempted him to act the part of a suborner of forgery. We cite the account of his murder:

In leaving the cantonments, Sir William expressed his disappointment at the paucity of men on the ramparts, and the apparent inertness of the garrison at such a critical moment, saying, "However, it is all of a piece with the

military arrangements throughout the siege." On his leaving the gate only sixteen troopers of the body-guard were in attendance, but the remainder shortly afterwards joined under Lieut. Le Geyt.

Sir William now for the first time explained to the officers who accompanied him the objects of the present conference, and Captain Lawrence was warned to be in readiness to gallop to the Bala Hissar, to prepare the King for the approach of a regiment.

Apprehensions being expressed of the danger to which the scheme might expose him, in case of treachery on the part of Mahomed Akber, he replied, "Dangerous it is; but if it succeeds, it is worth all risks: the rebels have not fulfilled even one article of the treaty, and I have no confidence in them; and if by it we can only save our honour, all will be well. At any rate, I would rather suffer a hundred deaths, than live the last six weeks over again."

Meanwhile crowds of armed Affghans were observed hovering near the cantonment and about Mahomed Khan's fort, causing misgivings in the minds of all but the Envoy himself, whose confidence remained unshaken. On arriving near the bridge, they were met by Mahomet Akber Khan, Mahomed Shah Khan, Dost Mahomed Khan, Khooda Bux Khan, Azad Khan, and other chiefs, amongst whom was the brother of Amenoollah Khan, whose presence might have been sufficient to convince Sir William that he had been duped.

The usual civilities having passed, the Envoy presented Akber Khan with a valuable Arab horse, which had only that morning been purchased for 3,000 rupees. The whole party then sat down near some rising ground, which partially concealed them from cantonments.

Captain Lawrence having called attention to the number of inferior followers around them, with a view to their being ordered to a distance, Mahomed Akber exclaimed, "No, they are all in the secret;" which words had scarcely been uttered when Sir William and his three companions found themselves suddenly grasped firmly by the hands from behind, whilst their swords and pistols were rudely snatched away by the chiefs and their followers. The three officers were immediately pulled forcibly along, and compelled to mount on horseback, each behind a Giljye chief, escorted by a number of armed retainers, who with difficulty repelled the efforts of a crowd of fanatic Ghazees, who, on seeing the affray, had rushed to the spot, calling aloud for the blood of the hated infidels, aiming at them desperate blows with their long knives and other weapons, and only deterred from firing by the fear of killing a chief. The unfortunate Envoy was last seen struggling violently with Mahomed Akber, "consternation and horror depicted on his countenance."

On their nearing Mahomed Khan's fort, renewed attempts were made to assassinate the three captive officers by the crowd there assembled. Capt. Trevor, who was seated behind Dost Mahomed Khan, unhappily fell to the ground, and was instantly slain. Capts. Lawrence and Mackenzie reached the fort in safety, but the latter was much bruised in various parts of his body, and both were greatly exhausted from the excitement they had undergone.

At the entrance of the fort, a furious cut was aimed at Capt. Mackenzie's head, by a ruffian named Moollah Momin, which was warded off by Mohamed Shah Khan, that chief receiving the blow on his own shoulder. Being

taken into a small room, they found themselves still in continual jeopardy from repeated assaults of the Ghazees without, who were with the greatest difficulty restrained from shooting them through the window, where the hand of some recent European victim (afterwards ascertained to be that of the Envoy himself) was insultingly held up to their view. Throughout this trying scene they received repeated assurances of protection from the Giljye chiefs; but Amenoollah Khan coming in, gave vent to a torrent of angry abuse, and even threatened to blow them from a gun. It is deserving of notice, that amidst the congratulations which on all sides met the ear of Mahomed Shah Khan on the events of the day, the solitary voice of an aged Moollah was raised in condemnation of the deed, which he solemnly pronounced to be "foul," and calculated to cast a lasting disgrace on the religion of Mahomed. At midnight they were removed to the house of Mahomed Akber Khan. As they passed through the streets of Cabul, notwithstanding the excitement that had prevailed throughout the day, it resembled a city of the dead; nor did they meet a single soul.

By Akber Khan they were received courteously, and were now informed for the first time by Captain Skinner of the murder of the Envoy and Captain Trevor. That Sir William Macnaghten met his death at the hands of Mahomed Akber himself there can be no reasonable doubt. That chief had pledged himself to his coadjutors to seize the Envoy that day, and bring him into the city, when the chiefs hoped to have been able to dictate their own terms, retaining him as a hostage for their fulfilment. Finding it impossible, from the strenuous resistance Sir William offered, to carry him off alive, and yet determined not to disappoint the public expectation altogether,—influenced also by his tiger passions, and the remembrance of his father's wrongs,—Mahomed Akber drew a pistol, the Envoy's own gift a few hours before, and shot him through the body, which was immediately hacked to pieces by the ferocious Ghazees, by whom the dismembered trunk was afterwards carried to the city, and publicly exposed in the Char Chouak, or principal mart. The head was taken to the house of Nuwab Zuman Khan, where it was triumphantly exhibited to Capt. Conolly.

Such was the cruel fate of Sir William Macnaghten, the accomplished scholar, the distinguished politician, and the representative of Great Britain at the court of Shah Shooja Ool-Moolk.'

And this is the way in which the Envoy's murder was revenged:

The body-guard had only got a few hundred yards from the gate in their progress to the scene of conference, when they suddenly faced about and came galloping back, several shots being fired at them in their retreat. Lieut. Le Geyt, in passing through the gate, exclaimed that the Envoy had been carried off, and it was believed that, finding his men would not advance to the rescue, he came back for assistance. But the intelligence he brought, instead of rousing our leaders to instant action, seemed to paralyse their faculties; and, although it was evident that our Envoy had been basely entrapped, if not actually murdered, before our very gate, and though even now crowds of Affghans, horse and foot, were seen passing and repassing to and fro in hostile array, between Mahomed's fort and the place of meeting, not a gun was opened upon them; not a soldier was stirred from his post; no sortie

was apparently even thought of; treachery was allowed to triumph in open day; the murder of a British Envoy was perpetrated in the face and within musket-shot of a British army; and not only was no effort made to avenge the dastardly deed, but the body was left lying on the plain to be mangled and insulted, and finally carried off to be paraded in a public market by a ruffianly mob of fanatical barbarians.

The disasters of the retreat are of the most harrowing description. Take this account of the 7th and 8th:

The force came to a halt on some high ground near the entrance of the Khoord-Cabul pass, having in two days accomplished a distance of only ten miles from Cabul. Here, again, the confusion soon became indescribable. Suffice it to say that an immense multitude of from 14,000 to 16,000 men, with several hundred cavalry horses and baggage cattle, were closely jammed together in one monstrous, unmanageable, jumbling mass. Night again closed over us, with its attendant train of horrors—starvation, cold, exhaustion, death; and of all deaths, I can imagine none more agonising than that, where a nipping frost tortures every sensitive limb, until the tenacious spirit itself sinks under the exquisite extreme of human suffering.

Once more the living mass of men and animals was in motion. At the entrance of the pass an attempt was made to separate the troops from the non-combatants, which was but partially successful, and created considerable delay. The rapid effects of two nights' exposure to the frost in disorganising the force can hardly be conceived. It had so nipped the hands and feet of even the strongest men, as to completely prostrate their powers and incapacitate them for service; even the cavalry, who suffered less than the rest, were obliged to be lifted on their horses. In fact, only a few hundred serviceable fighting men remained.

The idea of threading the stupendous pass before us, in the face of an armed tribe of blood-thirsty barbarians, with such a dense irregular multitude, was frightful, and the spectacle then presented by that waving sea of animated beings, the majority of whom a few fleeting hours would transform into a line of lifeless carcasses to guide the future traveller on his way, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. We had so often been deceived by Affghan professions, that little or no confidence was placed in the present truce; and we commenced our passage through the dreaded pass in no very sanguine temper of mind. This truly formidable defile is about five miles from end to end, and is shut in on either hand by a line of lofty hills, between whose precipitous sides the sun at this season could dart but a momentary ray. Down the centre dashed a mountain torrent, whose impetuous course the frost in vain attempted to arrest, though it succeeded in lining the edges with thick layers of ice, over which the snow lay consolidated in slippery masses, affording no very easy footing for our jaded animals. This stream we had to cross and re-cross about eight-and-twenty times. As we proceeded onwards, the defile gradually narrowed and the Giljyes were observed hastening to crown the heights in considerable force. A hot fire was opened on the advance, with whom were several ladies, who, seeing their only chance was to keep themselves in rapid motion, galloped forward

at the head of all, running the gauntlet of the enemy's bullets, which whizzed in hundreds about their ears, until they were fairly out of the pass. Providentially the whole escaped, with the exception of Lady Sale, who received a slight wound in the arm. It ought, however, to be mentioned, that several of Mahomed Akber's chief adherents, who had preceded the advance, exerted themselves strenuously to keep down the fire; but nothing could restrain the Giljyes, who seemed fully determined that nobody should interfere to disappoint them of their prey. Onward moved the crowd into the thickest of the fire, and fearful was the slaughter that ensued. An universal panic speedily prevailed, and thousands, seeking refuge in flight, hurried forward to the front, abandoning baggage, arms, ammunition, women, and children, regardless for the moment of everything but their own lives.

The rear-guard, consisting of H.M.'s 44th and 45th N.I. suffered severely; and at last, finding that delay was only destruction, they followed the general example, and made the best of their way to the front. Another horse-artillery gun was abandoned, and the whole of its artillerymen slain. Capt. Anderson's eldest girl, and Capt. Boyd's youngest boy, fell into the hands of the Affghans. It is supposed that 3,000 souls perished in the pass, amongst whom were Capt. Paton, Assist.-Qu.-Mast.-Gen.; and Lieut. St. George, 37th N.I.; Majors Griffith, 37th N.I., and Scott, H.M.'s 44th; Capts. Bott, 5th cavalry, and Troup, Brigadier-Major Shah's force. Dr. Cardew and Lieut. Sturt, engineers, were wounded, the latter mortally. This fine young officer had nearly cleared the defile when he received his wound, and would have been left on the ground to be hacked to pieces by the Ghazees, who followed in the rear to complete the work of slaughter, but for the generous intrepidity of Lieut. Mien, of H.M.'s 13th light infantry, who, on learning what had befallen him, went back to his succour, and stood by him for several minutes, at the imminent risk of his own life, vainly entreating aid from the passers-by. He was at length joined by Sergt. Deane of the Sappers, with whose assistance he dragged his friend on a quilt through the remainder of the pass, when he succeeded in mounting him on a miserable pony, and conducted him in safety to camp, where the unfortunate officer lingered till the following morning, and was the only man of the whole force who received Christian burial. Lieut. Mien was himself at this very time suffering from a dangerous wound in the head received in the previous October, and his heroic disregard of self, and fidelity to his friend in the hour of danger, are well deserving of a record in the annals of British valour and virtue.

On the force reaching Koord-Cabul, snow began to fall, and continued till morning. Only four small tents were saved, of which one belonged to the General: two were devoted to the ladies and children, and one was given up to the sick; but an immense number of poor wounded wretches wandered about the camp destitute of shelter, and perished during the night. Groans of misery and distress assailed the ear from all quarters. We had ascended to a still colder climate than we had left behind, and were without tents, fuel, or food; the snow was the only bed for all, and of many, ere morning, it proved the *winding-sheet*. It is only marvellous that any should have survived that fearful night!

January 9th.—Another morning dawned, awakening thousands to increased misery; and many a wretched survivor cast looks of envy at his comrades,

who lay stretched beside him in the quiet sleep of death. Daylight was the signal for a renewal of that confusion which attended every movement of the force.

And now for the period of extermination:

The General became impatient to rejoin his force, and repeatedly urged the Sirdar to furnish him with the necessary escort; informing him at the same time, that it was contrary to British notions of military honour that a general should be separated from his troops in the hour of danger, and that he would infinitely prefer death to such a disgrace. The Sirdar put him off with promises, and at seven p.m., firing being heard in the direction of the Pass, it was ascertained that the troops, impatient of further delay, had actually moved off. * * The whole sallied forth, determined to pursue the route to Jellalabad at all risks.

The sick and wounded were necessarily abandoned to their fate. Descending into the valley of Jugdulluk, they pursued their way along the bed of the stream for about a mile and a half, encountering a desultory fire from the Giljyes encamped in the vicinity; who were evidently not quite prepared to see them at such an hour, but were soon fully on the alert, some following up the rear, others pressing forward to occupy the Pass. This formidable defile is about two miles long, exceedingly narrow, and closed in by lofty precipitous heights. The road has a considerable slope upwards; and, on nearing the summit, further progress was found to be obstructed by two strong barriers formed of branches of the prickly holly-oak, stretching completely across the defile. Immense delay and confusion took place in the general struggle to force a passage through these unexpected obstacles; which gave ample time for the Giljyes to collect in force.

A terrible fire was now poured in from all quarters, and a massacre even worse than that of Tunga Tareekee commenced; the Affghans rushing in furiously upon the pent-up crowd of troops and followers, and committing wholesale slaughter. A miserably small remnant managed to clear the barriers. Twelve officers, among whom was Brigadier Anquetil, were killed. Upwards of forty others succeeded in pushing through; about twelve of whom, being pretty well mounted, rode on ahead of the rest with the few remaining cavalry, intending to make the best of their way to Jellalabad. Small straggling-parties of the Europeans marched on under different officers: the country became more open; and they suffered little molestation for several miles, most of the Giljyes being too busily engaged in the plundering of the dead to pursue the living. But much delay was occasioned by the anxiety of the men to bring on their wounded comrades; and the rear was much harassed by sudden onsets from parties stationed on the heights, under which the road occasionally wound. On reaching the Sourkab river, they found the enemy in possession of the bridge; and a hot fire was encountered in crossing the ford below it, by which Lieutenant Cadet, of her Majesty's Forty-fourth, was killed, together with several privates.

January 13th.—The morning dawned as they approached Gundamuk; revealing to the enemy, who had by this time increased considerably in their front and rear, the insignificance of their numerical strength. To avoid the

vigorous assaults that were now made by their confident foe, they were compelled to leave the road, and take up a defensive position on a height to the left of it; where they made a resolute stand, determined to sell their lives at the dearest possible price. At this time they could only muster about twenty muskets. * * *

Several Affghans now ascended the height, and assumed a friendly tone towards the little party there stationed; but the calm was of short duration, for the soldiers, getting provoked at several attempts being made to snatch away their arms, resumed a hostile attitude, and drove the intruders fiercely down. The die was now cast, and their fate sealed; for the enemy, taking up their post on an opposite hill, marked off man after man, officer after officer, with unerring aim. Parties of Affghans rushed up at intervals to complete the work of extermination, but were as often driven back by the still dauntless handful of invincibles. At length, nearly all being wounded more or less, a final onset of the enemy, sword in hand, terminated the unequal struggle, and completed the dismal tragedy. Major Griffiths and Mr. Blewitt had been previously led off to a neighbouring fort, and were thus saved. Of those whom they left behind, Captain Souter alone, with three or four privates, was spared, and carried off captive, having received a severe wound in the shoulder: he had tied round his waist before leaving Jugdulluk the colours of his regiment, which were thus miraculously preserved.

It only remains to relate the fate of those few officers and men who rode on ahead of the rest after passing the barriers. Six of the twelve officers — Captains Bellew, Collier, Hopkins, Lieutenant Bird, Drs. Harpur and Brydon—reached Futtehabad in safety; the other six having dropped gradually off by the way, and been destroyed. Deceived by the friendly professions of some peasants near the above-named town, who brought them bread to eat, they unwisely delayed a few moments to satisfy the cravings of hunger; the inhabitants meanwhile armed themselves, and, suddenly sallying forth, cut down Captain Bellew and Lieutenant Bird; Captains Collier and Hopkins, and Drs. Harpur and Brydon, rode off and were pursued; the three former were overtaken and slain within four miles of Jellalabad; Dr. Brydon by a miracle escaped, and was the only officer of the whole Cabul force who reached that garrison in safety.

The condition of the ladies, when Mahomed Akber offered protection to the married officers and their families, is described in the following paragraph:

Up to this time scarcely one of the ladies had tasted a meal since leaving Cabul (three days.) Some had infants a few days old at the breast, and were unable to stand without assistance; others were so far advanced in pregnancy, that, under ordinary circumstances, a walk across the drawing-room would have been an exertion: yet these helpless women, with their young families, had already been obliged to rough it on the backs of camels, and on the tops of the baggage yaboos; those who had a horse to ride, or were capable of sitting on one, were considered fortunate indeed. Most had been without shelter since quitting the cantonment; their servants had

nearly all deserted or been killed; and, with the exception of Lady Macnaghten and Mrs. Trevor, they had lost all their baggage, having nothing in the world left but the clothes on their backs; those, in the case of some of the invalids, consisted of night-dresses, in which they had started from Cabul in their litters. Under such circumstances, a few more hours would probably have seen some of them stiffening corses. The offer of Mahomed Akber was consequently their only chance of preservation. The husbands, better clothed and hardy, would have infinitely preferred taking their chance with the troops; but where is the man who would prefer his own safety, when he thought he could by his presence assist and console those near and dear to him?

And this is the account of what the eyes of the prisoners encountered, as they followed, under Akber's protection, a day's march behind their ill-fated countrymen:

About 11, A.M. we started under an escort of about 50 horse, for Tezeen, having been previously cautioned to use our swords and pistols in case of need, as an attack might be expected from the bloodthirsty Ghazees, who thronged the road. The retreating army had marched over the same ground on the previous day, and terrible was the spectacle presented to our eyes along the whole line of road. The snow was absolutely dyed with streaks and patches of blood for whole miles, and at every step we encountered the mangled bodies of British and Hindostanee soldiers and helpless camp-followers, lying side by side, victims of one treacherous undistinguishing fate, the red stream of life still trickling from many a gaping wound inflicted by the merciless Affghan knife. Here and there small groups of miserable, starving, and frost-bitten wretches, among whom were many women and children, were still permitted to cling to life, perhaps only because death would in their case have been a mercy. The bodies of Majors Scott and Ewart, and of Dr. Bryce, were recognized. Numerous parties of truculent Ghazees, the chief perpetrators of these horrors, passed us laden with booty, their naked swords still reeking with the blood of their victims. They uttered deep curses and sanguinary threats at our party, and seemed disappointed that so many of the hated Feringhees should have been suffered to survive. * * * * Between Tezeen and Seh Baba we encountered the same horrifying sights as yesterday; we passed the last abandoned horse-artillery gun, the carriage of which had been set on fire by the Ghazees, and was still burning; the corpse of poor Cardew lay stretched beside it, with several of the artillerymen. A little further on we passed the body of Dr. Duff, the superintending surgeon to the force, whose left hand had suffered previous amputation with a *pen-knife* by Dr. Harcourt! Numbers of worn-out and famished camp-followers were lying under cover of the rocks, within whose crevices they vainly sought a shelter from the cold. By many of these poor wretches we were recognized, and vainly invoked for the food and raiment we were unable to supply. The fate of these unfortunates was a sad subject of reflection to us,—death in its most horrid and protracted form stared them in the face; and the agonies of despair were depicted in every countenance. * * * * Within about five miles of Jugdulluk

we again entered the high road, along which our army had recently passed; and the first sight that presented itself was the body of a fine European soldier:—Again our path was strewed with the mangled victims of war. We reached Jugdulluk late in the evening; and, passing by the ruined inclosure within which the remnant of the force had so hopelessly sought shelter, we beheld a spectacle more terrible than any we had previously witnessed, the whole interior space being one crowded mass of bloody corpses. The carnage here must have been frightful. The body of Captain Skinner was recognized, and an Affghan was persuaded by Captain Lawrence to inter it during the night, Mahomed Akber's consent having been previously procured. * * * * The road took a northerly direction up a gorge in the hills, and thence proceeded for five or six miles up a narrow defile, through which runs a small stream whose upper surface was covered with ice. Throughout these regions of snow the cold was intense, and we passed several springs whose waters, arrested by the frost, hung suspended in long glittering icicles from the rocks, exhibiting a spectacle, whose brilliancy would, under less depressing circumstances, have called forth exclamations of wonder and admiration, which we had not now the heart to utter.

A few things demand a word or two, now that we have cited the last passage for which we can conveniently find room. And first with regard to the conduct and character of Mahomed Akber:—

There appear to be strange contradictions in the character of the Khan, judging according to accepted notions in civilized Europe. Whether he deliberately intended to murder the envoy may perhaps admit of doubt; and he exposed his own life, within a few minutes of the deed, to save the lives of the officers who were with Sir William. But throughout all Akber's transactions, he exhibited a mixture of fierce cruelty and an open generosity that cannot be well accounted for, unless indeed we regard duplicity and treachery as the predominant principle of his character. Certain it is that he shot the envoy with one of the costly pistols which that unhappy functionary had shortly before presented to the murderer. Colonel Dennie has described the Affghans generally as "the most brutalized, sanguinary, and savage wretches on the face of the earth." Nor does Akber appear to have been an exception; although, along with his consummate deceit and cold-blooded cruelty, he has cultivated a show of manners, that proved on occasions perfectly fascinating. But what can be said for a man who unquestionably not only planned the wholesale massacre of the British in their retreat, but who is reported to have actually, in the course of the fearful carnage, called out in Persian to some of his barbarous subjects to desist from, in the same breath that he commanded them in a different dialect to continue, firing on the helpless and exposed remnant of the ill-omened army?

Treachery, in fact, is the very soul of an Affghan, which consummates its most cherished objects by murder and assassinations, fre-

quently of the nearest kindred when an enviable end is to be reached or revenge to be appeased. For example, so diabolical was the hatred which the despicable Shah Sujah entertained towards Sir Alexander Burnes, that, as is now known, he encouraged the outbreak of the rebellion, in the hope that it would lead to his murder, and prevent him from succeding Sir William Macnaghten. And what was the end of the imbecile wretch? Why, he was stabbed by a youth he had befriended, and to whom at his birth he had given his own name.

But with regard to Akber, perhaps the most agreeable part of his conduct in the late deplorable events we have been considering, belongs to his treatment of the imprisoned British, forming such a contrast to that of the army in the course of the most disastrous retreat on record, when Dr. Brydon, the sole representative of seventeen thousand persons, was hunted to Jellalabad.

But passing from the period when Akber was in the ascendant, and defeat and terrible disaster were the lot of the British in Affghanistan, let us hail, although not with unmixed joy, the tidings which have just been received by the overland Indian mail, concerning the return of our at last victorious troops through the hostile defiles of the Khyber. This was fully concluded on the 7th of November. It may be satisfactory to give a summary in our pages of the particulars of the intelligence referred to.

The first division, under General Pollock, succeeded in effecting their march without much difficulty. The second, commanded by General M'Caskill, was not equally fortunate, in consequence, as report states, of the neglect of crowning the heights over a most dangerous part of the defile. The plunder-loving mountaineers were on the watch, and, finding this division embarrassed in its movements near Ali Musjid, during the night of the 3d, made an attack on the baggage, a considerable quantity of which is said to have fallen into their hands. Lieut. Christie, of the artillery, and Ensign Nicholson, of the Thirtieth Bengal Native Infantry, were killed, as well as upwards of one hundred Sepoys killed and wounded, besides a number of camp-followers. Two cannon were also taken by them; but one of the guns was retaken on the following morning, as well as the carriage of the other; the Khyberees having found means of concealing the gun itself. The third division, under General Nott, which formed the last one of the army, arrived at Jumrood, the frontier station of the Sikh territory, on the 6th.

Before the troops left Cabul, the Bazaar, the principal scene of the indignities to Sir William Macnaghten's body, and a mosque, built a year back to commemorate the triumph of the Affghans over the infidels were destroyed.

Akber Khan had lost his influence among his countrymen, and had retired to Balk, as if in disgrace. Shah Poora, a son of Shah

Sujah, sixteen years of age, had been acknowledged as sovereign by the principal chiefs; and the British generals agreed to leave the Bala-Hissar intact, in order to allow him the citadel as a place of refuge in case of danger. Futteh Jung, who had at one time taken possession of the sovereignty, retired with the British to the protection of the Company's territories. Sufter Jung remained in possession of sovereign power at Candahar.

Jellalabad, Ali Musjid, and other forts through the Kyber, had been demolished. Trophies of various kinds had been brought from Cabul: among them more than twenty cannons.

The Governor-General, with his body-guard, had reached Mumehmajra on the 14th of November, in his progress to Ferozepore; where fêtes were to be given on the arrival of the troops from Cabul. It was expected that interviews would take place near Ferozepore between his lordship and the Maharajah, Shere Singh; who, it was supposed, was about to agree to accept the protection of the British Government.

Some apprehensions appear to have been entertained of a collision between the Sikhs and the British troops near Peshawur.

An order had been published by Lord Ellenborough, declaring that all the Affghan chiefs detained in India should be liberated; but requiring, that previously to their obtaining permission to return to their own country, they should attend his levy at Ferozepore. It was supposed that at the levee some terms would be offered to Dost Mahomed which would induce him to acknowledge the supremacy of Shah Sujah's sons: it seems to be hinted that the Dost was to be offered a restoration of his subordinate rank as Ameer. The same order also contains the remarkable statement that Akber Khan, before the late advance of the British armies, had refused to exchange the British prisoners in his custody, even for his father and his own family.

The Governor-General had made public his intention "to station permanently a large British force of Europeans and natives between the Sutledge and Murkunda;" to facilitate the navigation of the Indus and its tributary rivers; and to improve the state of the roads between the Sutledge and the Ganges and Jumna. He had also abolished the Political Agencies in Scinde; placing the whole of the districts under the care of Sir Charles Napier, now commanding the Bombay army stationed there.

And now that our troops have returned triumphant to India, that composure and time can be commanded for a searching inquiry into the errors and follies that characterised our military operations in Affghanistan, we trust that no consideration will divert the Government at home, or the principal authorities in our Eastern empire, from instituting such a scrutiny, and pronouncing suitable censures on the blameworthy. Undoubtedly the British public have something to ask concerning the Cabul tragedy, as well as the Government

of India. They have borne the discredit, and must bear the loss. This inquiry, it appears to us, must go into the entire question,—into the origin, the progress, the conduct, and the issues of the war. To confine the investigation to the outbreak, the rebellion, and the disastrous retreat alone, will be but a narrow and very inadequate field; for in that case the persons more immediately concerned, and against whom the most serious charges at present are entertained, are now numbered with the dead. Macnaghten was murdered; but were his alleged proper demands refused? were undue influences employed to persuade him to withdraw his requisitions? General Elphinstone is no more; but was the reported wish of the worn-out commander to resign unheeded, or unnecessarily was the acceptance of it delayed? Neither of these unfortunate men can defend themselves, and it will be natural for the living to direct all blame to their graves. But will this quiet the British mind? will it satisfy the demands of justice? Assuredly not; and indeed the questions referred to are understood to be occupying at this moment the attention of the Indian Government, and to be under investigation. We wait to learn what is the range of inquiry, what the *animus* of the persons conducting it, and what may be the degree of fairness manifested in visiting the incompetent, the inactive, and the cowardly, with the censure and punishment due to their misdeeds, whether of omission or commission.

To relieve in some measure the tragical drama that we have been considering, of its accumulated horrors, we conclude with the notice of two circumstances, which although comparatively but slight, address themselves to one's softer sympathies, and show that even in Affghanistan the milk of human kindness has not been thoroughly dried up, nor wholly poisoned. Two little children were lost in the course of the confusion during the rebellion and preserved untouched and safe amid all the cruelties and deaths that environed them. One, a boy, was hastily conveyed to Akber, most probably the intention being that they should reach the British officers whom the Khan detained. Nor, if such was the design did it fail of its object; for the helpless little creature was among the first things that met the eyes of his parents on their arrival at the chieftain's quarters. The other, a girl, was carried all the way to Cabul, and adopted into a family, but restored to her parents when Akber brought his prisoners to the vicinity of the capital.

No doubt ere long we shall receive sundry accounts of the incidents which befel the prisoners, both generally and individually. The female portion of them, we may expect, will contribute their due share of literary service for the gratification of the intense public interest experienced respecting the subject. Perhaps Lady Sale's narrative will figure among the number.

ART. II.—*The Life of Isaac Milner, D.D., F.R.S., &c., Dean of Carlisle.* By his Niece, MARY MILNER. Parker.

ISAAC MILNER was a younger brother of the Church historian. In fact, he continued the "History of the Church of Christ" commenced by Joseph Milner. The exact condition of their father is not clearly described; and perhaps might not be very flattering to the pride of the successors of the family. At any rate he appears to have been in business at Leeds, and to have been in some way unfortunate; although he was able to afford his sons a good education while he lived. At his decease, however, and when Isaac was only ten years of age, the mother felt obliged to take him from school and to apprentice him to a weaver. But before this he had made considerable progress in Latin, and had tasted of the rudiments of Greek; having also given some early indications of a genius for mathematics. Tastes which had thus exhibited themselves, or been begotten, continued to be cherished during his apprenticeship; and when his brother Joseph, who had been sent to college through the good offices of some friends, and who had obtained the mastership of a school at Hull, proposed to take the weaver from the loom, and to constitute him his usher, the youth was found competent, as we learn from this passage:—

"Joseph Milner requested the Reverend Myles Atkinson, the minister of St. Paul's Church, in that town, to examine into the qualifications of Isaac, to become his usher in the Grammar-school at Hull. Upon proceeding to the work-room in which Isaac Milner then laboured, Mr. Atkinson found him seated at his loom, with *Tacitus* and some Greek author lying by his side. Upon further examination, it appeared that, notwithstanding his long absence from school, and the interruption of his literary pursuits, his knowledge and his love of classical learning remained unimpaired. After a private interview with Mr. Atkinson, during which the terms of the apprentice's emancipation were agreed upon, the master of the establishment entered the work-room, and addressing young Milner, said to him, 'Isaac, lad, thou art off.' The delight exhibited by the youth, on hearing these words, was declared by Mr. Atkinson to be quite indescribable."

Isaac's labours as an usher were, of course, of lasting use to him, both as regarded industrious habits and minuteness of accuracy in grammatical construction. His mathematical capacity seems to have been inbred, and to have always hailed any opportunity that occurred in the school for arithmetical solution. In 1770, and when twenty years of age, he entered Queen's College, Cambridge, as a sizar, having been sent by his brother. It is reported of him that when performing one of the offices at that time allotted to this humble

functionary, he upset a tureen of soup intended for the Fellows, and that having received a lecture for the mishap, he exclaimed in true Yorkshire style, "When I get into power, I will abolish this nuisance." He is said to have been as good as his word; for that on becoming president of his college, the degrading services of the sizars were abolished by his authority.

A person of Milner's natural sound sense, for which he is said to have been remarkable, of his regular and industrious habits as a student, and with his moral character, which was unspotted, while his manners were amiable and attractive, was not likely to remain long in a humble station in any sphere of life, when once he had fairly taken a place in it and not only felt, but fainly desired, that it might afford him a permanent position. Accordingly his progress in university honours were rapid, and his emoluments nearly of equal growth. He not merely obtained a fellowship and a living, but the professorship of mathematics, the presidentship of his college, and the deanery of Carlisle. In the course and in consequence of all these distinguished positions he became widely known and highly respected, and this by very influential persons and parties. But the rank he obtained cannot be appreciated until we hear a little more of his principles, his activity, and his efforts.

Dean Milner came to be acknowledged as a distinguished leader of the evangelical party in the Church of England, which, although not great in respect of numbers or of ability, had at that period vast influence as a religio-politico section. In short, he was at the head as a churchman of that party which Wilberforce represented in Parliament,—and was as a layman; although the senator did not on all questions go the length of the mass of the evangelicals, who, like Dean Milner, were out-and-out Tories in out-and-out Tory times. Wilberforce was a great friend and admirer of Milner, assigning to the churchman the credit, as an instrument, of his conversion. On such subjects as the slave trade and the establishment of the Bible and Missionary Societies they thoroughly agreed, while the *rational*, or very *high* church party looked with jealousy on the Calvinism and the tendencies of these subjects and institutions. But the president of Queen's College was by no means so warm an advocate of Catholic emancipation as Wilberforce, and entertained very different notions with regard to peace with revolutionary France from those of his lay friend. Indeed, although the President is said to have conducted himself with ability on the trial of Dr. Frend for publishing a pamphlet entitled "Peace and Union Recommended," yet an extract from a speech made in defence of his judicial conduct may be quoted, which indicates an improper warmth and onesidedness for a person in his capacity for the moment, and an appeal to existing passions more fitting for an advocate than a judge. The following is the passage alluded to:—

Did the pamphlet make its appearance at a time when every well-wisher of his country entertained the most serious apprehensions for its safety and tranquillity? Does the oldest of us ever remember so general—I had almost said so universal—a concurrence and union of sentiment, in the best characters of all parties, uniting to oppose the influence of seditious meetings and seditious publications? At such a critical time as this, did the author of this pamphlet inculcate the necessity of peace and good order? Or did he exhort the lower ranks of the people to be patient and submissive in bearing the additional burthens which might be necessary, in order to enable us to repel, by force, the unjust attacks of an outrageous and insolent enemy? Or again, when the National Convention of France had filled up the measure of their crimes by murdering their king and destroying all lawful government, when their deliberations breathed nothing but atheism and anarchy, and when they were threatening every country in Europe with the introduction of similar principles, did the author of this pamphlet inculcate a respect for the king and parliament of this country, and for the reformed religion, and the functions of the clergy as established by law? I ask not whether he entered into nice disquisitions concerning improvements, or reformation in smaller matters, but I ask, in one word, whether the plain object of the author, at least in some parts of his pamphlet, were not to teach "the degraded laity," as he calls them, "that, like brute beasts, they were sitting tamely under an usurped authority?" Is there any satisfactory answer to be given to these questions?

No unexcited person can say that these were fair questions, or reasonably worded at the period of a party and even national panic in regard to peace with France, although Dr. Frend will not now appear to have been defensible in his course, or to have maintained his cause with manly discretion.

With regard to the evangelical party which at the commencement of the present century had its stronghold at Cambridge, it is only necessary for us now to remark that its celebrity has very much become a matter merely of history; that its influence in the Church of England has been recently much encroached upon, by the theologians and controversialists of the Oxford school; and that consequently Dean Milner's fame has, in a measure, passed away with the memory of the generations and the topics that could have but a temporary hold of a nation's mind; just as will ever be the case with a man who has been extravagantly praised in his time, and who has never originated anything new in science, or lastingly impulsive in the progress of society.

The truth is, that he was a most laborious student,—highly exemplary as regarded forms, for he refused to sign a petition against subscription to the articles,—and distinguished as a man of general learning and knowledge, being master even of more than one science. In a word he was a light in college life; and thought and acted as if almost everything was to be regulated by the standard which obtained in a university. His religious views were narrow, as the his-

tory which he continued and his editions of his brother's works sufficiently demonstrate. In fact, the "History of the Church of Christ" confines itself to those persons whose minds and opinions coincided with the doctrines and creed of the Milners and the other evangelicals of Cambridge; and consequently, it has been as much overpraised by one party as it has been unjustly depreciated by other sections of the religious world.

The work before us, however, is neither so remarkable in regard to its subject at the present day, nor as respects the biographer's execution, as to merit a particular review. To be sure, Miss Milner has displayed a creditable desire to be impartial, and to withhold nothing. Still, as a member of the family, and a person indebted to the benefactions of the dean, having been adopted by him in her infancy and constantly with him afterwards, the reader has to make some allowances that help to bring the subject of this bulky volume down to a lower level than the lady has been able to perceive is his appropriate station. And having alluded to the size of the book, we must say that it is needlessly swelled out by extracts from his correspondence and manuscripts, which have no particular claim to notice, either as containing opinions or facts. The principal interest of the volume belongs to the first half of the life, while this occupies only about a fourth of its pages: affording a test both of the biographer's judgment and of the university-man's real dimensions as a divine, a scholar, or a person who stamps society with his influence. We now present a few extracts from the work of a miscellaneous nature. And first take certain reminiscences of Mr. Macaulay:—

In 1814, Dr. Milner again insisted on my passing the Easter holidays with him; and he was, if possible, kinder than before. It was a time not to be forgotten by the youngest who were able to comprehend the signs of public joy. The news of the fall of Paris, and of the abdication of Napoleon, arrived, I think, on the very day on which I went on my second visit to the Lodge of Queen's College. Cambridge was illuminated; and my kind old friend was divided between his wish that I should see the show and his fear that I might come to some harm in the crowd. He sent me out with all sorts of precautions, and told me afterwards that he could not compose himself to sleep till he knew that I was safe at home. In general, this visit resembled the last, except that, as was natural at such a season, he talked more of history and politics than of natural science. One story which he told at breakfast, over his great bowl of milk, I well remember. "The first time," he said, "that I ever heard about war or the French was when I was a little child in London. I was taken out of bed late at night, and carried to the window. All the street was alive, though it was midnight. The watchman was calling, 'Past twelve o'clock; Quebec taken.' The news came late: and the Lord Mayor had given orders that the watchman should cry it, with the hour, all through the city."

He talked of the bearing of the recent events upon religion, of the restoration of the Pope, of the suppression of the order of Jesuits, and of the pro-

bability of its revival, then he went back to the Reformation, and found me, for my age, an intelligent listener; for I had lately been reading his history of that time, and Robertson's *Charles the Fifth*. I ventured to say some hard things of Luther; which he pronounced to be most unjust, and took down from his bookcase some letters of Melancthon, in order to set me right. He was very severe on Erasmus, though the most distinguished ornament of his own college. He said, "we have no relic of him at Queen's except a huge corkscrew; and I am afraid that there was nothing in his principles to keep him from making very assiduous use of it." This corkscrew is mentioned by Dr. Buchanan, who, in his last visit to Queen's College, inhabited Erasmus's rooms, as being "about a third of a yard long."

Here is some notice of T. P. Thompson many years ago:—

Mr. Thompson, the father, is a tried character, having been a truly religious man for many years.. He is connected with the Methodists. The son has, of course, had a religious education, and either is or will be, I trust, a religious character likewise, in due time; but religion, you know, is not hereditary. However, I believe I do not go too far when I say, that Mr. Thompson junior will certainly favour all the rational attempts of religious people to spread Christianity and to civilize barbarians. In this light, therefore, I venture to recommend Mr. Thompson to your notice, as a person on whom the Moravians might depend for help, and support, and countenance, in all their laudable attempts, whether those attempts be on a small or a larger scale. Even if one, or two, or three of your brethren, should have a mind to go with him to explore those regions, I should think the opportunity a very favourable one.

Mr. Wilberforce is Mr. Thompson's warm friend, and does his utmost to forward his appointment; and I do assure you that I shall feel greatly disappointed if Mr. Thompson, under the guidance and protection of a kind Providence, do not show himself both discreet and enterprising, and also very able in the execution of the plans which he has in view.

An anecdote for trained boxers:—

It should be premised, that it was his settled habit to endeavour to glean from every person who fell in his way some portion of the particular knowledge, whatever it might be, which that person was supposed to possess. Therefore, being in company at Lowther with a nobleman who professed great skill as a boxer, he contrived to turn the conversation upon the art or science of self-defence. Lord A—— H—— strenuously maintained that a scientific pugilist could not by any possibility be struck by an uninstructed antagonist; that his skill would enable him to ward off any blow not dealt to him by a brother of the craft. The Dean disputed this position; the company became interested and the discussion animated; experiment only could decide the point. In order therefore to bring the matter to the test, Dr. Milner rose from his seat, and walking into the middle of the apartment, coolly said, "Now, my Lord, if you will only promise not to strike me, I think that, in spite of any guard you can keep, I can strike you." "Impossible," &c. &c. exclaimed Lord A—— H——. They stood up accordingly; and "within less than thirty seconds," said Dean Milner, with

great triumph, when he afterwards related the circumstance, "I gave him with my open hand such a slap on the face as rang again through the large room." The company, of course, laughed heartily; and Lord A—— H—— said no more on the subject of boxing; but so irresistible was the influence of the Dean's good humour, that it was impossible even for a man in his lordship's circumstances to be angry with him.

Dean Milner appears to have been proud of the powers of his voice:—

On one occasion, while staying at Lowther Castle, Doctor Milner proved, what indeed stood in little need of proof, his extraordinary power of voice. He was walking on the terrace with several other persons, the Bishop of Llandaff, I think, among others, when a labourer being visible at a considerable distance in the fields below, it was determined that they should try who among them could speak loud enough to make him hear. They tried in turn, each addressing the unconscious agriculturist in the most sonorous words which presented themselves. Dean Milner spoke last; and on his exclaiming in his full and round tones, "Turn, charge, and conquer!" the man instantly turned, and gave signs of attention. If the Dean felt any degree of self-complacency on the score of any of his personal advantages, it was with regard to his magnificent voice, and his skill in using it; and he certainly sometimes told this anecdote with evident satisfaction.

The Milners were scientifically musical, but defective in regard to a natural ear for music. What then did they do by way of test?

I have heard the Dean relate with much glee, that his brother and himself, being well aware that a defect of musical ear was imputed to them, and being at the same time very sensible that they certainly never had received any such pleasure from listening to melody or harmony as many of their acquaintance professed to experience, nevertheless flattered themselves that the peculiarity might be explained by the fact that they really had never heard any truly good music. While in this mood of mind, chance threw into their way an advertisement, setting forth that *The Messiah*, the greatest work of the immortal Handel, &c. &c. was about to be performed, in an unusually efficient manner, at Beverly, a town about nine miles from Hull. To Beverly, therefore, they resolved to repair, determined to put the matter to the test.

They arrived, and took their seats in the Minster: the confused clangour of tuning was hushed; the conductor, an important-looking person with a large roll of paper in his hand, gave the authoritative signal, and the overture to *The Messiah* commenced. "It was no place," continued Dr. Milner, "for talking, but we turned round and looked at one another and shook our heads: we were satisfied. This, as we were given to understand, was first-rate music: alas, alas! to us it was all alike. We staid but a little while."

The Dean had religious despondencies:—

My views have of late been exceedingly dark and distressing; in a word Almighty God seems to hide his face.

I intrust the secret hardly to any earthly being. I endeavour to pour out my heart before God; but really I receive so little that I can fairly call answers, in any shape, that my heart fails, and I know not what will become of me. I feel assured, that for a good while my earnest desire has been to serve God according to my station, and to give myself wholly to him; and I hoped I was going on tolerably well: but I find it no easy matter to look death and judgment in the face; and the thing which most dispirits me is, that my own case takes up so much of my attention, that, in a measure, my usefulness is destroyed, or at least lessened. * * * *

I bless God, however, that I never lose sight of the Cross as the great thing to cling to; and though I should die without seeing any personal interest in the Redeemer's merits, I think—I hope—I should be found at his feet. If I am to be saved at all, it is assuredly in this way. This conviction has not yet been shaken in my mind; but it is a blind sort of faith, and nearer allied to despair than to confidence. I see plainly, indeed, that there is no other way; but still I do not see but that I may perish.

I will thank you for a word at your leisure. My door is bolted all the time I am writing this, for I am full of tears.

ART. III.—*A Tradesman's Travels in the United States and Canada, in the Years* 1840, 1841, and 1842. By WILLIAM THOMSON, Stonehaven. Oliver and Boyd.

A TRADESMAN north of the Tweed is synonymous with a working-man. Accordingly, William Thomson, although an operative wool-spinner of Stonehaven, speaks but in the current fashion when he appropriates to himself, the more respectable designation in the English vocabulary.

William, while residing in Stonehaven, a small town on the east coast of Scotland, being threatened with a pulmonary disease, was advised to go to a warmer climate; and having two brothers in South Carolina, he fixed upon that quarter for his temporary sojourn.

He left Stonehaven in a very weak state in August, 1840, but was much improved in health by the time he reached Charleston. The residence of his brothers was only sixty miles distant from that town; and by the month of February he felt himself quite well. Still, it was deemed proper to remain another year, in order to confirm his recovery. It was during this latter period that he pursued his travels, which extended to the principal parts of the Union; beginning, as he started early in the season, viz., towards the end of February, 1841, with the states of North and South Carolina and Georgia, afterwards proceeding northwards as the summer advanced.

Partly as a matter of choice and partly for economy's sake, he travelled as a working man,—"stopping a few weeks here and there, in the different states, working at any thing I could get to do, in order that I might have the better opportunities of ascertaining the real

state of the people." He was in New York on "the great 4th of July," when the only drawback to his pleasure was, "that I could not find an *Old Country Tory*, to see how he would look amongst the liberty poles," &c., which distinguished the rejoicings of the democrats. By the Falls he entered Canada, where he pursued his method of working and observing, no less systematically than while in the states. The weather getting rather cold, in October he left Canada for the Western States, making Columbus in Ohio, and Cincinnati, the places where the principal part of his stay in this section of the Union was made. His course took other large and rapid sweeps, ere returning to his brothers. He sailed for Liverpool in April, 1842; and arrived in Stonehaven in May, and in good health.

The wool-spinner's tour was one of compass, in as far as travelling and variety of country and locality were concerned. But what is better, he proves himself in the small volume, which is creditable to the Stonehaven press as a specimen of typography, to be a man of sound sense, right feeling, and observation. And he is modest withal; the book being at the same time far from mean as a literary production.

The wool-spinner distinctly tells us that having travelled, he did not see why he should not, after the manner of greater folks, write a work; and this he has been the more inclined to do, because the numerous works that have been written by travellers about America, "do not descend far enough into the scale of society, do not enter close enough into the *minutiæ* of every-day life, to convey anything like a correct idea of the condition of those who have to toil daily for their subsistence." On the other hand, William Thomson was a tramper, who mixed with the mass of the people; sometimes in his professional capacity, and sometimes as a farm-labourer, just as jobs cast up in his way. Accordingly, he lived amongst mechanics and the cultivators of the soil; observed what they eat, drank, and wore; noted how they spoke and felt in their familiar intercourse with each other; and, in short, devoted his attention principally to matters that fall not under the notice of the usual class of tourists, and points which are little suited to the taste of the romantic, the purpose of the satirical, or the lofty speculations of the political. Our traveller having been bred to the wool-manufacturing business, and having seized every opportunity that presented itself of observing particularly how that branch is conducted in America, will be consulted with profit and interest by all who, like himself, have been brought up to it, but which now "affords so precarious a living in this over-peopled country."

After a perusal of the modest, sensible, and really very readable "Tradesman's Travels," two things have occurred to us as the facts and doctrines to be deduced from the book, supposing the account to be sufficiently correct, full, and impartial. We shall merely mention

what we refer to, and then cite a few passages in support of our inferences. William Thomson teaches that instead of the American people being rude and rough in their manners, they are polite and courteous in their bearing, not only when the person addressed is of an equal grade in society, but towards inferiors. Employers, for example, towards the employed, conduct themselves in a style that testifies a becoming consideration for the operatives as well as a proper self-respect. The manliness of the American character was observed by Mr. Thomson in this particular very soon after his arrival in the states, and generally throughout his tour. So much for what may be called the externals of American society in its ordinary and every-day displays. But, secondly, when our author's accounts and pictures of the extremes to which the mass of the American people carry the deeper feelings and principles of our nature come to be examined, the impressions left will contain much that is disgusting, shocking, and fearfully foreboding; rendering the United States far from tempting as a land to be contemplated by the British intending emigrant for final and family settlement. Nay, the representation given by the wool-spinner must convey to the native of the British isles a distasteful sentiment, if the attention be merely directed to the mutability and locomotive propensities of the American people. We quote a passage concerning farming in the United States, which among other statements that have not a prepossessing colour, contains one to the effect more particularly alluded to by us.

I made particular inquiries at some intelligent farmers and men of business, what money was worth invested in land; and all accounts agree that it will not return more than from three to four and a half per cent.;—the continued rise in the value of land may increase the return to about five and a half per cent. This does not agree very well with Mr. Ferguson's calculations of profit from the farms on the banks of the Hudson. My object, however, is to make my statements agree with truth; and I warn the public against putting faith in his calculations and imaginary profits, which have no existence in reality, nor ever had any, except in his own imagination.

A farm in any of the older settled states, where there are good society, opportunities of giving children a good education, and within reach of all the conveniences and comforts that conduce so much to the happiness of a family, will cost more money to buy the land and stock it, than would be required to commence farming as a tenant in Scotland. And, as far as I had an opportunity of judging, it does not appear to me that a certain sum of money laid out in farming here will give a greater return, or a more comfortable living to the farmer. I know I am not well qualified to judge of this matter; but I have called to my remembrance farmers that I knew in Scotland, who had laid out £500 and some who have experded £800 or £1,000 in stocking their farms and in making improvements; and, on comparing their condition with those in the well-settled districts of America, who have laid out similar sums in purchasing land and stock, (farming it

themselves,) it does not appear, on the whole, that the latter are more comfortable or make more money. I could point out as many cases of successful farming—of men who had commenced with very little capital, and who had realized a competency, or made a comfortable living for themselves and families in Kincardineshire, as could be done in any district of the States, similarly situated.

It is difficult to ascertain the condition or prosperity of a class of people from a short residence amongst them. The American farmer who has £500 laid out on his business, does not wear a better hat or coat, a cleaner shirt on Sunday (well-brushed shoes never, unless he do it himself, for it is impossible to get the women to work); neither are his family better educated, nor does the "good wife" wear a prettier shawl, better shoes, or warmer stockings, than the farming class in Kincardineshire. To be sure they eat more butcher-meat, poultry, fruit, and good things; but they are not so fat, nor so strong-limbed; neither do they live so long.

It appeared to me rather strange, that although almost all farm their own lands, they do not remain so long in a place as the farmers in Scotland do, who are tenants. Go into any parish in Scotland, and inquire how long this one has been in the neighbourhood, or how long that one has been in the Mains or the Milltown; it will appear that some have been twelve, twenty, some forty years or more. Father and grandfather are recollected. The Americans are so mutable, so much given to change their business and residence, that I have scarcely met with one who knew who his grandfather was.

The farmer who leaves Scotland with some money and a rising family, to purchase land, to fix himself for the remainder of his days, and settle his children comfortably around him—building castles of independence and domestic happiness—will often find he is leaning upon a broken reed, *as far as he himself is concerned.* If *he* escape the *disease of locomotion*, his family are almost sure to catch it from the example of all around them. And the son that was to be the staff of his old age, is away with some companion to the "far west," where there is nothing but health and plenty, and gold growing upon trees. The daughter that was to smooth the pillow of declining years is married, and away beyond the Rocky Mountains, to some newer and more fertile country.

But with regard to the polite and genteel manners which so forcibly struck our author, we must allow him to be heard. He had some experience of Yankee life as it obtains in hotels, and boarding-houses and observed that people who have been used to this way not only feel quite at home, but bear themselves to one another with the freedom of domestic privacy, "but never outstepping the bounds of propriety or good taste." However, the better sort of boarding-houses would not do for his pocket, and he took on one occasion to such an establishment of the kind as mechanics live at. In this house were tailors, policemen, coopers,—ten or twelve altogether, and single bed-rooms for the most part. But "I have never seen the same propriety of conduct and gentlemanly manners amongst the same class of persons in my own country.".

Our traveller goes on to describe a planter's house in the state of Georgia, who owned a manufacturing establishment, adn who was also a judge. Mr. Thomson was in search of employment, and thus proceeds:—

I went up to the front door, and asked if Judge Sley was at home: a lady answered "No, that he was on his circuit, (he was a district judge,) and that it would be some days before he returned." She showed me into an elegantly-furnished room; I then told the lady, who was the judge's wife, my name, and that I was a wool-carder and spinner, wanting employment. A lady in her circumstances in this country, would very quickly have changed her manners on such a piece of information; but such was not the case here. I was treated with the greatest consideration and unobtrusive politeness, and desired to make myself at home, and remain with them till the judge returned, which he did in a few days. His reception, after a fortnight's absence, is worthy of notice. The old lady caught hold of him first, and kissed him; the daughters, handsome grown-up ladies, put their arms about his neck and hugged him, the younger ones scrambling to get at him; and, what struck me as most remarkable, two of the house-servants, negroes, black as Erebus, made a bold push at the old gentleman, holding out their hands, which he shook heartily, with kind words of inquiry after their health. I was pleased, too, with my reception, and could not help drawing a comparison between his manner to me, and the hauteur and indifference I have experienced when asking for employment from gentlemen in similar circumstances in this country. In speaking, he treated me with perfect equality, called me "Mr. Thompson," said "Yes, Sir," or "No, Sir," just as I would do, in speaking to a gentleman I held in high estimation. I sat at the same table. The young ladies played on the piano, and sung Scotch songs. The old gentleman, too, sung "Scots wha hae" with great spirit. And all this, not to please, and make comfortable, a gentleman who could repay them in kind, but to a stranger seeking employment, not fashionably dressed, but clean and decent. I have travelled and wrought in the principal manufacturing districts of England and Scotland, but never had a tithe of the kindness and consideration shown me that I had here. And this was not a solitary instance: on another occasion, in the state of South Carolina, I applied to Colonel Beausket, who has a cotton and woollen manufactory at Vacluce, about 100 miles from Charleston. On calling on him at his house, near Charleston, I received the same consideration and politeness. It was in the evening when I called, and he was at home, in the midst of his family. Under such circumstances in this country, I would have been told to call again. Here I was immediately shown into the parlour, and seated in the family circle. He told me he could not employ me, but that as I wished to go up the country, I might stop at his place, and see the establishment, which I will take notice of when I come to speak of the manufactories of America. It was something new to me to be treated with such attention by those from whom I was seeking work.

Much must depend on the newness of the country and the thinness of inhabitants for the prevalence of the homely and primitive manners so much admired by our traveller. The fact that a district

judge was a manufacturer, could not occur in Old England in our day. But why should not the same kind and display of politeness between workman and workman in their ordinary intercourse obtain in Scotland and England which Mr. Thomson remarked in the United States? It is a clear proof of barbarism when a person affects to despise refinement of speech and manners, when addressing his fellow labourer, be it in the field or the shop. In America a child will say "Sir," "Please, Sir," "I will thank you," and so forth, when addressing a person. Whereas in Glasgow, Mr. Thomson was saluted by a girl, who said to him, "*Man*, can ye tell me where about," &c.

But then what reporteth the wool-spinner regarding more important forms of speech? "The abominable custom of swearing," he declares, "is universal, (alluding more particularly to the North and West of America)—not indeed in the more polished circles, or before ladies—but on the whole it is more common than in Scotland. The most fashionable oath is 'By Jesus Christ;' and this sacred name is used as an exclamation either of surprise, of joy, or anger. Many are so fond of swearing that they will put in an oath in the most nonsensical way. For instance, if one is determined to take his own way, he will tell you, 'I guess I can do as I *damned* please.' "

Again, the savage practice of the American people, of taking the law into their own hands, to the shooting and stabbing of one another, amazed and horrified our Scotchman not a little. And then the many chances of the killer escaping punishment if he be a white man, conveys a most unfavourable idea, not merely of the moral controul of the people, but of the administration of the law, and of the constitutional liberty of America.

Negro slavery was a subject that attracted the attention of our traveller; but his facts are neither very numerous nor novel relative to it. Still he observed the system and the slaves in certain rather striking conditions. For example, he was present at a quarterly meeting of the Baptist Church at Beaufort, where his brothers resided, when some sixteen or eighteen blacks were baptized. All churches, says our author, admit slaves as members; and on the occasion mentioned the poor creatures are described as conducting themselves with propriety and more graceful manners "than many of the lads and lasses in this country would have done." We wish that the whites had exhibited a similar degree of Christian politeness in the solemn service that took place in a later part of the day, and that all distinction of colour and of skin had been forgotten.

In the afternoon the Sacrament of the supper was administered. There were black deacons, who handed round the bread and wine to the negroes. They all used the same wine and bread. The white people did not use any of the cups that the slaves drank out of, but the cups that the whites had used were then used by some of the slaves. The negroes have generally

fine voices, and they joined in the psalmody of the church. They, of course, do not use any books; for it is contrary to law to teach a negro to read or write; but the pastor gives out the hymn in two lines at a time. They appeared to pay great attention to the service; but I was sorry to observe that the minister never turned his eye to the galleries nor addressed himself to the limited capacities of the slaves. Judging from the discourse, and the manner of the minister, one would not have known there was an ignorant negro in the house, although there were five or six times as many black skins as white.

To show that Mr. Thomson has had no wish to make out a case against the slave-system, or to state anything but what came under his personal observation, and hardly with the attempt at a comment, we cite a passage detailing a variety of particulars relative to the economy and treatment of the negroes.

On plantations, each family has a small house, generally built of wood, in rows, and mostly with some show of taste or regularity. I have inspected plantations where they work from ten to one hundred hands; and shall describe one house, which will serve for a specimen in general: Built of wood, covered with shingles, ten feet wide, twelve or fourteen feet long; a chimney and fireplace at one end, sometimes made of lath and plaster, sometimes built of brick, without any stove or grate, which, indeed, there is no use for; a few boards in one corner, sometimes raised a little from the floor, to lie on; and this, with a blanket, constitutes their bed. They have frequently an old trunk or box for holding their clothes, although many of them have little occasion for such a convenience; a pot, an iron spoon or two; some firewood in the corner; a little black negro lying naked in the floor, as plump and shining as the hair-bottom of a new chair; a seat at the door of the cabin where they sit, sometimes nursing, sometimes sleeping. They have locks on their doors, which are necessary, for they steal like rats. They frequently have a few chickens, or a pig or two, in a little crib before their houses, which they sell, or trade away for tobacco, molasses, &c.

In their persons they are dirty. They have a nasty smell, commonly called *negro funk*, which is quite perceptible, and not very agreeable, "when they pass between the wind and your nobility." They are very careless of their clothes,—careless of their houses, or whether they be clean and comfortable; so much so, that I knew one who shifted his bed from one corner to another, when the rain came in, to save him the trouble of putting a shingle on the roof. But the fact is, when it rains they cannot mend the house, and when it does not rain, it is not necessary to have them watertight. They have stated tasks to perform. Custom has established great uniformity in the amount of work they have to perform; and, as far as I could judge, from the physical condition of the slaves, and the length of time they are generally in the field, they are not overwrought. I have seen them finish their task by mid-day, and some may not have finished their task when it is dark, in which case the deficiency is carried forward, and added to their next day's work; but, in general, they have no difficulty in accomplishing their tasks. Those of them who are employed as house-servants have not one-fourth so much work as a Scotch servant-lass: but they do not sleep

very soft at night—which, indeed, is no luxury in a warm climate, generally laying themselves down with their blanket about them, in the hall or lobby of the house, or about the landings of the stairs. The "cow-skin" is not much used in the field. The driver is always a black man, who has the immediate oversight of the hands in the field. Sometimes he carries a bundle of small wands, perhaps five or six; some have a horsewhip, which they apply to the shoulders of the women, and the bare buttocks of the men, when they make bad work, or misbehave in any way; but this sort of punishment is not very severe. It is when the "cow-skin," a piece of hide twisted into the appearance of a riding-switch, sometimes *painted red*, is applied to their bare back for some heinous offence that they make the woods ring with their cries, which I have heard; but I never saw the punishment inflicted, and I hope never shall.

But truth is all the end I aim at in writing these pages. Truth, then, compels me to say that the planters in general treat their slaves with great humanity.

Our traveller appears to have mixed a good deal amongst the people, both in Canada and the States, at public meetings, field-preachings, lectures, mobs, the raising of log-huts, and so forth. A scene of the last-mentioned sort, witnessed in Canada, is thus described:

Four blocks of wood, about a foot and a half above the ground, marked out the corners of the dwelling that was to be erected before night. On these blocks were laid the first tier of logs, dove-tailed in a very rough way. Four of the most experienced hands took their station, one at each corner, whose duty it was to make the joints and carry up the angles perpendicular. I observed that they took particular care not to let the logs touch each other, except at the corners where they rested. After the walls got so high that they could not lift up the logs, two saplings were cut, and the bark being stripped off to make them smooth, they were placed against the wall in a slanting position. This answered for a *slide*, on which the people below pushed up the logs with crutches, or long poles with forked ends.

At first they went to work moderately and with quietness, but after the whisky had been handed about several times they got very uproarious—swearing, shouting, tumbling down, and sometimes like to fight. I then left off working, thinking I would be as safe out of the way a little; but this would not do, as they would have no idlers there. The handing round of the whisky was offered to me, but I declined the honour, being a teetotaller. So I had now no choice but commence working again, as I wished to see the end of the matter. I was sick of it before this; for most of them were drunk and all of them excited. The manner in which they use their axes was a "caution." Many accidents happen, and lives are frequently lost on these occasions, both from accidents and quarrels.

In all there were about twenty-four men, one half Irish; on the whole about the roughest specimen of humanity I have ever seen. So much was I disgusted at their conduct, that, even if paid for it, I would not live amongst them.

A house of very considerable dimensions was up before night, the doors and windows having to be cut out next day. But the Scotchman declares he would not like the foundation of his house laid with so many oaths to consecrate it as he heard that day.

From a chapter on Religion, we quote a notice of the Mormonites, with which we shall conclude. The passage also glances at the number of sects and the general state of religion in America. The view is gloomy and repulsive.

One of the newest lights is a sect called Mormons, whose leader is Joseph Smith, whom I saw in the city of Rochester, a chuckle-headed looking fellow who asserted he had found a *new Bible*, hid in a rock, written in an unknown character on leaves of gold ; and that, by the gift of the Holy Spirit, he was enabled to read it. It is now published in one volume, about the size of the New Testament. From it they learn that our Saviour was in America, and underwent the same trials and sufferings as he did in the Old World, somewhere up in "the west, where a ship cannot go, neither a galley with oars." They believe that the Saviour will return in about sixty, or, I believe fifty-eight, years from the present time, and assume the temporal government of the world for 1000 years, in which there will be nothing but milenial peace and happiness. He is to make his advent in Illinois, where they are building a city called Navoo; and they are at present raising a temple for his dwelling.

When I was in Cincinnati, I lived a fortnight with a family that believed in this doctrine, as likewise did some of the boarders. They call themselves "Latter-day Saints," and do not disbelieve our Bible and New Testament; but profess to be the only party who understand it aright. They can prophecy, heal the sick by laying on of hands, and raise the dead; and they say churches that cannot perform or exhibit these signs of their authority and power are of the Devil; for it is said, "these are the signs by which they shall be known."

I had several arguments with a gentleman who lived with us a few days, and was an elder in this *only true church*. He was a *staid*, respectable-looking man, and maintained his faith with great moderation. He mentioned several cases that had come under his own observation, of persons who had been recovered from sickness by the laying on of hands, and by the prayers of the saints; and, on the whole, he had probably the best of the argument. However, that was no great triumph.

Unitarianism is making great progress. All the preachers of this denomination that I have heard appear to me to be men of considerable power of mind.

I did not witness any of the large and continued camp-meetings, about which so much has been said and written; but, from what I could learn, I have little doubt but they sometimes exhibit human nature in a way that would astonish the natives of the year 2842, if it should ever reach their ears. It would fill a volume to give an account of all the different sects that have arisen—some calling themselves Saints, and some Sinners,—Quakers and Shaking Quakers. I think they might all be shaking.

Taking a general view of the state of religion in America, it appears to

me that the active and energetic minds of that enterprising people are in hot pursuit after truth. It is true, they appear to be groping in the dark—extending their arms in all directions, like a blind man searching for a lamp-post—catching at, and carried away by some unsubstantial shadow, "finding no rest for the soles of their feet.

What the end of the matter will be cannot be told. But, looking at the whole circumstances of the case, as a man of the world, it seems not improbable that, in process of time, by adding and substracting, pulling down and building up, denying old established faith, and inventing new, they will fritter down the whole Christian faith, until they leave not a vestige of it in the public mind.

ART. IV.—*A Pedestrian Tour in Calabria and Sicily.* By ARTHUR J. STRUTT. Newby.

SICILY, and still more Calabria, offer some of the freshest fields in Europe for the tourist. The latter country, although in the vicinity of Naples, and having both its coasts continually passed by ships, is seldom explored, and consequently is but little known. Several features in the character of the region and of the natives necessarily present in these circumstances singularities and curious points for description. Roads, means of travelling, and accommodation are wanting; modern art has done little to recommend the country to the man of taste, while the inhabitants, whether belonging to the aristocratic rank, or the order of peasants, remain in a condition not far removed from that which characterized other parts of Europe during the dark ages. This circumstance, however, might be supposed to present attractions to the philanthropist, as well as to the artist or the traveller in search of the picturesque and the romantic. But the fact is that Calabria has got such a bad name for being infested with brigands, and is generally understood to expose the tourist to so many dangers, not merely as respects property, but life, that the majority of people, without perhaps assigning the real cause, prefer to direct their steps in more secure and in better beaten tracks.

These prudential reasons and this personal timidity appear to get the mastery even of gentlemen who loudly proclaim their love of adventure, and who seek to relate stories of hair-breadth escapes. Otherwise, how can it be that a country which presents so much that is magnificent in scenery, so charming a climate at a certain season of the year, and so many exciting recollections, should remain next to a *terra incognita* in this age of galloping wonder-seekers?

Society in Calabria at this day is not only old-fashioned and primitive in many of its modes and prejudices, but peculiar in sundry respects. There are, we believe, still vestiges of the Saracen as well as of the Albanian among the people, whether costume, arts, or language be considered. Then the owners of the soil, while retain-

ing much that is feudal in manners and ways of thinking, have been allowed to receive influences from the want of settled government in modern times, have continued to cherish their family feuds, and readily resort to such lawless practices, as render them in some measure unique in the history of the different stages that occur in human society. The peasantry may be said to be still more grotesque; while the banditti, although greatly disorganized as compared with their system and strength at no very remote period, supply topics for many an arousing chapter.

Sicily, as already observed, is not such a strange land to the general reader as that about which we have been speaking. But still it admits of a much more thorough exploration than has in recent times been made in it by any of the swarm of English travellers; for, with the exception of the large towns, the island is not much safer to penetrate than the other territory; brigands being numerous and audacious in parts where one would reasonably suppose no such gentry could be met with in a country pretending to long-established and systematic government. In these circumstances Mr. Strutt's volume would be welcome, although it had fewer attractions and contained less information than actually occur in its pages.

Our author being an artist, started from Rome on a pedestrian tour through the countries mentioned, with the purpose of enriching his portfolio with sketches. He had for a companion an English gentleman, who wooed the poetic muse; several Frenchmen joining them for a considerable part of the route. But their journey was not without characteristic adventure and incident; for they got robbed by brigands, being consequently delayed by the mishap; but, on the other hand, they were brought much better acquainted with the domestic life of the Calabrians, and the form of their judicial proceedings, than they could otherwise possibly have been; for the robbery interested some of the upper classes in their behalf.

Mr. Strutt's work consists of a series of letters to his family, and exhibits the ease and liveliness which might be expected from an affectionate writer, an accomplished artist, and a man of taste; while the novelty of the topics and scenes are advantages which few tourists have enjoyed to an equal amount. Even when his sketches are rapid and brief, he gives you a pretty complete picture, the writer having an accustomed eye for the seizure of the proper points. We now make room for three short specimens, beginning with an illustration of the domestic life of the brigand order.

One incident was related to us, which is not calculated to show their domestic transactions in a very favourable light, in spite of the usual romantic ideas of the eternal fidelity of a brigand's bride. The chief of a band which infested this province had a young wife, very much attached to him, who

followed him in all his perilous wanderings, and presented him with a son and heir worthy, she hoped, of imitating the glorious exploits of his sire. This unfortunate little *bambino*, however, so disturbed the peace of the brigand's tent with its infantine cries, that he threatened more than once to put an end to its wailing; and one night, when returning savage and disappointed from an unsuccessful expedition, he was again provoked by its squalls; rising suddenly in a fury, he put his threat into execution before the eyes of the terrified mother.

From that moment love gave place in her heart to hatred and the desire of vengeance; whilst her husband, enraged at her continually regretting the child, and perhaps suspecting some vindictive intentions on her part, resolved, after some domestic squabbles, upon putting her also to death. One night, having confided his project to his nephew, whom he had left at the head of the camp of brigands, he told him not to give the alarm if he heard the report of a gun, as it would merely be himself giving a quietus to la Giuditta: and with this warning he departed to his own tent, a little distant from the others. Now it so happened that his loving spouse had fixed upon this very evening for the performance of her own long-nursed schemes of revenge; and having deferred her own fate by her more than usually amiable demeanour, and artfully got her victim to sleep, she discharged the contents of a rifle into his body; and cutting off his head, escaped with it to Reggio, where she claimed and obtained a reward from the authorities for his destruction. The nephew heard the report of the rifle in the night; and being forewarned, merely muttered to himself, "'o zio ch' ammazza la Giuditta," and turned quietly round to sleep again.

Next we quote a passage that speaks of the filial principle as cherished and manifested in Calabria.

We staid conversing some time with a young man, who had a fine natural taste for music; and with some young priests, who envied greatly our facility of travelling. "How is it possible," they cried, "that your parents should have allowed you, so young, to leave them and travel so far, to *girar il mondo;* whilst we cannot even get permission from our fathers to go and see Catanzaro?" This is one proof among many others we have had occasion to remark, of the height to which filial duty is carried in this country: a young man, who had certainly arrived at years of discretion, being at least three or four and twenty, complained in our presence that his father would not give him leave to go to the next village; but the idea of going without leave seemed not for an instant to have entered his head. The great respect and deference paid to parents throughout Calabria has been adduced, I think, by Galanti, as one proof of its inhabitants being descended from the ancient Samnites, who carried the filial principle to its highest perfection.

Take as our last sample a sketch from Mount Etna.

It took us an hour of laborious walking to reach the summit of the cone; but we were well repaid on our arrival by the magnificence of the prospect, and the awful grandeur of the vast crater, whose precipitous dark abyss sunk

to an immense depth below us. Its sheer rocky sides are rent in various directions, affording escape to the impatient vapours that burst from every part; and the sun, which illuminated the one side whilst it left the other and the bottom in shadow and darkness, discovered in it a thousand beautiful variations of tint, caused by the exhaling sulphur. When we threw some masses of scoriæ down the crater, the thundering noise produced was frightful, as if old Etna roared at the insult: altogether, the impression produced by this stupendous volcano is one of the most powerful I have ever experienced. To attempt to give an idea of it upon paper was ridiculous; yet we did attempt it, though with fingers numbed with cold, and ill calculated to undertake such a task.

We next turned our attention to the surrounding prospect. Sicily lay, as it were, at our feet, bright and sparkling, except where Etna flung his gigantic shadows across the country. The sea was perfectly visible, encircling the whole island, even beyond Palermo and Marsala; so that we saw it at once as an island upon the map. The Pharos appeared a mere stream; and Calabria, with its Appennines, shrunk into insignificance, quite a near neighbour. The Gulf of Tarento, and the old high-heeled boot-form of Italy, might be easily traced; whilst the isles of Lipari, Vulcano, and distant Stromboli, rising from the sea to the North, slightly misty in that quarter, and the bold heights of Malta far South, seemed, at such an elevated horizon, like mountains suspended in the sky. The view of Etna itself was perfect; with its various lower craters, and its eruptions, whose course we traced on every side; particularly that destructive one which poured in 1669 from the Monte Rosso, a dark double-headed eminence, rather above and westward of Nicolosi, and almost overwhelmed Catania with its disastrous flood.

Art. V.

1. *Domestic Residence in Switzerland.* By Elizabeth Strutt. 2 vols. Newby.
2. *A Tour in Switzerland.* By William Chambers. Chambers, Edinburgh.

There is no country, however much trodden by visitors, that has not byeways that have hardly ever been threaded by a book-maker; there is nothing so familiar in any phase of society, among any tribe on earth, or in the odd ways of any section of a people, that has not points for observation that have never yet been completely laid hold of or adequately expounded. Even Switzerland and the Switzers form no exception to the doctrine; nor will the penetrating and independent mind fail to discover, mark, and distinctly delineate features that have escaped the ordinary sort of travellers, but which are so valuable as to be worth setting down in every portraiture that has any pretensions to fidelity, and with regard to which every for-

mer observer may wonder how it came that his eye overlooked them. It is obvious, should the tourist in Switzerland happen to have a predominating and distinct object in view, and has industry sufficient to do justice to his proposed pursuit, that he must detect many things which, without such a particular and determined direction, would never be brought to public light. The botanist or the mineralogist, would find that the field was boundless and the treasures within it inexhaustible. Not less expansive and rich would the scenery of the country and the costume of the inhabitants appear to the artist; while to the student of character, social manners, political institutions, it would be unprecedented indeed, if the nation did not yield a wider and a finer world of phenomena, than anything purely material, and positively external, can ever present.

A glance into the "Domestic Residence in Switzerland" will suggest remarks to the effect now expressed. Not that there is anything profound in Mrs. Strutt's discoveries, or very impressive in the thoughts lavished upon them. Neither her knowledge nor her original powers of observation can be called very remarkable; and it would be too much to expect that she should have had time and opportunities sufficient to admit of the indulgence of a resolute desire to cultivate any one specific branch of science, natural or moral. Still, as the wife of Mr. Strutt, whose Calabria and Sicily we have just been noticing, and also as their residence in Switzerland had an artistic object, we are naturally presented with an unusual number of observations belonging to the painter's particular department, which are cleverly conveyed, and which have a marked character about them that must convince one of their originality as well as of their accuracy and precision. Besides, and which is indispensable to every artistic delineation or criticism, Mrs. Strutt is endowed with a poetic soul that feels the essential, and that directs to an apt use of colours in the shape of expression for her purpose. The turn both of her muse and her phraseology is picturesque, with a dash of raciness of sentiment and style that saves her from the charge of feebleness, even when she is superficial, and perhaps considerably affected.

It is not at all necessary for any purpose which we can entertain in quoting passages from a work of the nature of the one before us, that we should enter into argument upon any one point, where the writer may appear to cherish singular notions without substantiating them, or indulge a way of her own, without any real improvement upon the old and the hackneyed. It will be enough if we glean such samples as may afford a taste of the spirted and elegant production.

Mrs. Strutt, with her husband and son, appear to have resided three years in Switzerland, having taken up their head-quarters at a village near Vevay, and from that point made sundry tours more or less extended, with such ramifications as enabled them sometimes to

alight upon unbroken ground for the culture of pen and pencil. Vevay she greatly preferred even to the far-famed Lausanne. We shall not make room for any of her specific objections to the latter place, but cite some of those adduced in favour of the former. From her report relative to this locality, the reader will obtain a fair view of the lady's habit of looking out for what escapes the notice of the many, and of her smart style of expressing opinions which perhaps have rarely been entertained. She thus reports:

It has been said of Vevay, that it preserves a medium, a *juste milieu*, that most unpopular, perhaps because most honest and rational, of all grades of public opinion, between the rusticity of the Savoyard and the simplicity of the Valasian—the sarcastic bluntness of the Bernese and the flattering amenity of the French. It has, likewise, another recommendation, to parents not an unimportant one, whilst the education of their children may be in progress, and that is, that its inhabitants speak French with a better accent and more correct idiom than are to be found in any other part of Switzerland. Its most natural and obvious attraction, however, to strangers, is its situation; and in this respect its advantages are so strikingly superior to Lausanne, that it can only be from ignorance of them that any one who comes into the country to acquire an adequate idea of its scenery and manners, rather than to enter into a dull continuation of the formalities of set dinners and *automatonical* balls, can take up their residence, in preference, at the capital of the Canton de Vaud. The sociabilities of Vevay are more home-like, its solitudes more free, its associations less hackneyed; its proximities to the lake are immediate; we are on its very brink; we may walk to the edge, and catch the ripple of the tiny waves. The aspect of the mountains is much grander, and the rocks of Meillerie are near enough to us to reflect to our imagination the spirit of Rousseau, indistinctly seen in their solemn shadows.

Mr. Strutt paid a visit to Mr. Henchoz, the venerable and beloved pastor of Rossinière, whose family has been settled in the valley "for more than two hundred years, and always prosperous; but his income, amounting perhaps to two hundred pounds per annum, which constitutes a very considerable fortune in these parts, is all dispensed in acts of benevolence and hospitality: and he has even refrained from marriage, in order that he might devote himself more actively to the duties of his calling." Mr. Strutt had undertaken to send to an English friend a portrait of the exemplary minister, sojourning for several weeks at Rossinière. The mountain sphere of the worthy pastor's duties, and the notice of his character and income, lead our authoress into a variety of details that are worth perusal, and that belong to out-of-the-world ways. She says—

If I were a clergyman, I should like to be a Swiss; and if I were a Swiss, I should like to be a clergyman; with his pretty house and garden, always close to the church, and generally in an elevated situation; conspicuous, like himself, above those whom it is his lot to enlighten and direct. In a country

where there are so few avenues open to certain income, combined with consideration in society, it is very natural that the clerical profession should be eagerly sought; particularly by young men who may likewise have a desire for more mental cultivation than it might otherwise be in their power to attain. Nevertheless, there are difficulties in the way, which, unless in some degree modified, will, in all probability, gradually diminish the number of desirable candidates for ecclesiastical situations. The education requisite includes a term of fourteen years; and when admitted into orders, they often remain for as many more as *suffragans*, on an income of five hundred francs per annum. The removal, by death, or change, of the minister they may serve brings them no nearer filling his place; which is subjected to the choice of other older ministers, all of whom, in rotation, have the privilege of changing three times, before they are irrevocably planted; and whilst they are thus very naturally endeavouring to better themselves, the poor *suffragan* has, for the prime of his life, no other prospect than perhaps changing his humble situation for a worse. The livings are from sixty to elghty, one hundred, and one hundred and twenty pounds a year: the lonely and barren nature of the locality is sometimes admitted as a reason for increaing the stipend, and truly there are situations which require especial consolation. That of L'Etivaz, for instance, in the wildest and most secluded part of the mountains that separate the valley of Chateau d'Oex from the district of Aigle and Bex, the road to which is accessible only on horseback, or in long narrow cars of the roughest construction, and where the minister must throughout the winter be shut out from all communication beyond that with the labouring-classes, who constitute almost the entire of his parishioners. It is the same at Ablents, on the edge of the Gessenai, which has been called the Siberia of Switzerland, and where there are only about eighty or ninety inhabitants, who, to use their own expression, have nine months of winter, and three of cold sun; and at Elm, in the Canton of Glaris, where, indeed, during six weeks of the winter, the sun is never seen at all. How valuable in such situations must be the love of books, a taste for astronomy, natural history, botany, mineralogy, or any other mental pursuit, wherewith to diversify the nonotony of so secluded an existence. Thus it is with the minister at Ablents, who is deeply versed in mineralogy; and indeed so general is the love of letters and science among them, that a large portion of the most interesting topographical works connected with the history of the country, will be found to have emanated from the pen of its pastors; as the names of Bridel, Moline, Chavannes, and many others amply testify. And here I must instance a very extraordinary production of the leisure of a minister at Berne, on the performance of which he bestowed twenty years. His object was to embody, in one composition, all the illustrious men that Switzerland has produced, with characteristic insignia of their respective offices and pursuits. The difficulty of such an undertaking may be easily imagined —to avoid confusion or formality, hardness or indecision, the glare of different costumes, or the montony of uniformity; to vary the attitudes and the heads of more than two hundred figures, without any other incident in the piece for any one of them, than the being there to be looked at, was certainly an Herculean undertaking for an amateur artist: but what a happy man he was, to have, during the twenty years he was employed upon

it, constantly an object that interested all his thoughts, and absorbed all his faculities, saving those, be it understood, claimed by the duties of his office. When he lay down at night, his pillow was thronged with the groups which he had put on the canvas during the day, and when he arose in the morning he hastened to correct or alter them, according to the suggestions of his judgment during the undisturbed silence of the night. The scene of action was in itself no inconsiderable part of his labours: it represents an ancient hall, somewhat raised in the back ground, and lighted by long windows of painted glass, each compartment of which presents the armorial bearing of the cantons and most illustrious families. The architectural parts are exceedingly well managed, the perspective correct in drawing, and the lights judiciously dispersed. In the back ground are seen the early teachers of Christianity and of husbandry (as they wisely combined the two), with the ancient instruments of agriculture on the ground near them. A little way from them are the early warriors: first, Staugfacher and Melcthel, taking the oath to deliver their country from its oppressors, and William Tell listening to them, attended by his child, who carries in his hand an apple stuck on an arrow. In the centre is a very interesting group of the reformers, Calvin, Farrel, Theodore de Béze, Zwingler, Bullinger, and others. Advancing still nearer to the present times, in the foreground we see Zimmerman, Pictet, Planta, Tissot, and other celebrated physicians, seated at a table on which is a bust of Hippocrates, and listening to a lecture from Haller. At the other side is a group of scientific men, among whom is Saussure, with a plan of the Alps before him. De Luc is attentively looking at Bonnet, the mathematician, who is demonstrating a problem to Euler. Behind them is a group of naturalists, among whom is Huber, the celebrated blind writer on Bees; opposite is a party of literary men; among them Rousseau stands pre-eminent. The worthy pastor wished to introduce three other celebrated men, Gibbon, Voltaire, and Raynal, who paid Switzerland the compliment of making it their country of adoption; but as they were not natives, they came not within the limits of a plan already too comprehensive for easy management. He succeeded at last to his own satisfaction, by ingeniously contriving to place them at the outside of an open window, by which means also a view of the Lake of Lausanne and of the surrounding country is very happily obtained; and making them look into the interior as spectators of the interesting groups it contains. The striking contrast of physiognomy and dress between Gibbon and Voltaire is prevented from being too much obtruded on observation, by the less marked countenance of Raynal, who, a step behind, acts as a combining incident between them. The whole is admirable: the style of painting is that of the early German school, and if it have a little of their usual fault of dryness, it has abundance of their general merits, in point of accuracy and finish.

It would appear that but few people have anything like an accurate notion of the "real *Ranz des Vaches.*" We will therefore enable our readers to become acquainted with the construction of the ballad which is so popular and stirring to passionate patriotism on the mountain-sides and in the deep valleys of Switzerland.

Sometimes, in the stillness of the evening, we were agreeably startled by

the shrill notes, borne to us from afar, on the mountain gale, of the real *Ranz des Vaches*. I say *real*, because strangers are apt to confound this national air with other popular songs. The *Ranz des Vaches* signifies literally "the cows' march," the word *ranz* expressing, in the *patois* of the country, the progress of objects who are going along in file, or following each other. It is extremely ancient, and was originally played on horns, which, sounding from one height to another, was taken up in responding notes, always at the same hour, morning and evening. The music was first printed in 1710, by Professor Zwinger, of Bale, in his "Dissertation on Nostrology." * * The subject of the *Ranz des Vaches* is invariably the same, a kind of pastoral ballad, though the words vary in different districts. That of the *pays d'en haut*, where we now were, is particularly agreeable to the ear, on account of the softness of the dialect, which bears a close resemblance to the Italian. It is as impossible to translate the pastoral expressions, in all their *naïve* beauty, as it is to communicate the *canty* gaiety of Fergusson or Burns, from the "north countrie" to the southern comprehension of a Londoner. The story, however, in plain prose, may give some idea of the construction of this spirit-stirring invocation, as the absent Swiss so often find it to their cost. The grand incident of the piece is invariably the cows ascending the mountains, where they are going to pass the summer; in the course of their journey they come to a *mauvais pas*, caused by torrents, or *éboulemens*, which they are unable to traverse. The chief herdsman is accordingly despatched to the curé, to entreat him to put up a mass for them, and the dialogue between the parties constitutes the remainder of the subject. The sense of the words is literally as follows:—

The cow-herds of Columbetta are risen betimes,
Cush-cows, cush-cows, come and be milked.

CHORUS.

Come along, all of you,
Come my pets,
Black and white,
Red and starred,
Young and old,
Under the oak,
There I'll milk you;
Under the aspen-tree,
There I'll settle the milk.
Cush-cows, cush-cows, come and be milked.

Now we are come where the waters are out,
We shall never be able to pass.
Come along, &c.

O my poor little Peter, what must we do now?
We are finely mired, we shall all stick fast.
Come along, &c.

Thou must go on, and knock at the door,
At the curate's door, the curate's door.
Come along, &c.

What must I say, what must I say?
Come along, &c.

Tell him he must say a mass for us,
That we may get over this awkward place.
Come along, &c.

Peter's gone on to knock at the door,
He's gone to tell the good curate where we are.
Come along, &c.

You must put up a mass for us,
That we may get over that awkward place.
Come along, &c.

My poor brother, the curate replies,
If thou dost really want to get over that bad place,
Come along, &c.

Thou must give me a nice little cheese,
But thou must not skim the milk first.
Come along, &c.

Send your maid to us,
And we will give her a good cream cheese.
Come along, &c.

My maid: oh no! she is too pretty,
Perhaps you would keep her and not let her come back.
Come along, &c.

O don't be afraid, our good priest,
We are not so sharp-set as that comes to.
Come along, &c.

If we squeezed your maid a little too tight,
We should perhaps have to confess.
Come along, &c.

If we meddled with the property of the church,
We could not expect to be forgiven.
Come along, &c.

Go back, then, my good Peter,
I'll say an Ave Maria for thee.
Come along, &c.

I wish you good luck, and plenty of cheese,
But mind you come often to see me again.
Come along, &c.

Peter went back where the waters were out,
And all, in a minute, were able to pass.
Come along, &c.

They then began to make their cheese,
For the cauldron was full before the cows were half milked.
Come along, &c.

In addition to this burden, or chorus, there is one often alternated with the first, to another tune.

Those who wear the bells
Go the first:
All the black ones
Go the last.

Such is the *Ranz des Vaches* that I have heard; and such the words explained to me by a pretty country girl, who repeated her sweet sounding patois—

Lé sonailliré
Van le premiré,
Lé toté naire
Van lé derraire;

with as much pride as we feel in quoting Chaucer or Shakspeare. The *dénouement* of this pastoral romance sums up the whole *beau idéal* of the golden age of mountain life. The cauldron full before the cows are half milked, instantly transports the imagination of the cow-herds back to the blissful days, when, tradition says, the mountains were covered with thick grass, instead of snow; when the cows were so large that they were obliged to be milked three times a day, in vast ponds; when the cream was taken off in large boatfuls, and the stair-cases were made of cheeses.

These passages are too long for convenient extract, but they could not well be curtailed or more compressed, dealing fairly with writer or reader. One specimen more, and of very considerable length, must be given in order to be just, to an author whose work contains so much that legitimately belongs to an artistic tour, and where the subject is both directly connected with the region visited, and made the theme of striking critical remark.

It would have given us great pleasure to have stayed longer in these lofty regions, in order to perpetuate more effectually some of the most striking of their wild beauties; but the weather was too decidedly bad to keep us in that most disagreeable of all states, uncertainty. We endeavoured, therefore, to console ourselves in our slippery descent, by reflecting that, after all, much of what is sublimely grand in nature, must ever be impracticable

in art. How is it possible, for instance, to give an adequate idea of a point of view whence a hundred leagues of Alpine summit are to be seen at once? as is the case at Dole, on the Jura, with Mont Blanc, rearing its awful form in the centre of this august background. Hence it is that views in Switzerland seldom satisfy the imagination and the judgment alike. The Swiss landscape painters are generally harsh in their colouring, and hard and dry in their touch. The coloured prints are uniformly detestable, and are aptly enough compared by Count Theodore Walsh to an *omelette à l'oseille, mal battue.* He also remarks, that it is singular enough none of the finest landscape painters, either ancient or modern, have drawn their subjects from the scenery of the Alps. The Swiss artists themselves, the three most distinguished of whom, Ducroz, Keyserman, and Mulliner, were all of the Pays de Vaud, preferred seeking their inspirations in Italy. It is true, that one very cogent reason for this, is to be found in the total dearth of encouragement they experienced in their own country; but another is, that in fact the country itself, however *taking*, is not easily *takeable*. The colossal forms and vivid colours continually before the eyes, lose their grandeur and their brilliancy when transferred to canvas; and the peculiar effects in nature that give perpetually varying beauty to the country itself, are precisely those which, if an artist attempt to represent them, appear no longer natural, because their charm and wonder is in the shortness of their duration, and the rapidity of their opposition. Everything blends harmoniously in nature, and contrasts that could not be endured on canvas, betray nothing of harshness under her reconciling atmosphere. "If," said a Swiss painter, speaking of the peculiarities of his country, "an artist, in representing any of the celebrated points of view which the vicinity of the Alps abound with, should attempt to give to every object its lineal forms and proportions in all their exactitude, the gigantic dimensions of the mountains would take up all the picture; the foreground and the details connected with it, would be reduced to nothing, or, at least, would be reduced to a very disproportionate minuteness. Besides, whilst the objects on a level with the eye are seen through the misty atmosphere that generally veils the lower part of the horizon, and sends back the distance, the tops of the mountains, seen in an atmosphere of perfect transparence, come against the sky in so clear and cutting a manner, that they appear nearer than they really are. The dazzling whiteness of the snows that cover these lofty summits is, moreover, so totally different from the neutral and softened tints to which we are accustomed, that there again the perspective is in fault; and what makes it still worse is, that this snow is often furrowed with hard black lines of naked rock, a circumstance which produces the certain effect of bringing the distance too forward in the picture." Nevertheless, fine subjects for the pencil may undoubtedly be obtained, by a judicious selection, among the treasures that nature here presents. The shores of the lakes always afford delightful scenes; particularly where some ancient castle is reflected in the waters, and the snowy summits of the distant Alps offer as singular a contrast as that of summer and winter in harmonious accord; a coronet of snow on the fervid brow of summer; reversing the beautiful idea of Shakspeare—

> "On winter's brow an od'rous chaplet of sweet flowers
> Is, as in mockery, set."

Detached portions of the mountain roads, also, and the characteristic features of the villages which so often present themselves in the grandest and most romantic situations, continually call forth admiration; it is only by aiming at too much that the otherwise practicable becomes a failure. Nevertheless, in painting from nature, even under every disadvantage, there is always a *truth* of variety, which never can be hoped for from recollection, or imagination; there is a *certainty* of being right, which, in the confidence it gives, is invaluable; whilst in pictures painted in any other manner than from studies drawn and coloured on the spot, there is invariably a sameness of tint or a harshness of transition; all the blending of hues into each other, all the accidental lights by which it may be endeavoured to relieve them, are either wanting, or seem artificially introduced. It is this neglect of colouring from nature that is the great fault of the French landscape painters; they copy at the Louvre till they seem to forget the scenes they transfer, from old to new canvas, had an actual out-of-door existence, when their charms first attracted the eyes of the master by whom they have been handed down to the admiration of succeeding generations.

It would not be very easy to name a tour, having the celebrated country under consideration for its sphere, that differs more in respect of topics and modes of handling, than the one named second at the head of our paper does from Mrs. Strutt's. We may first of all mention, that the work now to be briefly spoken of, constitutes a part of the "People's Editions," the author being one of the editors of "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," &c.; and that although it presents to the reader as much letter-press matter as would fill a handsome octavo volume, it is sold for eighteenpence. Besides the "Tour," it contains the narrative of a "Pedestrian Excursion in Switzerland," by a friend of Mr. Chambers, whose exploits as an adventurous climber, even without a native guide, would become painful to the reader, were it not that the whole is told not only without any straining to make the hair stand on end, and with gladsome buoyancy. It is the "Tour," however, that gives character to the publication, and confers a value upon it that will abide re-perusal and steady reflection; for, as is now pretty extensively known, neither William Chambers nor his brother can be regarded as of common mould, years of usefully directed mental exercise, combining with wealth of natural talent and an admirably popular manner, to render them most effective writers.

Mr. Chambers in 1841, extended a tour which he had been making in Holland to Switzerland, proceeding by way of Belgium to Basle, and thence through a number of the more important towns and noted places of the cantons; in his characteristic manner dealing out graphic descriptions, and offering many practical remarks, such as none but a largely-informed and closely-observant traveller would think of. In a word, economics, social modes, homely affairs, and quaint nationalities, are subjects for this author's taste and shrewd sagacity—there

being digested thought even in the treatment of light or transient topics, and a cast of Scottish gleesome feeling where many would be tame and sombre.

Mr. Chambers loves to note the form, tendency, and achievements of a people's industry, just as he does to describe the shapes which their sympathies, superstitions, and romantic fancies take. In this tour, however, the reader will meet with more of the *utile* than the *dulce*, and with more that is new in regard to fact as well as doctrine about manufactures and industrial habits, than concerning natural scenery, the fine arts, or floating literature. If we accompany him through Belgium, it will soon be perceived that machinery and such productions as minister to the comforts and luxuries of daily life—these luxuries having become like unto necessities—are objects that attracted his marked attention. At the same time it will be seen that he had uniformly a British purpose in view, suggestively or correctively. One specimen, and when he was at Brussels, will exemplify our meaning and his manner of observation. The occasion was a visit to the exhibition of manufactures:—

Entering the vestibule, we follow a path through a series of saloons on the ground floor, all filled with objects of great interest and beauty of execution. One saloon is filled with new-made steam-engines and locomotives, engineering tools, spinning-machines, and printing-presses; the workmanship of which appeared to be equal to any thing of the kind in England. Next we have a saloon occupied with pianofortes, cabinets, and other articles, formed of walnut or other fine woods, and inlaid with ivory or mother-of-pearl: we observe here, also, some elegant gentlemen's coaches and gigs, with harness to match. Another saloon contains a most extraordinary variety of leather, (a manufacture in which we are greatly excelled by the Belgians,) painted floor-cloths, hair-cloths, furs, perfumery, and periwigs. In ascending the grand staircase, we find the landing-places occupied with iron safes, stoves, fire-grates for drawing-rooms, all unexceptionable and of first-rate finish. Landing on the upper floor we walk from room to room, lost in the contemplation of the numerous products of Belgian industry; lace, linen, woollen, cotton, and silk goods; threads, cutlery, crystal, paper, fire-arms, musical instruments, philosophical apparatus—in short, every thing that a luxurious people can require. I spent an hour in the closest examination of some of these articles; for I felt assured, that as regards excellence of quality, England had here certainly met her match. The different parcels of cloth and flannels, the manufacture of Francois Biolley and sons at Verviers, and of M. Snoeck at Herve, would not have discredited the cloth-halls of Leeds; while the damasks of Fretigny and Company at Ghent and Dujardin at Courtrai, gave indications that in this species of fabric the Low Countries maintained their ancient reputation. The threads and laces of Brussels were exhibited in extensive variety. Altogether, the Exposition afforded a decided proof of the prodigious advance made in the useful arts in Belgium of late years; and I believe nothing remains to be done but to find a market for her goods. That, it appears, is no easy matter; partly in consequence of the little influence which the country has abroad, but chiefly

from the preference given in most places to English goods. To put the question of price in some measure to the test, I bought a few articles of cutlery; and found that, though well executed, they cost rather more than they were worth in England. From all I saw and heard, my impression is, that nearly all factory goods can still be produced cheaper and on a greater scale, in England than in Belgium; but that Belgium can now manufacture most articles of as good quality, and only stands in need of due encouragement to be in every respect a most formidable competitor. As regards articles prepared by the exercise of individual taste and skill, we are already far behind Belgium. I have never, for instance, seen in England any work to compare in point of elegance of design and execution with that displayed on the pianofortes and cabinets at this Exposition. I remarked one pianoforte in particular, marked 800 francs, (32*l.*); a sum which would not have paid for the mere workmanship of the case in England, where a 32*l.* piano is in appearance little else than a plain veneered box.

We cite a longer passage from his observations and conclusions with regard to the Swiss, and then dismiss the useful and interesting work; its merits as a literary performance and an embodiment of intellect and of acquired thought being of a superior order. The hints, lessons, and reproofs which this specimen furnishes are of a still more seriously practical nature than any that can be connected with mere mechanical ingenuity or handicraft skill.

To compare the condition of Switzerland with that of England would be absurd. There is not the slightest resemblance between them. The Swiss have pitched their standard of happiness at a point which, as far as things, not feelings, are concerned, could with great ease be reached by the bulk of the British population. And here what may be called the unfavourable features of Swiss society become prominent. There is little cumulative capital in Switzerland. It is a country of small farmers and tradesmen, in decent but not wealthy circumstances. An active man among them could not get much. If he and his family wrought hard they would not starve, and whatever they got would be their own. On all occasions, in speaking to respectable residents, the observation on the people was, "They labour hard, very hard; but they have plenty of food, and they are happy." Now it is my opinion, that if any man labour hard in either England or Scotland, exercise a reasonable degree of prudence, and be temperate and economical, he can scarcely fail in arriving at the same *practical* results as the Swiss: nay, I go farther, and will aver that he has an opportunity of reaching a far higher standard of rational comfort than was ever dreamt of by the happiest peasant in Switzerland. The condition of the Swiss is blessed, remotely, no doubt, from the simple form of government, but immediately and chiefly from the industry, humble desires, and economic habits of the people.

Switzerland is unquestionably the paradise of the working-man; but then, it cannot be called a paradise for any other; and I doubt if the perfection of the social system—if the ultimate end of creation—is to fix down mankind at peasant and working-man pitch. Both Bowring and Symons are in raptures with the cottage-system of the Swiss artisans: I own it is

most attractive, and, as I have said, is doubtless productive of much happiness. But who prevents English artisans from having equally good houses with the Swiss? With a money wage of some seven or eight shillings a week, it is said the Swiss operative realizes, by means of his free cottage, bit of ground, and garden, equal to thirty shillings in England. My own conviction is, that fourteen or fifteen shillings would be much nearer the mark; but, taking it at a larger sum, let us inquire if English workmen may not attain similar advantages. All perhaps could not, but I feel assured that every skilled artisan could—that is, every man receiving from fifteen to twenty shillings per week, of whom there is no small number. British operatives are taxed to a monstrous degree; almost every thing they put in their mouths being factitiously raised in price in a manner perfectly shameful. But they possess a freedom known nowhere on the Continent. They can travel from town to town at all times without begging for passports; they are not called upon for a single day's drill; in short, their time is their own, and they may do with it as they please. Exercising the same scrupulous economy as the Swiss, and in the same manner refraining from marriage till prudence sanctioned such a step, I do not see what is to prevent a skilled and regularly-employed British operative from becoming the proprietor of a small house and garden, supposing his taste to lie that way. I know several who have realised this kind of property: indeed, a large proportion of the humbler class of tradesmen in the Scottish country-towns, villages, and hamlets, are the proprietors of the dwellings in which they reside. Now, if some so placed contrive to realize property, why may not others do so? The answer is that a vast mass of our working population think of little beyond present enjoyment. Gin—whisky!—what misery is created by these demons, every city can bear sorrowful witness. Cruelly taxed, in the first place, by the state, the lower classes tax themselves still more by their appetites. Scotland spends four millions of pounds annually on whisky, and what England disburses for gin and porter is on a scale equally magnificent. Throughout the Grand Rue of Berne, a mile in length, densely populated, I did not see a single spirit-shop or tavern; I observed, certainly, that several of the cellars were used for the sale of wines. In the High street of Edinburgh, from the Castle to Holyrood House, the same in length as the main street of Berne, and not unlike it in appearance, there are 150 taverns, shops, or places of one kind or another in which spirituous liquors are sold; and in Rose Street, a much less populous thoroughfare, the number is 41. I did not see a drunken person in Switzerland; Sheriff Alison speaks of ten thousand persons being in a state of intoxication every Saturday night in Glasgow. * * *

I take the liberty of alluding to these practices, not for the purpose of depreciating the character of the operative orders, but to show at least one pretty conclusive piece of evidence why they do not generally exhibit the same kind of happy homes as the Swiss. In a word, Bowring and Symons, and, I may add, Laing, seem to lead to the inference, that every thing excellent in the Swiss operative and peasant's condition is owing to institutional arrangements; whereas, without undervaluing these, I ascribe fully more, as already stated, to the temperance, humble desires, and extraordinary economic habits of the people. That the practical advantages enjoyed by Swiss artisans

are also, somehow, inferior to those of similar classes in Britain, is evident from the fact that Swiss watchmakers emigrate to England for the sake of better wages than they can realize at home; and that some thousands of unskilled labourers leave Switzerland annually to better their condition in foreign lands, is, I believe, a fact which admits of no kind of controversy. Let us, then, conclude with this impartial consideration, that if our working population have grievances to complain of (and I allow these grievances are neither few nor light,) they at the same time enjoy a scope and outlet for enterprise and skill, a means of enrichment and advancement, which no people in Continental Europe can at all boast of. Switzerland, as has been said, is the paradise of the working-man. It might with equal justice be added, that a similar paradise can be realised in the home of every man who is willing to forego personal indulgences, and make his domestic hearth the principal scene of his pleasures, the sanctuary in which his affections are enshrined.

ART. VI.—*Narrative of a Yacht-Voyage in the Mediterranean during the Years* 1840, 1841. 2 vols. Murray.

LADY GROSVENOR tells us that "a tossing ship and a rolling sea" are not the most favourable accompaniments for journal-keeping. Nevertheless, she has made out a very agreeable narrative in these unpretending volumes, and written just such a book as an English countess in the nineteenth century should indite,—discursive, liberal-toned, informing and tasteful. The work is inscribed to the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville, and the following terms convey a good idea of its character and intention:—"I must remind you, that not having stayed anywhere long enough to make observations of much research and consequent value, my only hope can be to give you a few hours' amusement, without attempting to add a volume to your library. You have been a cordial partaker in the many joys, and the few, though deeps sorrows, of my life; and it is a pleasure to me to offer this account of a very amusing portion of it, to one who, where he is best known, is most honoured and beloved."

In this smooth and frank style does her ladyship uniformly express herself, there being with the utmost high-breeding in the form of the expressions a sparkling spirit, together with a sound sense that indicate a healthy, rightly-constituted, and well-cultured mind. And these qualities are manifested not less in her notices of antiquity and of classical subjects, than in her observations relative to modern times and existing circumstances.

A book of the present sort affords but few points for criticism, beyond the general terms we have just been employing; and therefore in giving a notice of the last work of the class which we can take up this month,—tours and journals having already occupied their due share in our pages,—it only remains that we mention one

or two particulars with regard to the occasion and the scope of the publication.

Well, then, the Earl of Grosvenor, his Countess, and four children, attended by a maid and a man-servant, were the passengers in the yacht,—the crew and the officers constituting a suitable addition to the number.

The voyage of the Dolphin extended to a variety of places in the Mediterranean, and on its shores,—Portugal, Spain, Tangier, Turkey, Greece, the Grecian Islands, Malta, Sicily, &c.; touching at many ports, and sometimes remaining long enough to take a journey inland, in order to visit and examine scenes and objects celebrated in history; and this both by land and by water, as the means of conveyance happened to serve. Lisbon and Cadiz were the points at which the Dolphin first anchored, and these, like the other places described, and particulars introduced, are sketched with rapidity and ease. Some of the journeys were performed not without great toil and fatigue, nor without exposure to danger, such as besets the traveller in Calabria, owing to the lawless habits of the inhabitants. For example, a trip from Malaga over the mountains to Granada, is one of risk on the account mentioned. Highly tragical tales are told of undertakings of this kind, as the following story related by a Mr. Annesley will show; the event described having occurred in the October of 1839.

An Englishman had for some time resided in Barcelona, who taught English, and gave lessons to my children; he was associated with a Frenchman, who also instructed several families; and these two lived together in a house with a Swiss jeweller; they had no servant, and none but these three occupied the mansion. The jeweller suddenly disappeared; he was nowhere to be found, and no trace remained of him, and there was no appeal to the police, as they never take any trouble in such cases. One morning the Englishman came to my house, and begged to see me. I found him hardly able to speak; and what he did say was so incoherent, I fancied he had either been drinking, or had lost his senses. He stated that what he had to impart was so dreadful, he could not bring himself to relate it. However, by degrees, he became more intelligible, and after a great many small details, I collected that in the room he occupied with the Frenchman there was a small closet, with an opening in it to admit light from the room near the ceiling. The night before, as he was sitting alone, he fancied he perceived a disagreeable smell in that part of the room; he tried to open the door of the closet, but found it locked; he then climbed upon a chair, and with a candle looked in at the little opening, and, to his horror, saw a corpse in fragments on the floor; part of a leg in one place, an arm in another, and a large sledge-hammer lying by them; he nearly dropped with horror; and at that moment (it was just twelve o'clock) he heard the knock of the Frenchman at the door. As they were alone in the house, he had no resource but to appear as calm and easy as if he had seen nothing. When he let him in, he remarked that he was late that night, as he had to begin

giving his lessons early the next morning, which was Monday; the other answered, "Oh, it does not happen often, never mind;" and they went to bed. Their two beds were so close that they were only separated by a little division at the head. The man said that the agony in which he passed the night was indescribable, as, in addition to the original horror of finding the dead body, he dreaded that the Frenchman would suspect his being aware of it, and murder him also; and there was no escape from the house, nor means to call for help. In this dreadful state he remained till morning, when the Frenchman going out to give his lessons, the other rushed straight to my house to apprise me of what had happened. I was much puzzled what to do, as the police, I knew, would give very little assistance. However, after taking down his statement shortly in writing, I applied there. They said they could have nothing to do with it; and as the supposed criminal was French, I must go to the French consul. All they would do was to give me a little humped-backed man, to assist in catching the murderer. I went to the French consul; and after conferring with him we proceeded together, with our humped-backed companion, to the house where the Englishman lived. We went up stairs, and found the Frenchman at his door. We told him there was a little matter to be settled with the police, on which he answered—"Ah oui! pour la contrebande, n'est-ce pas?" (he had a good deal to do with the contrabandista concerns), and rushed to a table, pulled open a drawer, from whence we saw him extract a pair of pistols, which proved to be loaded; he, however, seemed to lose his head and be quite bewildered, saying, "Il s'agit de ces pistolets, n'est-ce pas? ils sont Français, et de la contrebande." He then put his hand farther into the drawer, and was dragging out a sword, when my colleague and I sprang upon and seized him. The hump-backed man then said it was not that we wanted, but that we must have him open the door of the closet; he turned deadly pale, and drawing himself up with a peculiar emphasis and theatrical air, exclaimed, "Très volontiers, monsieur." He then instantly rushed to the open window, and from the balcony dashed himself to the ground; it was a fourth story, and he died in twelve hours after. He would make no confession; but frequently repeated, in a sort of delirium, "Il est coupé en petits morceaux." The investigation of the mutilated corpse, which proved to be that of the jeweller, was dreadful. Under the coat of the Frenchman was found, close to his side, a small hatchet and an enormous knife, with which he must have hacked and hewed the dead body, to carry portions of it from the house when he went out, as the only way in which he could dispose of it. It was supposed he had killed the man with the sledge-hammer which was found in the closet. None of the jeweller's property was ever found or heard of.

Barcelona has recently been the subject of considerable notoriety, and may therefore be selected by us for a theme in our citations from the present volumes; the sketch affording a very different account from that which the newspapers have for several weeks been lately supplying.

In the evening we retired to the General's garden, and by a long alameda to the walls. There was great excitement in this part of the town, created by immense flocks of turkeys, which were promenading about on some waste ground, each flock directed and occasionally thrashed by six or seven peasants, (the number being proportioned to the size of the flock), who, surrounded by crowds of people, were admonishing their charge with long canes. The streets and walks were quite full, the population of Barcelona being immense. To-morrow all would be let loose, as it is the "fair of turkeys," every individual considering it a positive duty to have one of these birds for Christmas-day, an occasion on which it is said all Barcelona goes wild. The poor people, who have no means of roasting them at home, send them to the bakers; so that sometimes these latter have six or seven thousand turkeys to dress. We made the circuit of the walls, and found their strength very great. The fortifications which surround the town are admirably constructed: they are flanked on the eastern side by the low but formidable works of the citadel, and on the western by the towering ramparts of the fortress of Monjuich. We returned by the Rambla and the rampart over the sea, under one end of which is a prison; and on the esplanade above, the troops were assembled, and the band playing; crowds of people extended all the way down the mole. The great walk on the walls, reaching the whole length of the harbour, was, as well as the mole, constructed by the Marquis de la Mina, who died in 1768.

Seville furnishes another sort of notices.

In coming back we passed through a small open square, where the Murillo is buried; but nothing now remains to mark his grave. Formerly there was a small chapel, which was destroyed by the French. The house in which he died stands close by. The best shop in all Spain for the majo dresses (worn by the picadors and metadors at the bull-fights) is in a little street near the cathedral. There was one making for a matador at Madrid—the jacket of dark-brown cloth, richly embroidered with silver, and very handsome; the entire dress costs about forty or fifty pounds. Though this shop is so famous as to supply the matadors of Madrid, it is of so small a size as hardly to accommodate above two customers at once, and of the same calibre as all the other shops in Seville, which are little mean places, entirely open to the street, in the Moorish fashion; and the artificers of all kinds sit cross-legged on a board or slab of marble at their occupations,—another trace, by the way, of Moorish origin. Here also is made the formidable peasant's knife, the "navaja," with a catch to prevent its closing: a deadly weapon, used both in cutting their food and as a prompt resource in quarrels. The Spanish ladies are, by all accounts, wholly uneducated, and pass their time principally in eating and dressing, to both of which occupations they are deeply attached. They consider corpulency to be no disparagement to their beauty; and they sometimes take so much exercise as to walk the length of one of the very dirty streets, in evening-dress, with very tight black satin shoes, and armed with their constant accompaniment, the fan, which they handle with peculiar grace and skill. If they would eat less, and adhere to their national costume, nothing could be prettier or more graceful than their general appearance shrouded under the black mantilla.

The really English pastime of yachting, and the tasteful recreation it affords to our aristocracy, is necessarily not devoid of that variety and excitement which await those who "go down into the sea in ships." Our concluding extract details particulars of the class alluded to, exhibiting the narrator's heart and head to advantage.

We were awakened about two in the morning by a violent storm, the sea rolling furiously, every thing tumbling about, and heavy rain pattering on deck: this continued all night, much to the detriment of any repose. At four o'clock it was blowing a furious gale, with a tremendous cross sea, which frequently swept over our stern, and one sea struck the hapless dingy—our smallest boat, which was suspended on the stern davits—and carried it away in a moment, together with a large supply of fresh meat, placed in it as the larder for the voyage. At half-past seven, A.M., it was still dark, but I got up to see what was going on, and found the little passage to the cabins inundated with water; and Rap, the spaniel, who never was down the stairs before, crouching there, shivering and shaking with fright, dripping wet, and thoroughly miserable. Nothing could be more deplorable than the prospect of the interior. The glass was now falling fast, all our sails had been taken in, and none left set but the storm main-try-sail, and we had now no resource but to lie head to wind, which was increasing frightfully, with a tremendous sea occasionally breaking over the deck. The loss of our boat was but a trifle compared with all the horror and anxiety of the storm, which continued unmitigated: the weather so dark nothing could be seen a mile distant from the ship; and as there was not a gleam of sun for any observation to be taken, there was no certainty as to the direction in which we were carried, but it was calculated we were making stern-way at the rate of about a mile per hour, which proved afterwards to be right. Very few of us were able to get up to-day; the movements of the ship, which was all on one side, were so violent, it was almost impossible to stand; and so we remained all day in a state of anxiety, amounting, I may add, on my own part at least, to great fear. Uncertain as to the direction in which we were drifting, and aware that the low Columbretes islands, and indeed the whole coast of Spain, were on our lee, the increasing violence of the storm rendered the early approach of darkness, which came on soon after five o'clock, still more fearful. The nights, which are now pitch dark, seemed interminable. This afternoon a sea struck the fore-part of the ship, carried away the head-boards, and unshipped the lower lee-boom, which stove in the bottom of the gig. Thus one boat was gone, and another disabled; the barge only remained. About four P.M., the gale from the north-east appeared to cease suddenly, and in a moment there came a hurricane from the north-west, appearing like a black cloud, and sweeping like a whirlwind over the ship, with torrents of rain, the sea raging furiously, and running mountains high; and for twenty minutes that this continued, the masts and every thing else were expected to give way every instant. As it came from a different direction to the previous course of the wind and sea, the effect was, that the ship remained motionless, though quivering to its centre. Our captain, who had circumnavigated the globe, stated this hurricane to have been as violent as any that he had experienced in any part of it. In about

twenty minutes it ceased suddenly, and became perfectly calm, which seemed something horrid and unnatural. However, for a time, we hoped the storm was going to mitigate, as it only howled now and then; but in about an hour the original gale from the north-east re-commenced with fresh vigour, and blew frightfully all night. At two, A.M., on the morning of the twenty-fourth, I felt my cabin, and all that side of the ship, sink down in an instant so low under the water, which was rushing over the decks, that having waited for a moment to see if it rose again, and finding that it did not, I felt quite persuaded we were going down, and waded through the passage to my neighbour's cabin, who, hearing no more water rush in, assured me that we were not foundering, and I returned to my berth. I found afterwards that the ship had been struck by a tremendous sea, which had laid her for a time on her beam-ends, but that she righted again. The noises both in and out of the ship were dreadful; the creaking of the boards and planks, and bulk-heads jarring in all directions; the awful noise of the wind; and, above all, the dreadful rushing of the sea, which was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour,—striking the ship like a sledge-hammer, and like a continued fire of artillery close to one's head,—rendered these hours of horror far beyond any description. It is on such occassions as these that the weakness of all human power is most forcibly felt! Beautiful as are the contrivances of human ingenuity, firm and compact as is the frame-work of that solid fabric, the ship,—skilful and enterprising as is the dauntless spirit of the crew,—still vain is that ingenuity, helpless that power, and unavailing that spirit as the only refuge in such times of need; on these no certain reliance can be placed, no perfect security depend; it can only be looked for from Him—

> "At whose divine command
> Famine and plague afflict the guilty land;
> Whose awful will the unconscious winds perform,
> Who wings the lightning and appoints the storm."

Lady Grosvenor, as now is to be expected from every accomplished tourist, has enriched her volumes with engravings from sketches by her own pencil, the embellishments having a character akin to those by her pen, and suitably wedded.

ART. VII.—*The History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest.* By T. R. POTTER. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

As a general rule, a work local in subject, must be expected to be local in circulation. Some exception, however, there may be to this rule when, as in the present case, the place treated of is an olden forest. From its immemorial antiquity, its numerous associations, and many other causes, a large forest, without, of course, being equally interesting to *all*, has so many separate points of view, from each of which it forms an attractive object, that its description may not unreasonably hope to find, at any rate, *partial* readers among a

tolerable proportion of the entire public. The historian, the antiquarian, the naturalist, the geologist, the lover of ballad-legends and of the poetry of the "good greenwood," may all look to find something bearing on their favourite studies; and hence we have given the present work a notice we should probably have refused to one adapted only to the inhabitants of a small and unimportant district. One other reason also is, that we have here an account of a spot hitherto almost unknown, though as well deserving the attention of the tourist as many of much greater celebrity.

There is no district of England, (laments Mr. Potter,) equally deserving of notice, of which so little has been written, and probably of which so little is known, as Charnwood Forest. Sherwood, Needwood, Silwood, Inglewood, and almost all other forests, have had their historian or their poet; while Charnwood, even in historical and topographical works confined to Leicestershire, has been passed over with as little mention as if it was a blemish instead of a beauty on the face of the country.

Charnwood Forest, in Leicestershire, formerly a royal forest, but disafforested by Henry the Third, at the instance of his barons, is now a forest only in name. Full of beautiful scenery, lovely hills and valleys, and in many parts immense rocks; there are now scarcely any trees to be seen, and the name of a forest must be taken in reference to its appearance in the olden time, when—so runs an old tradition—"a squirrel might be hunted six miles without once touching the ground, and when a traveller might journey from Beaumanor to Bardon, on a clear summer's day, without seeing the sun.

A district of ten miles in length, and about six in breadth, almost wholly covered with trees and rocks, and containing, perhaps, in early times, many temples of the Druids: the abode certainly of those awful and, honoured priests of a mystic and imposing form of religion, must doubtless have been of considerable importance to the ancient inhabitants of the country. Charnwood formed part of the ancient Celtic forest of Arden, which extended from the Avon to the Trent; and the Leicestershire portion was bounded on the east by a line running through High Cross to Barton in Nottinghamshire. Many of the forest scenes in Shakspeare are laid in the forest of Arden; and as Leicester is supposed to have been founded by Lear, and the seat of his government, I have sometimes pleased myself with the fancy, (especially when I have been in the midst of a pelting storm on the forest, that Charnwood might have been the "heath" on which Shakspeare *imagined* Lear's exposure to the storm. That the Romans were well acquainted with it is placed beyond conjecture by the circumstance of a Roman road intersecting the forest; by the recent discovery of Roman coins and earthenware, and by the station or stations which, it is presumed, will be acknowledged to have been fixed on one or more of the hills in the forest-range.

I have somewhere read, but regret that I cannot now recollect my authority, that when William the Conqueror first broached his design of making the

New Forest, some courtiers, out of pity to the Hampshire villagers, urged the king to make Charnwood his hunting forest; and that William sternly asked the remonstrant "whether it was wished that he should break his neck, as he understood Charnwood was full of rocks and caves."

Charnwood is especially rich in historical association. The then possessor of one of its manors, called for its beauty Beaumanor, was, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, of sufficient importance to receive from this imperious sovereign the following amusing letter, under the authority of the privy seal.

BY THE QUEENE.

Trustie and wel-beloved, we greete you well. The contynual greate charges which wee have for the necessarie defence of and preservation of our dominions and subjects, are so notorious as neede not to be otherwise declared then may justlie be conceaved by all our loving subjectes, being but of common understanding. And therefore, at this presente, finding cause of increase and contynuance of such charges exceeding all other meanes; and not mynding to presse our subjectes with anie presente free gift of monie, but only to be supplied with some reasonable pencion by waie of loane for onne yeare's space; wee have made speciall choice of suche our loving subjectes as are knowne to be of abilitie; amongest which we accompte yow one; and therefore, we require yow, by these presentes, to lend us the some of fyftie poundes for the space of one yeare, and the some to be payd unto Benedict Barnham or Thomes Looe, aldermen, by us appointed as collectors thereof; which we promise to pay to yow or your assignees, at the end of one yeare, in the receipte or exchequer, upon giving this privie seale subscribed by the said collectors, testifieing the receipte hereof. Geven under our privie seale, at our pallace, Westm'r, the xxvi th daie of January, in the xxxixth year of our raigne.

THOMAS KING.

Charley, another manor in the forest, in the early part of the thirteenth century passed by marriage into the possession of Alexander Comyn, Earl of Buchan; a relative of John or "the Red" Comyn, of Badenoch, stabbed in passion on his giving him the lie, by Bruce, in the chapel of the Grey Friars, at Dumfries, and immediately dispatched by

Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk
Making sure of murderer's work.

History and poetry are sometimes sadly at variance. The real Bruce, though unquestionably a man of unbounded valour and enterprise, at one period of his life served under Edward against his own country as a mercenary. There appears every reason for supposing that real patriotism had no very great share in the motives which induced him to take up arms against Edward. Altogether, he appears very different from the lofty-minded and chivalrous hero of Scott's Lord of the Isles; and as an historic character was very far from deserving the

magnificent address then spoken by the abbot to his fictitious representative.

One of the most celebrated spots in or near the forest is Bradgate—successively belonging to the Earls of Leicester, and the families of the Ferrars and the Greys. It was in the beautiful park of Bradgate, while in possession of the last mentioned family, that the lovely, amiable, gifted, but unfortunate lady Jane Grey was found by Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth, reading the Phœdo of Plato, while the rest of the company were hunting in the park. Mr. Potter gives an appropriate notice of this almost angelic creature, who, in the words of Fuller, "had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, and the death of a malefactor for her parent's offences." His notice of the park itself is this:—

"Its venerable feature of stern moorland wilderness,—its venerable and gnarled oaks,—its undulating surface, interspersed with rock, wood, and streamlet,—the beautiful view afforded from its prospect tower, called "Old John,"—and above all, the quiet beauty of the rocky valley,—are truly objects that no pilgrim tourist can behold without delight;—and when to all is superadded the remembrance "amid these scenes the Lady Jane strayed, studied, wept," that person must be a stranger to the sensibilities of our nature whose mind fails to derive deep enjoyment from such a spot. The author of the School of the Heart"—the Hulsean Lecturer of the last and present year—thus rapturously speaks of a visit to Bradgate in that month in which Englishmen have been said to "hang, drown, shoot." "The glooms of November! Take us to our forest scenery,—set us down in the deep valley of Ulverscroft, or in the fantastic glen on the Newton Lingford side of Bradgate. Look at that ruined tower,—how its sombre majesty is set off and duly cinctured by ash and elm and oak, with their gloomy masses of colour; the yet unscattered mist just frames the picture for you,—the bare hills are all shut out, and alone in their beauty,—the Abbey and its nurseling the farm, and their old ancestral woods lie there in quiet decay; the leaves ever and anon floating down, and the slow winding cattle being the only moving objects in the vale of peace. Now to Bradgate:—Did gilding ever surpass the glories of those fern-covered hills? Yon oaks, of a thousand shapes and hues—(and under them in all her beauty and innocence the Lady Jane wandered,)—this fragrance from the decaying year,—this babbling steam that collects the brooding mist,—yon old crumbling gables and turrets that pierce the dull distance,—these are your November glooms. And look at the deer—not the *smooth sleek gentlemen* of the undulating paddock, misnamed a pack,—but wild and bold, and stately as they move among the bright fern or under the ancient oaks; and the *twinkle twinkle* of innumerable rabbits as they hide themselves at our approach. Now the curtain of mist has been lifted, the glorious sun is high. Mount yon hill of grey rocks,—look round you on wood and wold,—on tower and town,—on many a happy home with its coloured fringe of timber,—on the cloudless, boundless, and all-covering sky, and then tell us of the glooms of November!"

Several legendary tales are connected with spots in the forest; and with one of these we will close our brief and imperfect notice. The scientific and historical details, which comprise a large portion of the work, as well as the numerous beautiful illustrations, can be only enjoyed by those who have access to the volume itself.

LEGEND OF THE HANGMAN'S STONE.

It happen'd but twice in the tide of time,
And but once since the conqueror came,
That all shepherd men were in bed at ten,
And all Whytwyk wights the same.

There were fat red deer in old Bardon Park,
Fat hogs on the great Joe's Head,
Fat goats in crowds on the grey Lubclouds,
Fat sheep in the Forest shed.

There were coneys in store upon the Warren Hill,
And hares upon Long Cliff dell;
And a pheasant whirred if a foot was stirred
In the Haw of the Holy well.

There were trout in shoals in the Charley brook,
And pike in the abbot's lake,
And herons in flocks under Whytwyk's rocks
Their nightly rest would take.

All these were the cause why the shepherd men,
And the Whytwyk wights the same,
Never slumber'd when the clock told ten,
But watch'd for the sylvan game.

What matter that wardens and trusty regarders,
Look'd well to the forest right;
The shepherd encroachers were aye practised poachers,
And their day was the "noon of night."

If the matter pray did not hap in this way
What matter? The sheep and deer
Were a goodlier meal, and the verb to steal
Was neuter, or *blameless* here.

John of Oxley had watch'd on the round Cat Hill,
He had harried all Timber Wood.
Each rabbit and hare said "ha! ha!" to his snare,
But the venison *he knew* was good.

A herd were resting beneath the broad oak—
(The ranger he knew was abed):
The shaft he drew on his well-tired yew,
And a gallant hart lay dead.

He tied its legs, and he hoisted his prize,
And he toil'd over Lubcloud brow;
He reached the tall stone standing out and alone,
Standing then as it standeth now.

With his back to the stone he rested his load,
And he chuckled with glee to think
That the rest of his way on the down hill lay,
And his wife would have spiced the strong drink.

That rest of the way John of Oxley ne'er trod:
The spiced ale was untouched by him;
In the morning grey there were looks that way,
But the mountain mists were dim.

Days pass'd and he came not—his children play'd
And wept—then gambolled again;
They saw with surprise that their mother's wet eyes
Were still on the hills—in vain!

A swineherd was passing o'er Great Joe's Head,
When he noticed a motionless man;
He shouted in vain—no reply could he gain,—
So down to the grey stone he ran.

All was clear.—There was Oxley on one side the stone,
On the other the down-hanging deer;
The burden had slipp'd, and his neck it had nipp'd:
He was hang'd by his prize—all was clear!

The gallows still stands upon Shepeshed high lands,
As a mark for the poacher to own,
How the wicked will get within their own net,
And 'tis still called *the Grey Hangman's Stone.*

Art. VIII.

1. *Collection des Chroniques Nationales Françaises.* Par M. Buchon. 36 tom. Paris, 1826.
2. *Histoire de Bertrand du Guesclin.* 2 tom.

We took occasion in a former number of this journal to offer some remarks upon the manners and customs of England during the reign of Edward the Third, as well as generally upon the domestic policy of that prince; we now resume the general subject of that reign, and propose on the present occasion to consider some of the principal foreign wars which Edward's wise government at home enabled him to carry on with success.

The military events of the reign of Edward the Third divide themselves naturally into five great periods of ten years each, ending severally with the claim upon France, the battles of Crecy, of Poictiers, of Najara, and the death of the King.

The dawn of Edward's reign under the inauspicious influence of the Queen and Mortimer, gave little promise of its meridian lustre. The strength due to his grandfather's government had been effaced by the weakness and wickedness of that of his father. But although the royal office had fallen into disrepute, the cruel death of Edward the Second raised a mighty disgust against all who ordered or sanctioned the deed. Neither were the nobles who had put down the minions of the late king himself, at all disposed to be ruled by one of their own body and the paramour of the queen. Edward, though none could attribute to him any share in his father's death, shared at first in some degree in the obloquy cast upon his murderers. He began his reign under the influence of their faction. Their acts became his acts; and they made use of his tender age to sanction their ulterior measures. Men felt that he had risen upon his father's fall, that the young plant had been watered in blood. Fortunately for the kingdom, Mortimer and the Queen were weak as they were wicked. After a disgraceful campaign they concluded a dishonourable peace with Scotland, and thus wounded the English pride in its most tender point. The government was so weak at home that they dared not assume a dignified tone in its disputes with foreign powers. After claiming the regency of France for the young king, he was permitted to pay personal homage to his rival. Men contrasted the death of Robert Bruce, ripe in years and covered with glory, with the corresponding proceedings in England. The execution of the Earl of Kent was felt to be as much a murder as that of his brother.

At this time an unlooked-for prospect of better things appeared in the rising qualities of the young king. Edward, when nineteen years old crossed the seas to pay homage for Guyenne, Ponthieu, and Montrevil, feudal countries held under the crown of France. Philip

came to Amiens to meet his illustrious vassal. The ceremonial of this homage was of an imposing character. Edward, robed in crimson velvet embroidered with lions, his crown on his head, his sword by his side, and his golden spurs upon his heels, was to present himself before Philip seated in a chair of state in the body of the cathedral, robed in violet-coloured velvet embroidered with fleur-de-lys of gold, his crown upon his head and his sceptre in his hand. Edward was then to divest himself of his crown, sword, and spurs, and kneeling down, to put his hands between the hands of the king of France, and so to sware to become his liege man. Whether Edward actually performed this homage has been much disputed; it seems to be supposed that he gave a verbal acknowledgment only, and declined at that time to perform the most striking part of the ceremony, to the great discomfiture of Philip, who had brought two kings with him to witness the pageant, and who was scarcely less disagreeably surprised by the magnificence of Edward's retinue than by the firmness of the young prince himself.

Edward's bold strike at Nottingham for his liberty is well known. The nobles were probably by this time become aware of his great abilities, hence his complete success, the fall of Mortimer and the Queen, and his own firm establishment upon an independent throne at the age of nineteen. The King's first step, though not successful in its final result, was one calculated to win great popularity. He summoned indirectly Edward Baliol from the obscurity of his Norman castle, and enabled him to enter Scotland by sea, where he gained a rapid victory over the Scottish army, took possession of a large portion of the kingdom, and was crowned at Scone. David Bruce, the son of the late king, was at this time a youth only eight years old; but the nation rose against the vassal of England; even old adherents were fiercely opposed to his English support; and in about three months he was driven out of the country to the full as rapidly as he had taken possession of it. In this campaign either party raised troops in France and England, but the rival monarchs did not directly interfere. The ostensible contest was between Baliol and the Scots. Philip, however, was making preparations actively to annoy England by his support of Bruce, and Edward was no less determined to assert, through the claims of Baliol, the supremacy of his own crown over that of Scotland.

In 1333, Edward determined openly to espouse the cause of Baliol. He marched from Newcastle, laid seige to Berwick, utterly cut to pieces at Halidon Hill the levies assembled to raise the siege, and slew the regent Douglas, their commander. The result of this action enabled Edward to reinstate Baliol in the Lowland districts; but it was not until after the double campaign of 1335 that this Scottish spirit was so far quelled as to permit Edward to turn his attention to another and more important quarter.

The Salian tribe of Franks were the ancestors of the population of central France. It was held that their laws excluded females from succession to the throne; and this belief had passed into a custom among their French descendants. The custom flattered the vanity of the people. The jurists held the kingdom of France too noble to be governed by a female: the heralds asserted that the lilies "toiled not neither did they spin."

Philip the Third, king of France, was the father of two sons, of whom the elder succeeded to the throne as Philip the Fair, and the younger, Charles, received the appendage of Valois. The three sons of Philip the Fair were successively kings of France,—as Louis Hutin, Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair; Philip left also one daughter, Isabel, the "She-Wolf of France," the wife of Edward the Second, and mother of Edward the Third. Philip, son of Charles of Valois, was the representative of the younger branch.

Each of the three royal brothers left daughters, who were successively excluded on the ground of their sex. But upon the death of Charles the Fair, the third brother, in 1328, and upon his posthumous child proving to be a daughter, the succession to the crown lay open to dispute. Now, either the Salic law held good, or it did not. If it did hold, according to our modern rules of descent, Philip of Valois was the undoubted heir; he was the son of a son of a king of France, and the next male in the succession. If the law did not hold, the two last kings were usurpers; the next heirs were the issue of Louis Hutin, after them the issue of Philip the Long, then those of Charles the Fair, then Isabel of England, and finally Philip of Valois. The Salic law was not settled beyond controversy. Its force rested mainly upon the recent precedents, in each of which the daughter was an infant, and the uncle a powerful and unscrupulous prince. The law was a "lex non scripta," and was not generally adopted throughout Europe. The six peerages of France, also on the Salic land, had never been subject to its limitation. Those interested in this view of the case were, however, at that time infants, and powerless; and the question lay between Edward of England, and Philip of Valois, both of whom admitted the force of the Salic law. Edward, however, admitted it with a gloss upon which he based his claim. He held that the object of the law was to prevent the sceptre of a powerful kingdom falling into weak hands; and that although females could not inherit, males might inherit in their right. The issue male of the daughters of the three brother kings were then either unborn or too young according to this scheme to inherit; and Edward, as the son of Isabella, the next female heir, asserted his claim. In our days such doctrine appears in the highest degree preposterous; but at that time the rules of descent were unsettled; and the claim, though even then thought unjust, was by no means grossly so. Had Edward been a French prince, his claim would probably have

been far more likely to be successful. The French jurists demanded where the authority for Edward's gloss was to be found. "Endorsed upon the original law," was the English reply.

Upon the death of Charles, and pending the birth of his posthumous child, Isabel had claimed the regency for her son Edward. The French barons, wisely jealous of a foreign prince, conferred that office upon Philip, who, upon the child proving to be a daughter, stepped without opposition into the throne, and thus gained an immense advantage over every other competitor. Edward's claim, although probably long present to his own mind, and in fact formally brought forward upon the birth of the princess, was virtually abandoned by his homage at Amiens; unless this could be considered as void on the ground of his nonage.

Philip's possession of the throne of France, and his knowledge of Edward's disposition to contest it, did not tend to dispose the minds of the princes favourably towards each other. But it is probable that Edward would for some time longer have forborne actual hostilities, had not an accidental circumstance at that time pricked him forward.

Robert d'Artois was the male heir and grandson of Robert Comte d'Artois, nephew of St. Louis, king of France. The county of Artois, however, had been granted to Mahault, his father's sister, whose two daughters by Otto Count of Burgundy having married two of the sons of Philip the Fair, were powerful enough to withold from Robert his inheritance. Robert had been an active supporter of Philip of Valois, who married his sister, and to whom he now looked for the recovery of Artois. The cause had formerly been decided against him before the Parliament of Paris; therefore, as a legal reason for a second trial, he pleaded the discovery of certain important documents. It appeared upon the trial that these documents were forged. Robert, who lay under suspicion of sorcery, was banished the realm, and his estates confiscated. He retired to the court of England, enraged against his brother-in-law and sovereign; and under his powerful instigation Edward was without difficulty induced seriously to prepare for the assertion of his claim upon the crown of France.

Robert d'Artois was a man of uncommon ability, both in the cabinet and the field. Philip, alarmed at the conjunction, made aggressions upon Guyenne, and denounced as a traitor every vassal of France who gave shelter to Robert. Edward laid this injurious insult before his parliament; and with the full consent of the nation prepared for war.

Flanders was at this time at peace with England—from whence indeed the artizans of the former country derived the raw material of their great staple manufacture of wool. They had also put themselves under the command of the brewer, Van Artevelde; having

expelled their legitimate earl, who had taken refuge in France. There was war between the French and the Flemings. Edward determined to ally himself strongly in Flanders, and to attack France on that side. An embassy was despatched, the splendour of which conciliated even that fierce democracy; and the basis of a powerful league was formed. Fifty knights accompanied the embassy, the younger of whom had vowed before their ladies in England, to keep one eye covered until they had performed a deed of arms on French land. The attack on Cadsaud enabled them to acquit their vows with honour to themselves and their country. Philip on his part put to death one of the popular Flemish leaders, and thus decided the wavering party against France. Edward commenced his operations by a public letter to the archbishops, requiring the prayers of the church for his success, and that they should explain to the people the cause for which extraordinary imposts had been levied. At this conjuncture the Pope suggested a truce, which, as it suited the views of both kings, was agreed upon; and the year 1339 was spent in making alliances. Edward received from the Emperor, with great state at Cologne, the powers of vicar-general of the empire, by which means he was enabled to absolve many of the border nobles from their fealty to Philip, and in other ways to extend his German league. Philip on the other hand entered into a treaty with the Scots, and added to his French army such of the German powers who were opposed to the interference of England. Philip's own nobles also buckled on his cause energetically, under the fear of a foreign sovereign.

The war was recommenced by Edward, by the despatch of a formal challenge to Philip. Philip acknowledged its receipt by the sack of Southampton, a feat more than balanced by the incursion of Sir Walter Manny into French Flanders, where he discharged another vow made before the ladies in England, by the capture of Thiul'evesgne. Shortly afterwards Edward took the field with upwards of 40,000 men, chiefly foreigners; and after a fruitless attempt upon Cambray, appeared before Philip upon the field of Vironfosse in Picardy. The French, according to Froissart, numbered 100,000 men; both armies confessed, heard mass, and remained under arms in order of battle during the first half of a summer's day. At this moment a hare started up between the hosts, and being cheered by loud cries from either side, men thought the battle had commenced, and the ceremony of creating knights, usually deferred to the last moment, was hastily performed. When the cause of the alarm became manifest, the new chevaliers received the soubriquet of "knights of the hare." Philip finally declined battle; either party retreated, and thus ended the campaign.

Edward employed the interval in conciliating the Flemings, by augmenting their privileges in England, admitting their ruler to his intimacy, and holding his court, attended by his queen and children,

in their city of Brussells. They proved but sluggish allies; they postponed their aid from time to time, and suggested various scruples. It was to remove one of these that Edward finally, after much consideration, assumed the style and arms of France, and received the homage of the Flemings as king of that country. Philip seems to have regarded Edward's assumption of the Lilies as a mere impertinence; but he was inflamed with rage when he found them marshalled in the second and fourth quarters of the royal shield, giving heraldic precedence to the Lions of England; an arrangement indeed almost immediately changed.

Philip determined to cut off the communication between Flanders and England, and to effect this he posted a fleet of 140 ships, containing 140,000 men, to guard the entrance of the Scheld. Edward in person commanded the English fleet. After some display of seamanship, he managed to obtain the windward, and bearing down at once upon the foe, he took, sunk, or burnt all their ships except thirty, and slew 30,000 men. With these laurels fresh upon his brow, Edward landed his troops, marched straight to Tournay with 150,000 men, and challenged Philip to a combat either singly or with an equal number on each side. Philip, however, was unwilling to risk his kingdom for so unequal a stake; his policy was rather to detain Edward's army in Flanders, whilst his agents were employed in stirring up the people of Scotland and Aquitaine. Edward, on the other hand, was dissatisfied with his Flemish and German allies, and finally both parties agreed to accept the mediation of the Princess Joan of France, a kinswoman to both Edward, Philip, the Emperor, and the Earl of Hainault, and who left her nunnery at Fontenelles to negociate this peace.

This was the last of Edward's Flemish campaigns, and he rose materially the loser by the war. He had gained a great naval victory, and his title to France was acknowledged by the Flemings; but he had drained his exchequer, and his subjects began to murmur. It is probable, however, that he had acquired a just notion of his own powers.

At this time an event fell out which, in conjunction with the coolness of the Flemings, and the defection of the Emperor, led him to seek some additional point of attack.

Britanny was at that time that one of the great fiefs of France, over which, from its remoteness, its mountainous features, and the fierce character of its people, the power of the crown was least certain. It had formerly received a Celtic colony from Britain; but whether these were the ancestors of the whole nation, or whether they only became incorporated with an older Celtic population, the result would not be materially different. The Bretons exhibited all that indomitable spirit that the Celtic races have ever shown when

driven by the invader into the highlands and less accessible regions of Europe.

Arthur Duke of Britanny was twice married, and left four sons. The eldest succeeded as John the Third; and with the third son, Peter, died without issue. The second son Guy, called of Penthievre, left one daughter, Joan of Penthievre, who married Charles of Blois. John Earl of Montfort was the sole issue of the second bed. Duke John died in 1341, just as Edward's Flemish affairs became unpromising. Upon his death the succession was disputed between Charles of Blois, in right of his wife, and John de Montfort in his own right. Charles was supported by his uncle, the French king, and had been adopted by the late duke, and recognised by the states.

John commenced the struggle by seizing upon the strong places during Charles's absence to do homage at Paris. For this act he was cited before the court of Paris "suffisament garnie des pairs," to justify his claim. He attended; but a court so "garnished" was not likely to prove a just one, and the earl silently withdrew to the dutchy. Charles followed with a French army, and succeeded in taking his rival prisoner in Nantes, whence he was transferred to Paris to the state prison of the Louvre. But the earl's absence did not injure his cause. His wife, Joan of Flanders, remained in the dutchy with her infant son; the path of her duty was clear, and she did not shrink from the dangers that beset it. Not Charlotte de la Tremouille, not the Empress Queen, displayed more untiring energy, more indomitable courage, than this not otherwise masculine lady in defence of the rights of her husband and her son. Joan of Blois and Penthievre was not far behind her in the possession of these qualities. The war of Britanny was a woman's war, but it was also a war without ruth or pity. Either lioness was raging for her cubs.

Joan threw herself into an alliance with England, previously negociated by her husband; and Edward was not slow to perceive the advantage of an entry into France on the side of Britanny. It more than counterbalanced his Flemish difficulties.

Edward had just arranged a truce with Scotland for two years, and was feasting in London, when the Breton embassy reached him with news that the countess was shut up in Hennebon. Ships were immediately provided, and Sir Walter Manny and a strong body of English troops crossed the sea, and reached Hennebon just in time to save the city and the countess. The defence and relief of Hennebon, the appearance of the ships whilst the capitulation was preparing, the countess's brilliant sally and re-entry, and the manner in which "she came down and kissed Sir Walter and all his companions one after the other, like a noble and valiant dame," form one of the most brilliant pictures in the chronicle. Edward himself came to

the assistance of Manny, and was opposed by the French army under the Duke of Normandy. Robert d'Artois was slain in this campaign. "He was," says Froissart, "a courteous gallant knight, and of the first blood in the world." Edward swore that "he would so ravage the country, that it should not recover itself for forty years," —and he kept his word. Finally, however, a truce was agreed upon, and Edward returned to England.

During the truce, Philip seized the persons of several of the Breton lords of the English party, and cut off their heads. Upon hearing this Edward sent for Sir Hervé de Leon, his principal Breton prisoner, and was about to retaliate. His cousin, the Earl of Derby, however, as just as he was valiant, dared upon this as upon several other occasions, to step in between the lion and his prey, and entreated him for his honour's sake to forbear. Edward knew the value of a bold counsellor too well to take umbrage. Sir Hervé was pardoned, three-fourths of his ransom excused, and he himself dismissed with a defiance charging Philip with infraction of the truce. Edward laid the whole affair before his parliament, and requested their advice and assistance.

The difference in the preparations of the two monarchs affords a curious insight into the contrast between their characters and governments. Philip relied upon his chivalry. His whole policy led him to exalt the nobles at the expense of the commonalty. His barons were in debt. He first forbade the lender to demand interest on the sums already lent, and finally he lowered the debts themselves by one-third of the principal. Traders found no mercy at his hands. He took away the charters from the towns, and resold them for large sums of money. He laid destructive imposts upon trade, and granted monopolies to the highest bidder. The kings his predecessors had borrowed money and debased the coin: Philip paid monies in the debased coin, and then decried its fictitious value, and refused to receive it. He regarded his people simply as a source of money; he took no counsel with them either as to raising or employing it. For many years the parliaments of France had no voice in her imposts or expenditure; and Philip himself held economy not to be a royal virtue.

In war, Philip never relied on the yeomanry as an arm of power. No man rose from the cottage or the warehouse to wealth or honour by his valiant deeds or liberal support of government. A dangerous breach, an entire absence of common interests, was produced between the nobles and the commons; the evil consequences of which lay heavily upon both classes, even to remote generations.

In his personal character Philip was cruel, extravagant, superstitious, self-important; but he was also brave, gallant, liberal, courteous to his nobles, full of the glory of France, and anxious to render his court the centre of European chivalry. His splendour attracted

sovereigns to his banner. John of Bohemia, the Kings of Scotland, Majorca, Cyprus, the Earl of Flanders, were willing residents at his court; and in his train were the most brilliant knights the world ever saw. Avignon, then the residence of the popes, was within his immediate reach, and his influence over the head of the church was so overpowering, as actually to weaken that influence in Christendom.

The results of Philip's exertions were entirely to impoverish his country, to render the burgesses and common people indifferent to the national cause, and to deprive him of the aid of a steady body of inferior soldiery, to support the headlong and often dangerous impetuosity of his chivalry.

The conduct of Edward was the reverse of all this. His policy was wise and consistent. He began each campaign by taking the advice of his people as parties to his cause. His wars, though of doubtful justice; though in support of a claim which, if successful, would have been injurious to England; though maintained by new and heavy imposts, were on the whole not unpopular; because he had the art to make his people regard his quarrel as their own. His great abilities and uniform success commanded the respect of his people; his constant reference to their representatives ensured their sympathy; his protection of commerce rendered them no niggards of their wealth. The English chivalry, though unequal as a body, were individually in no respect inferior to those of France; but Edward employed them as leaders or in select bodies; the weight of the contest was borne by the English yeoman, in whose strength and loyalty Edward placed a firm reliance. Whilst France was wasted and ravaged from sea to sea, and could scarce find men to till her fields, Edward preserved England in peace at home, and was enabled to raise army after army to an extent unheard of under any of his predecessors.

Edward proposed to attack France upon three points: by way of Aquitaine, Britanny, and Flanders. At this conjuncture the Flemings rose, massacred Artevelde and his party, and overthrew Edward's design of erecting that country into an independent principality for his son. Edward was about to retaliate upon the Anglo-Flemish artizans, but he had the good sense not only to curb his wrath, but to continue his protection to them. This event, however, closed his negotiations in Flanders. The Earl of Derby was despatched to join Sir Walter Manny in Britanny, and the king proposed himself to take the field on the side of Aquitaine.

Edward was anxious to draw over foreign knights to his standard, and with this view he held occasional feastings and tournaments in different parts of his dominions. Of these the most famous were the tournaments of Litchfield, Bury, Guildford, Eltham, Canterbury, London, and Dunstable. At the latter place two hundred and thirty knights had attended. Though habitually economical, Edward was by

no means parsimonious; and upon these occasions he never spared expense.

Before crossing the sea he held a solemn feast at Windsor, which was attended by many Breton and Gascon knights. Safe-conducts were issued to knights of every country, and a grand tournament was held upon St. George's day. This meeting was the foundation of the order of the garter; the intention of which was, according to its statute, "to provide that active and hardy youth might not want a spur in the profession of virtue, which is to be esteemed glorious and eternal."

With the year **1346** commenced a campaign, still memorable in our English annals,—unequalled in the earlier, not eclipsed in the later successes of the country. Never since the days of its Roman founder had the old walls of Porchester encompassed so brilliant an array. First in rank as in arms and knightly accomplishments was the King, then in the flower of his age, the lode-star of his host. With him came Edward of Woodstock, a youth of sixteen—not yet surnamed the "Black," burning to win the spurs of knighthood. There were seen the heads of the houses of De Vere, Nevil, Beauchamp, Bohun, Clinton, Mowbray, and Mortimer; Ross and Lucy; Basset, Willoughby and Talbot, "those ancient stocks that so long withstood the waves and weathers of time." Seven earls, thirty-six barons, and a long train of knights, squires, and attendant soldiers the puissance of the realm of England, were assembled in that spacious court.

"Such and so numerous was their chivalry."

That no solemnity might be wanting, no unseemly haste appear to have been used, nothing savour of the "brocage" of an usurper, a precept was addressed to the prelates of the realm, requiring their public prayers and the prayers of the people for the success of the expedition. "Nos," runs this singular document, "qui pondus incudis patienter diu portavimus, mallei officium assumere compellimur."

Before embarking, Edward addressed his soldiers; explained to them the dangerous character of his enterprise,—that they must prepare either to win the land with their swords or to die every one, for there was no place to flee to; and gave permission to the doubtful and dispirited to remain behind. The men answered that they would follow him as their good and dear lord, with good will even to death. The fleet sailed from Southampton for Guyenne; but the wind became adverse, and whilst beating about the channel, Edward is said to have listened to the counsels of Harcourt, a Norman baron, and shortened his voyage by running into the port of La Hogue in Cotentin on the shores of Normandy. Upon landing, the King conferred knighthood upon the Prince, the young Earl of Salisbury, and several other young lords.

Philip was aware that Edward was on the seas, but his appearance

in Normandy, whether premeditated or not, was wholly unexpected; and the English followed close upon the heels of their report. Great part of Normandy was ravaged; Louviers, and even its two richest cities were taken; and the English with their booty were in full retreat down the left bank of the Seine before Philip, whose German frontier being menaced by the emperor, was in a condition to call them to an account.

Philip's wish was to confine the English between the Seine and the Ouse. Edward, however, crossed the Seine, and celebrated the feats of the assumption at Poissy. The Somme lay in his rear. Philip, who had broken down the bridges, despatched Gondemar de Fay with ten thousand men to guard the right bank, whilst with the main body he himself hung upon the English rear. Edward learnt from a prisoner the place of the ford of Blanchtache, so called from its white chalky bottom. Finding Gondemar on the other side, and his retreat threatened, Edward took advantage of the receding tide, and dashed into the stream, crying out, "Let those who love me follow me!" and succeeded in making his passage good, and establishing his troops in Gondemar's camp, and upon his own maternal soil of Ponthieu. Scarcely was the victory won than Philip's leading columns appeared upon the other side. But the tide had now turned; the passage was no longer fordable; and Philip, however impatient, was obliged to march round by the bridge of Abbeville; an interval of time employed by Edward in selecting his ground for battle and giving rest and refreshment to his army.

Whilst thus engaged, Edward despatched a cartel to Philip, offering him a combat between the walls of the Louvre. Having taken his ground he gave a supper to his captains, and returning to his own tent at midnight, "entered into his oratory, and kneled downe before ther the auter, prayeng God devoutly, that if he fought the next day, he might achyve the journey to his honour." The morrow was that of Saturday, August the 24th, 1346. The king rose betimes in the morning, heard mass with his son, and with the greater portion of his army received the sacraments; he afterwards rode through the ranks upon a palfrey, with a white "wand in his hand, at a foots pace, desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honour. And he spake it so sweet and with such good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited directly took courage by seeing and hearing him." The edge of such a battle must have been a sight to pour courage into the hearts of the dispirited, even were many such to be found in that gallant army. In the midst, the royal banner floated gloriously in the air, on whose ample folds the lilies of France were for the first time blended with the guly lions of Plantaganet. There waved the silver saltire of Nevil, the azure lion of the Percy, the bright star of de Vere, first won beneath the burning sun of Palestine, the "Talbot,

ever true and faithful to the crown," and the combined blazonry of Hastings and Valence, then alone emulous of the royal novelty of quartering. On every side was heard the stamp and neigh of horses, their "bridles jangling like a chapel bell," the martial sound of the trumpets, the busy hammer of the armourer "accomplishing" the knights; crests glittering, pennons waving, arms burnished like gold, rich surcoats, and caparisons

"Of damask white and azure blue
Well diapred with lilies new."

A modern array conveys but little notion of a scene so spirit-stirring, or of the gallant host, who, after the king's review, "took their food, and each lay down upon his place with his helmet and arms upon the ground before him, awaiting the arrival of the enemy."

Their suspense was of no long duration. The French came up, having marched from Abbeville in their armour, hungry, weary, and in tumultuous order; but as to an assured victory. The Bohemian knights had not succeeded in convincing Philip of his error until it was too late to mend it. The men-at-arms were not to be restrained, and there was nothing left but to begin the battle—a result in which Philip was too bad a general and too good a soldier, not sincerely to rejoice.

The prospect of a battle never failed to draw to the standard multitudes of those roving bands, who, like the wolves and the vultures, scented the carnage and hoped to revel in the spoil. The French army numbered 60,000 men, of whom 15,000 were Genoese cross-bow-men, under Grimaldi and Doria. On the side of England were only 30,000; but they were almost wholly island-born, of the dogged Saxon breed. Edward arranged his troops in three lines or "battels." The vanguard was composed of 800 men-at-arms, 2,000 archers, and 1,000 Welsh infantry. Their leader was the youthful prince, supported by Warwick, Oxford, and Chandos; some of the boldest and best names in English chivalry. The archers of the vanguard were drawn up in a plalanse two hundred feet long by forty deep, behind which were posted the prince and his attendants. Bohun and Arundel commanded the second line, which also contained men-at-arms and 2,000 archers. The reserve, composed of 700 men-at-arms and 2,000 archers, was under the eye of the king in person, who, conspicuous on his white war-horse, ascended the mount of a neighbouring windmill and directed the combat. The army was posted upon the side of a gentle descent; the flanks were entrenched, and the baggage and most of the horses were defiled in a similar manner in the rear. It is a "vexata questio" among antiquaries, but on the whole it seems probable that the English employed a description of rude cannon in this occasion.

The French scarcely paused to take up their position; but as they came on also in three lines of three divisions each over the plain of

Crecy, shouting A la mort! A la mort! shaking the earth beneath their tread, the English host put on their helmets, took their arms, and rose in good order to receive them. The Oriflamme, or great banner of France, borne by their kings as Counts of Vescin and "signiferi ecclericæ," was uplifted,—a token that no mercy was to be shown to the invaders of the sacred soil. This was met by the display of Edward's own banner of "The Burning Dragon,—a signal for equal severity. The French van was led by John of Luxemburgh, King of Bohemia, an experienced but now aged warrior. He was accompanied by the Earl of Alençon, a fiery youth, brother to the French King. Philip in person, seconded by James King of Majorca, commanded the main body. The rear-guard was placed under Amadeus of Savoy. When the order of the English battle was explained to the King of Bohemia, he observed, with the sagacity of an old leader, "I see then the men of England are resolved to win all or die." At this time a flight of birds of ill omen was observed to hover over the French army. Philip, invoking "God and St. Denis," called on the Genoese to begin the battle. These troops were weary in the extreme, but they obeyed the call. After the manner of their country, "they leaped forward thrice with a fell cry to arasse the Englishmen, but they stode stylle and styrred not for all that." When they came within shot they discharged their bows, but a sudden shower of rain had damped the strings, and the bolts rattled harmlessly upon the English breast-plates.

Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and let fly their arrows so hotly and so thick, that it seemed like snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited * * When the French King saw them fly away, he said, "Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason;" then you should have seen the men-at-arms dash in among them and kill a great number of them; and even styll the Englishmen shot whereat they saw the thickest press. The sharp arrows ran into the men-at-arms and their horses, and many fell, horse and man, among the Genoese, and when they were down they could not make line again: the press was so thick that one overthrew another.

The French accused the Genoese of keeping "Ligurian faith;" but their behaviour did not disgrace the high fame of their leaders, Doria and Grimaldi, both of whom fell with their men. The result of this ruthless slaughter was, as it deserved to be, fatal to the French cause. The men-at-arms, entangled in the slaughtered Genoese, harrassed by the cloth-yard arrows, dazzled by the sun that then shone out upon their faces, quailed before the charge of the English van-guard. But the French nobles were not wanting to their high reputation. Philip himself had his horse slain, and was wounded in the throat and thigh. His brother, the Earl of Alençon, paid in death the forfeit of this fierce slaughter among the Genoese.

John of Bohemia, old and well nigh blind, found the day going hard for France. "Messires," said he to his attendants, "I desire only this boon at your hands: lead me so near to those English that I may strike one good stroke," and then causing his horse to be fastened between those of two of his best knights, he charged into the thickest of the combat, cut his way through the band of archers, and grappled hand to hand with the Prince's men-at-arms. His son Charles, Marquis of Moravia, afterwards Emperor, was already disabled. The nobles, alarmed at the onset, despatched a messenger to the windmill for aid. "Sire," said the knight, "the Earls of Warwick and of Stafford, Sir Reinold Cobham, and such as be about the prince your son, are fearlessly fought withal, and are sore handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battel will come aid them, for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much to do." It was no child's play that could make Beauchamp or Stafford send such a message. But Edward saw from this post the French banners falling thick around the Prince. "'Tell me,' said he, 'is my son dead or hurt, or to the earth felled?' 'No, sire,' quoth the knight, 'but he is hardly matched, wherefore he hath need of your aid.'" Edward was not the father to pluck a rose from his son's chaplet. "'Go,' said he, 'to my son and to them who sent you hither, and say to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth as long as my son is alive; and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurres; for, if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him.' Then the knight returned again to them, and showed the King's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and they repined in that they had sent to the King as they did." The result of their "repining" is well known. The band of knights rallied closer round their gallant leader, and charging home as one man, clove the opposing host as the iron wedge rives the knotty oak. Meaner men stood aloof. None stepped aside to make prisoners. Arrow and javelin fell harmlessly from the close-ranged hauberk, or dinted in vain the steel-plated shield. John of Bohemia, with the flower of the French chivalry, flung himself in the gap; and had age chilled his body as little as it had calmed his spirit, the end of Crecy might have been different. He fell in the thickest of the press, as became a gallant knight. The result is well known. Philip behaved as became the "Fortune of France." He was a second time unhorsed; but being again mounted, he fought until resistance was idle; and, finally, he left the field with about sixty horsemen, and never drew bridle until he reached the gates of Amiens, whence he retired in moody silence upon Paris. The route was complete—the after carnage frightful. Barons and knights flung aside their arms, cast off their harness, and fled on foot in the guise of peasants and base persons. The gay

armour, rich caparisons, and pleasant pensils that glittered so bright in the morning sun, were defiled with dust and blood. The field lay strewn with mangled bodies and broken armour. The demon of war had torn aside his gilded veil, and stood revealed in all his ghastly horrors.

After the battle, Edward descended from his mount, and advancing with his battalia towards the Prince, embraced him in his arms and kissed him. "'Fair son, God give you good perseverance,—ye are my good son, thus ye have acquitted you nobly, ye are worthy to keep a realm.' The Prince inclined himself to the earth, honouring the King his father. This night they thanked God for their good adventure, and made no boast thereof." It has been supposed that the plume and motto of the Princes of Wales were won from the King of Bohemia on this day.

The English loss was trifling: no noble, and but three persons of knightly rank; but on the French side, the tale of the dead exhibited a fearful roll. Two kings, eleven princes, eighty bannerets, twelve hundred knights, and thirty thousand soldiers, were left upon the field, and a number exceeding this fell in the pursuit. A truce of three days was granted to bury the dead. The body of the King of Bohemia was despatched in all honour to his son, and the slain nobles were buried in the adjacent abbey of Monstreville; Edward and his lords attending as their mourners. But Philip had scarcely reached his capital before Edward commenced a march to lay siege to Calais, and thus closed a campaign of only forty-six days' duration. To this campaign may be traced the origin of the mutual hatred between France and England. Before that time there were many disputes between the kings, but no settled antipathy between the people. The nobles of either land possessed many things in common. Titles and estates in both countries, a common language, a common descent; but as the influence of the Saxon race became stronger, and their language gradually spread, the bond became less powerful, and at last was thus rudely snapped. The contending parties were now in fact two different races; and from the ashes of the dead at Crecy sprung up between them a root of bitterness, which bore deadly fruit in after ages; even upon the plains of Spain and Belgium.

The tidings of Crecy came blazing and thundering over England. Edward had commenced his march with prayer—he closed it with thanksgiving. His dispatch, the gazette of the battle, still remains: The King "Divinà gratià opitulante," ascribes the glory where it was justly due. "Unde soli Deo, qui eandem victoriam nos attribuit, gratias referrimus quas valemus." At Caen, Edward had found a plan for the invasion and partition of England by the French; this also he published to his people, still more strongly to ensure their sympathy.

Edward had scarcely drawn his lines of circumvallation before

Calais, when he received tidings of the engagement between the Scots and his northern barons, under the walls of Durham; which, like a fair maiden, remained as a prize for the conqueror. The incursion was stirred up by France, whose alliance has ever proved injurious to Scotland. The Scots took the field with a host mingled in race, dress, and arms. There were the lowland pikemen and the heavy cavalry in plate and jack, the children of the isles with their ancient Danish battle-axes, the plumed and plaided mountaineer; the light-armed Galwegian with his Celtic javelin, and the predatory cavalry of the border, resembling in their small steeds and scanty equipment, the Cossacks of the Don and Wolga. Victory was for some time doubtful; but the gallantry of Nevill and Edward Baliol established the fortune of the day. Warring with Scotland was fishing with a golden hook: the Scots were poor, and they were brave. Upon this occasion, however, they lost what they had to lose, —their reputation as successful forayers. They were defeated with a loss proportionally greater than that of the French at Crecy, and with the capture of their young King. A part of the glory of this victory fell to the share of Queen Phillippa, who, in the name of her son Lionel, administered the affairs of the kingdom, and was herself in the immediate neighbourhood of the battle. Lord Nevill erected a cross upon the field, from whence the victory bears its name; and upon his death shortly afterwards, the grateful monks of Durham honoured his defence of their cathedral by burying him, the first layman, within its sacred walls.

Edward's army was equally successful in other quarters. In Guyenne the Duke of Normandy fled before the Earl of Derby; and in Britanny Sir Thomas Dagworth was victorious, and Charles of Blois a prisoner. Philip attempted to rescue Calais, but in vain. The Flemings guarded it on the west, the English on the east, and the marshes to the landward were impassable. The place was left to its fate; and it fell after a blockade of nearly a year's duration. According to Froissart, the obstinate resistance of the town had inflamed Edward to madness. The terms of its surrender are well known,—the gallant devotion of St. Pierre and his five companions, and the intercession of Sir Walter Manny and the queen. The description of the scene is in Froissart's very best manner. The wounded governor upon his palfrey,—the six burgesses with their feet bare and halters round their necks,—the king "looking felly on theym; for greatly he hated the people of Calys, for the grat damages and displeasures they had done hym on the sea before." Sir Walter Manny, ever foremost both to strike and spare, interceding for them in vain; and finally, the queen, then great with child, falling upon her knees, pleading the dangerous passage she had undergone to see her husband, and entreating him "for the honour of the son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, to take mercy

of those six burgesses." Rough and rugged-hearted as they were, no Plantaganet could have resisted such an appeal. Doubtful as is the tale, and hackneyed as it has become by repetition, it is not the less one of those reminiscences, that even after this lapse of time, renders the name of Philippa still so dear to our English recollections. Calais had been a dangerous port to the English navigator. Villani observes, "Perocche Calese era uno ricetto di corsali, e spilonca di ladroni e piratic di mare." Thus taken, it remained two hundred and ten years under the English crown, a sore blot upon the fame of France. "I would be content," said the Comte de Cordes, "to lie in hell for seven years so I might win Calais from the English." Its subsequent loss was said to have been fatal to Queen Mary. Edward was enabled by this position to dictate the terms of a truce with France; in which his allies of Flanders and Britanny were included. No serious war occurred between the rival crowns for nearly ten years; during which time Philip of Valois had died, and John, his eldest son, inherited his father's throne. The king of Scotland regained his liberty upon terms that rendered it his interest at present to remain at peace with England; and Spain was sufficiently paralysed by the loss of her fleet; which, after ravaging the shores of the British Channel, was attacked and destroyed by Edward, in person.

During this truce also occurred the celebrated relief of Calais. Edward had placed Sir Aymery de Pavia, a Lombard, in charge of that important post. Geoffrey de Chargny, a French captain, proposed to the Lombard to betray his trust for 20,000 crowns. Sir Aymery either assented, or pretended to assent; for his conduct in the matter is doubtful. The affair, however, reached Edward's ears; and under his direction a day was appointed for the admission of the French. On the evening preceding, he crossed the sea, and entered Calais with three hundred men-at-arms and six hundred archers. Prince Edward was with him; but their presence was strictly private; and they appeared only as part of the retinue of Sir Walter Manny. "Sir Walter," said Edward "I will that you be chief of this enterprise; I and my son will fight under your banner." Towards midnight, Sir Geoffery came up with five hundred lancers from St. Omer, and displayed his banner on the plain before the castle.

Sir Aymery dropped the bridge, opened the gate, and admitted Sir Odoart de Renty, with an advanced party of twelve knights and one hundred men-at-arms. Sir Aymery received the crowns, and admitted the French into the base court of the great tower, of which he then threw open the door. Edward and two hundred lancers were in that tower. They rushed out with swords and battle-axes in their hands, shouting, "Manny! Manny! to the rescue! what, do these Frenchmen think to conquer Calais with such a handful of men!" The party made but little resistance; a few only were wounded, and all were made prisoners. The English then mounted

their horses; and passing through the town, quitted it by the Boulogne gate, and advanced silently towards Sir Geoffrey, who was impatiently waiting a signal from his party, in the bitter cold of the last night of December.

Edward and his knights came upon them unexpectedly; but Sir Geoffrey was not the man to be taken by surprise. "'Messires,' said he, 'if we flee, we shall lose all: it is better to fight boldly, and the day may yet be ours.' 'By St. George,' said some of the English who heard him, 'you say true, foul befall him who thinks of fleeing.'"

Sir Geoffrey had posted a large force of horse, foot, and cross-bow men in his rear on the bridge of Nieullet, and between that post and Calais. Edward detached a party to attack them; and the battle began. The French behaved well; many of them took English prisoners, and retreated with them into France. Sir Geoffrey and the knights of Picardy dismounted, as did the king of England; and both parties fought on foot. Edward drew his sword, crying, "Ha, Saint Edward! Ha, Saint George!" and singled out Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, a strong and hardy knight. Twice he struck the king down upon his knees; but Edward at last overcame; and Sir Eustace gave up his sword, saying, "Sir Knight, I surrender myself your prisoner; for the honours of the day must fall to the English!" Sir Geoffrey himself was also a prisoner; many were slain.

The morning of New-year's-day, 1349, had now arrived. The prisoners were brought into the castle, and there they learned, for the first time, that the King of England had been present in person. In the evening, Edward gave a great supper to both parties; and, to do honour to the strangers, he himself and his son served up the first course and waited upon the guests, before they repaired to their own private table. After supper, the King remained in the hall, bare-headed, save a chaplet of fine pearls, and began to talk to his guests. When he came to Sir Geoffrey, he changed countenance a little. "Sir Geoffrey," said he, "by reason I should love you but a little, when ye would steal by night from me that thing which I have so dearly bought, and hath cost me so much gold. I am right joyous and glad that I have taken you with the proof; ye would have had a better market than I have had, when ye thought to have Calais for twenty thousand crowns: but God hath holpen me, and ye have failed of your purpose." Sir Geoffrey, like a wise man, was silent. The King then addressed Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont.

"Sir Eustace," sayd the Kyng to hym joiously, "ye are the knyght in the worlde that I have seene most valyant assayle his enemyes and defend hymselfe, nor I never founde knyght that ever gave me so moch ado, body to body, as ye have done this day; wherefore I gyve you the price above all the knyghtes of my court by right sentence." Then the Kyng toke the chaplet that was upon his hede, beyng bothe fayre, goodly, and riche, and sayde,

"Sir Eustace, I gyve you this chaplet for the best doer in armes in this journey past of eyther party; and I desyre you to bere it this yere for the love of me. I knowe well ye be fresshe and amourous, and oftentimes be among ladyes and damoselles; say whersoever ye come that I dyd gyve it you; and I quyte you your prison and ransom, and ye shalle depart to-morowe, if it please you."

The war with France was renewed in 1355, ostensibly to revenge John's breach of the truce towards the King of Navarre, an ally of England; but, in truth, as it would appear, to forward Edward's views upon the crown of France. Philip, a little before his death, either proposed, or had actually created, John his son Duke of Aquitaine. Edward met this by conferring that territory upon his own son, whom he despatched as the royal lieutenant in that quarter, whilst Henry of Lancaster received a similar authority in Britanny. Edward himself took the field in the direction of Calais, and the kingdom of France was thus exposed to an attack upon three points. King John was as brave as his father, and a far more virtuous man; but he was to the full as incompetent a sovereign and a general. He opposed the army of Calais, though without success; but the affairs of Scotland recalled Edward home, and John was left at liberty to defend his western frontier. The Black Prince had already laid waste the provinces bordering upon Bourdeaux; and having taken Romorantin, was engaged in Touraine when he received tidings of John's approach with a formidable army. His numbers were too few to permit him to seek a battle. He fell back upon Auvergne, and was in full retreat upon the English dominions, when John cut him off in the province of Poitou, about two miles from the village of Poictiers.

The disproportion between the forces was very considerable. The English numbered about 2,000 men-at-arms, 4,000 archers, and 2,000 light infantry,—from eight to ten thousand in all. In the French ranks were the King, twenty-six grand feudatories of France,—dukes and counts; one hundred and forty bannerets, and from fifty to sixty thousand fighting men. A band of Scottish gentlemen, exiled by the policy of Edward, and burning to be revenged upon their ancient enemy, helped to swell the ranks of that mingled and mighty host.

The Prince chose his ground advantageously upon a hill side, amongst vineyards and hedges; he entrenched either flank, and placed the baggage in the rear. At the foot of the hill lay some broken ground, and the centre of the position was accessible only through a deep lane. The banks of this lane were lined with archers, to whom, with a band of dismounted men-at-arms, was entrusted the defence of the centre, in the rear of a line of knights, posted to receive the first shock of the battle. The other troops took up their

positions on the right and left; and six hundred men-at-arms and mounted archers, under the redoubtable Captal de Buch, were placed behind a hill opposite the right wing of the French, with orders to turn their flank when the battle commenced. The Prince took his place with Sir John Chandos in the centre;—it was his first independent command.

King John, with his army, occupied the plain below. Four thousand knights, the flower of the French nobility, gallantly aparelled, unfurled their banners to the wind. The plain shone with armour and embroidery; the power was ranged in three battallia, each of 16,000 men; the royal dukes of Orleans and Normandy commanded the first and second; the King himself, armed at all points in royal habiliments, led the reserve; but twenty knights, similarly arrayed, were scattered over the field. The hazard, seven or eight to one, was fearful against England. The French remembered Crecy, and trusted that their hour was come. The sallow kite, the swarthy raven, hovered over that devoted band; the lean wolf of the weald prowled about their camp, anticipating the coming carnage. The Cardinals Tallerand-Perigord, and Capocchio, galloped often between the hosts, striving to proffer terms of peace; but John felt that his ancient foe was in his power, and would agree to nothing short of an unconditional surrender. The Prince offered large concessions: to yield up his conquests, to release his prisoners, to bind himself not to bear arms against France for seven years. He was well aware of his danger. "'Fair son,' said the departing cardinal, 'do what you can; there is no remedy but to abyde the battle, for I can find none accord in the French King.' The Prince answered, 'The same is our intent and all our people. God help the right.'" The appeal lay open only to God's great assize of judgment,—a battle. The Prince, like most of his ancestors, and like a still greater commander of our own day, possessed that brief military eloquence that, employed on the edge of battle, never fails of its effect.

"Now, Sirs," said he, addressing the men, "though we be but a small company, as in regard to the puissance of our enemies, let us not be abassed therefore, for the victory lyeth not in the multitude of people, but when as God will send it. If it fortune that the journey be ours, we shall be the most honoured people of all the world; and if we die in our right quarrel, I have the King my father and brethren, and also ye have good friends and kinsmen: these shall revenge us. Therefore, sirs, for God his sake, I require you do your devoirs this day, for, if God be pleased and Saint George, ye shall see me a good knight."

At this solemn moment, Lord James Audley, a celebrated general, under whose advice the battle had been arranged, stepped forward to the Prince, and requested to be placed with his four squires in the van of the army, in discharge of a vow that he had made to win the

honour of that day. His request was granted. The invaders were to expect no quarter. The Oriflamme, withdrawn in disgrace from the field of Crecy, was here a second time displayed,—a bloody signal. The attack was commenced by Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt, followed by three hundred horsemen in bright armour; but their horses became entangled in the broken ground within the eleven-score-yards range of the English bow. "'The English archers,' says old Latimer, 'laid their body in the bow.' Upon this occasion they shot so thickly and so well, that the French knew not which way to turn themselves to avoid their arrows." Meantime, the Captal de Buch had succeeded in his manœuvre, and, with his men-at-arms and archers, fell upon the Duke of Normandy and the second line, just as the first was giving way in disorder. The result was a general confusion. A shout arose of "St. George for Guyenne!"—the moment had arrived for a general charge. "Sir! sir!" cried Chandos to the Prince, "push forward, for the day is ours." The Prince in reply called to his bannerman, Sir Walter Woodland, "Advance banner! in the name of God and St. George." "Stande manly together in truth, and God help you," was the order of the day. "Houmont" was the English cry. "Notre Dame St. Denis! a Douglas! Albyn to the rescue," rose from the opposite ranks. Those cries were known and feared in every battle field in Christendom. But the charge of the Prince, and his train gathering force as they rode down the descent, was not to be resisted. The black armour well maintained its fame, and John of Bohemia himself never bore his plume more gallantly. On one side of the Prince the "sharp pile gules" clove its way before Sir John Chandos; Captal de Buch, with his "baniere de l'orplein," known far and wide for his valour and cruelty, spread terror on the other. The Earl of Arundel broke alone through the line: Warwick and Oxford were not less terrible with their heavy two-handed axes; and the onset of the nobles was gallantly followed up by the stalwart yeomen of England.

Three princes of the blood fled terrified from the field, as did the Dauphin, afterwards Charles-le-Sage. Chandos and the Prince sought for the King of France. "Well I know his valiancy," said Chandos, "it will not permit him to flee; and he will remain with us, please God and St. George." The veteran was right. The twenty shadows had disappeared long since; but the real monarch remained as became him; and with his fourth son, Philip, supported the honour of their name. John fought with a heavy battle-axe; Philip, a lad of fifteen, stood beside his father; and as the blows descended on either side, cried out "Père! gardez-vous a droite! gardez-vous a gauche!" By his service on this day he earned the name of "Philip-le-hardi," and received the Dutchy of Burgundy; because as the patent ran "tout blessé qu'il était, il resta inébranlable et sans peur durant la bataille de Poitier." The chivalry of France

followed the example of their king rather than that of his degenerate heir; but no valour could make head against the utter confusion of the soldiery. The French king was wounded, beat down, and taken. The actual captor appears to have been Sir Dennis Morbeque, a knight of Artois; but there were ten competitors for the honour; and to this day the noble families of Pelham and West bear a sword, buckle, and chasse, in token of their ancestors having taken part in the capture. Never, since the days of Pharamond or Charlemagne, not even at Crecy, had the French sustained so signal a defeat. The king, his son, and seventeen great nobles were prisoners, besides knights and squires without number.

Lord James Audley, severely wounded, was presented to the prince, who pronounced his vow to be well accomplished, and presented him with an estate of five hundred marks by the year, in token of his entire satisfaction. The knight divided the princely gift among his esquires, reserving to himself the glory for a reward. When this conduct reached the prince's ears, he repeated and increased the gift, and insisted upon its acceptance by Lord James himself. Descendants of the four squires still remain in Cheshire: and bear arms commemorating their connexion with the house of Audley.

The prince showed himself to be as courteous as he was brave. He purchased from the rude Gascon lords the king and their other prisoners. John was entertained at Bourdeaux with royal honours. The prince waited upon him in person; and his valour was the theme of general applause. Early in the following year he was conveyed to England in a ship specially appointed for his service; and was landed at Plymouth with great ceremony.

The news of the battle of Poictiers was the signal for general rejoicing throughout England. Edward declared his joy at so great a victory was not equal to that he felt in the behaviour of his son; he called upon his clergy for their prayers and their thanksgivings. Bonfires blazed in each village. Such splendid trophies of victory had never before been displayed in England. The new passion of hatred against France had taken root in men's minds. The king had made the most of the papers taken at Caen; and England felt that her foot was upon the neck of her enemy.

Edward's first reception of John in England was delicate in the extreme. John having rested at Canterbury, was hunting in the forest between that city and Rochester. The king, with his chief nobles, clad in hunting dresses, met him. Taking off his cap, he said "Cher cousin, soyez le bien.venu dans l'isle d'angleterre." John returned the salute, adding, "soyez le bien trouvé." After exchanging a few words of general courtesy Edward took leave, saying, "vous pourrez quand vous voudrez prendre tous vos ébats dans l'isle, et à la chasse, et à la riviere; adieu, beau cousin!"

The French king's entry into London was magnificent in the ex-

treme. A thousand chief citizens rode forth to meet him. On either side were arranged the merchant-companies of London; whose wealth was already so renowned, and who were no mean soldiers. The Lord Mayor in person, with the splendid pageant of the city, conducted the royal visitor through the liberties; and the inhabitants displayed from their windows all their plate, tapestry, and armour, to do honour to the day. King John, the centre of the procession, was mounted upon a white war-horse, in token of his rank; and by his side rode the prince, his conqueror, upon a small black palfrey. John does not appear to have felt the moral contrast of their positions; and a display, which in our days would be a severe insult, appears then to have been a mark of honour. Edward received his captive in the Hall at Westminster; and, rising from his throne, walked down its ample length to receive him. The king and his nobles were feasted at the royal table; the palace of the Savoy was appointed for their residence; the royal forest of Windsor for their recreation. Edward's courtesy appears not to have been confined to occasions of public display. One evening, at supper, an attendant presented a cover to Edward, before it had been offered to John. The young Philip struck the servant, saying "qui t'a donc appris à servir le vassal avant le seigneur? This touched Edward in a tender point, but he simply observed, "vous êtes bien | Philip-le-hardi."

Edward's moderation was, however, confined to matters of courtesy and parade. We seek it in vain in his political transactions with France. The possession of her king gave him an advantage over that country of which he was disposed to avail himself to the full. John attempted to negociate a treaty for his deliverance; but its provisions were so exhorbitant, that the Parliament of Paris, and even his own sons refused to concur in it; and denied the power of the sovereign to dismember the empire. Edward, suspecting the sincerity of John, removed him to Somerton, in Lincolnshire; and prepared to enforce the treaty by arms. France was at this time ravaged by the king of Navarre, the son of the daughter of Louis Hutin, and the son-in-law of King John; an unprincipled, but eloquent and very able man. Against two such enemies, the Dauphin made feeble head. The organisation of the kingdom was broken up; the merchants of Paris, under Stephen Marcel were in conjunction, but the provincial towns acted independently, and with considerable effect. After ravaging Burgundy and Champagne, threatening Rheims, and thundering at the gates of Paris, Edward turned aside into Chartres. Here a great storm of thunder and hail burst over his army; and killed three thousand of his horses, and one thousand men. The age was superstitious. The king himself believed in alchemy; and probably with Raymond Lully, who was patronized by his grandfather, attributed influence to the heavenly bodies. It may be thought, however, that the

check he had met with before Rheims and Paris contributed with the storm to his vow to bestow peace upon what he called equitable terms. These terms are embodied in the celebrated treaty of Brittany. They are well nigh as unreasonable as those previously refused; but Edward's inroad had not been without its effect.

Under the treaty of Britanny, England was to hold the old Norman and Plantaganet provinces in full sovereignty. France was to yield up Aquitaine, Bearn, Saintonge, the Angoumois, the Limousin, Quercy, Poitou, and the parts of Picardy about Calais. In return for this cession Edward was to lay aside all claim upon the crown of France. John's ransom was fixed at three millions of gold, estimated by Hume at £1,500,000, and to provide hostages for the payment of the sum. A dispute arose as to certain of the lesser articles; but John after his liberation swore to the observance of the treaty; and the Dukes of Orleans, Anjou, Berry, and Bourbon, called the four lords of the Fleur-de-lys, with forty great lords of France and many chief burgesses, remained in England as hostages for its fulfilment. Edward and John, however, parted on friendly terms. Edward bestowed upon him the liberty of Philip his favourite son; and escorted them in person across the marches of Calais. The French princes, however, were doubtless well aware of the extreme disaffection of the ceded provinces to the English yoke; and although in making such territorial transfers the wishes of the people were never consulted, the probability of their rising in revolt doubtless was not without its effect in softening the cession. Sir John Chandos was appointed to see the treaty carried into effect; and Edward erected Aquitaine and the other provinces into a principality for the Black Prince.

The year 1362 was the fiftieth of the king's age, and the thirty-fifth of his reign. He determined to observe it as a jubilee. It was indeed the zenith of Edward's prosperity. France was at his feet. The power of Scotland was broken. The cause of Montfort triumphed in Britanny. His Flemish allies were included in the peace. He had recovered and added to the possessions of his ancestors from the days of William the Conqueror, and Henry of Anjou. Calais and Berwick, the keys of two kingdoms, were finally in his grasp. Two kings were his prisoners. His administration had been prudent and vigorous. His career, though beset with difficultses, had been successful. To his English subjects his reign had been one of internal peace. His people, proud of his victories, pleased by his apparent deference to their representatives, supported him with knee and heart. He was happy in his loyal and virtuous queen, in his valiant and dutiful heir, in his younger children. The curse of family discord seemed for once to be suspended. He allowed no Bertrand de Biorn, to poison his domestic peace. His imposts had been heavy and not seldom illegal, but his subjects had waxed

wealthy under his government. He had refused the imperial crown. He had founded the most splendid order of chivalry in the world. Either as a knight, a leader, or a sovereign, he had never met his equal; and no cruelty stained his fame. Such was Edward's position at the close of the battle of Poictiers, and for the ten years that followed that event.

Edward's demands upon France were far too exorbitant to be peaceably complied with, however solemnly agreed to. John found himself unable to raise above a fourth of the sum stipulated for his ransom, and the Duke of Anjou, his son, and one of his hostages, broke his parole and fled to France. John was no party to this unworthy proceeding. He had been guilty of many violations of faith to his subjects, but between anointed heads he held a pledged word to be inviolable. "Though honour and truth be banished from the rest of the world, still," said he, "let them be found in the breasts of princes." A noble sentiment, the effect of which was probably not diminished by the severe disquietude that attended him in his distracted kingdom. He returned a voluntary prisoner to London. Edward, however, received him as a welcome guest. The kings of Scotland and Cyprus were at that time visitors in London, and the conjunction of monarchs was hailed by the citizens with pageants of extraordinary splendour. John however did not long survive the heaped-up disasters of his reign. He died at the Savoy in April 1364, but a few months after his return. In the same year, Charles of Blois lost his life in battle; and the young de Montfort at last received from France the long desired investiture of Britanny, thus concluding a twenty-five years' war.

Charles, who succeeded his father upon the throne of France, is said to have derived his appellation of "le Sage" rather from his scientific, that is to say his astrological accomplishments, than from his general wisdom; and yet his political conduct was not undeserving such a title. He was pre-eminently a restorer. He succeeded to a dismembered and impoverished empire. "I could not believe," —it is Petrarch describing the scene himself had witnessed—"that this was the kingdom I had seen so rich and flourishing. I saw nothing but a fearful solitude, an extreme poverty, lands untilled, houses in ruins." Charles found his capital in fierce rebellion, his fairest provinces in the hands of his mortal foe, and those remaining to him crushed into utter desolation. Never was the political horizon of France so overcast with gloom. But Charles's policy was the reverse of his two predecessors. He hazarded nothing. "Let those English alone," said he, "their power will fall to pieces from its own magnitude." Edward declared that no prince who was so seldom in arms gave him so much trouble. He regained by moderation and silence what his fathers had lost by impetuosity and threatening

language. "C'est une belle qualité que de savoir se taire," was his well-known aphorism. The event did him justice. He received his kingdom bleeding at every pore; he simply bound up her wounds, and trusted to her returning strength, gradually to shake off the invader.

The protracted wars between England and France had given birth to a number of bands of lawless and dissolute soldiers, men loving war for its own sake, whose vocation was the sword and lance; who fought sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, and not seldom on their own account. They were composed of the subjects, both of France and England, and were alternately favoured as suited its purposes by either power. Some of their leaders were knights of the highest military reputation. Like the "Black bands" of Germany, and the "Condottieri" of Italy, they wandered about, supporting themselves entirely upon plunder, and giving no quarter. Houseless, they reaped the harvest of the "sword." At the accession of Charles-le-sage, these "grand companies," "gentes sine capite," as they were styled, had reached an alarming degree of power; and as they were obnoxious to both kingdoms, though chiefly injurious to France, both kings bound themselves by an article in the treaty of Britanny, to assist in their destruction. Charles, however, thought the presence of an English army to the full as dangerous as the evil they were to be called in to cure; and at the risk of offending Edward, he declined his assistance. It was not, however, easy to cope single-handed with the task. These brigands were the best soldiers in Europe. They had defeated and slain James of Bourbon in a pitched battle; they had twice put the Pope to ransom. Sir Robert Knollys, one of the most formidable chiefs, called "le veritable dæmon de la guerre," was a knight of the garter, a munificient monastic benefactor; and his daughter and subsequent heiress of his large Devonshire possessions, married a brother of Sir William Babington, chief justice of the Common Pleas of England. Arnold, the Arch-priest of Cervolles, was renowned as a leader through Europe. Croquart, Sir Ralph Cahors, Peter Audley, Sir Hugh Calverley, Sir Eustace d' Ambreticourt, were men whose backs no enemy had ever seen. They were as hard and pitiless as their own breast-plates.

Charles determined to employ against them the celebrated Bertrand du Guesclin, then rising into notice, a warrior of their own school,—ferocious, illiterate, crafty, possessed of none of the softening virtues of chivalry, but a man of immense personal strength, and no mean general. He had already defeated the English party at Cocherel, and had taken prisoner the redoubted Captal de Buch. A man better suited to the task could not have been selected.

The affairs of Castile, however, promised Charles an opportunity, not only of ridding his kingdom of these bands, but of availing himself of their assistance elsewere. Peter, surnamed "the Cruel," the legitimate king of Castile, but a prince, who like Louis the eleventh,

"vint a bout de mettre les rois hors de page," after disgusting his subjects by a number of atrocious acts, was driven from his kingdom by his bastard brother, Henry of Trastamare, who claimed and won the crown. Peter however was not only the lawful sovereign, but a resolute and valiant soldier, and the kinsman and ally of England. He fled to the Black Prince, then newly settled in Aquitaine, and who prepared to take up arms in his behalf. The King of France, on the other hand, adopted the cause of Henry; and it was in this war that he proposed to employ Du Guesclin and the grand companies.

The Prince's military reputation enabled him to draw an arrow from this same sheaf with even greater effect. At his summons a considerable number of these free-booters retired from Du Guesclin, and ranged themselves under the banners of England. Edward, accompanied by Don Pedro, took the field with 30,000 men, and commenced his march into Castile. Henry prepared to oppose him with 40,000 men, and awaited the arrival of Du Guesclin with four thousand more. The dominions of the King of Navarre, a weak temporizing prince, lay in the Castilian border; by an amicable arrangement, Edward's army was permitted to cross the Pyrennees; but the snow and cold so retarded the troops, that nearly two months had elapsed before the prince, having marched down the pass of Ronxesvalles, appeared in force upon the plains of Castile.

The English marched in order of battle, in three divisions, the order in which they crossed the Pyrennees. In the leading of the vanguard was John of Gaunt, the young Duke of Lancaster, who, even then, probably contemplated the marriage which made him an unhappy competitor for the Castilian crown. With him, and virtually his commander, was Sir John Chandos, that "miles famosissimus," then high constable of Aquitaine, attended by twelve hundred pennons, beaten and embroidered with the "sharp pile gules." Hastings, Nevill, the "bold Beauchamp" of Warwick, thought it no stain to their illustrious descent to array them beneath that well-known banner. The vanguard, says Froissart, was so well ranged, that it was great nobleness to behold.

The main body led by the prince in person, accompanied by Don Pedro, marched next. The rear guard, composed like the two other battalia, of 10,000 men, was commanded by the King of Majorca, then allied to England. In its ranks were found Sir Robert Knollys, the Captal de Buch, and a large body of the free companions. The prince felt the irregular composition of his army in the depredations it committed during their passage through the neutral territory of Navarre.

Upon the prince's appearance on the border, Don Henry gave him notice of his determination to oppose his passage:—

"The Prince of Wales," said he, "is a valiant knight; and because he shall know that this is my right, and that I abide and looke to fight with him, I will write to him part of my intent." When the Prince received his letter, "This bastard," said he, "I see well is a stout knight and full of great prowess, and showeth great hardeness to write me a letter such as this."

The army halted to take rest and food, upon reaching the plain country; but Sir William Felton and a party of a hundred and sixty knights, and about three hundred archers, asked, and obtained permission, to ride forward and win honour upon the enemy. A similar party, but amounting to six thousand men, left the Spanish camp at the same time, under Don Tello and Don Sancho, Henry's brothers. The two parties met, returning from their mutual expedition. The English posted their handful of men upon a small eminence; and since escape was vain, determined to sell their lives dearly. Sir William Felton fell at the commencement of the affair. Descending the hill at a gallop, he dashed alone into the Spanish host; and driving his lance right through the breast, back-plate, and body of a knight, hurled him dead to the ground. His own retreat, however, was cut off; and he fell, beat down by numbers. His comrades held their position from morning till high noon, surrounded by the foe, whom they kept at bay; until at last, the French and Spaniards made a general attack; and with the exception of a few boys who told the tale, the English party were cut to pieces.

Sir Arnold d'Andreghen, a veteran soldier, strongly counselled Don Henry to avoid a battle, and trust to starve the invader by cutting off his supplies. "When, sire," said he, "they shall be fain to return into their own countryward, without good order or array, and then you may have your desire accomplished." Henry, however, confiding in his superior numbers, scorned this sage advice, and determined upon battle. His forces were, in fact, to those of England, as upwards of three to one. The prince, pressed by shortness of provisions, pushed forward towards Vittoria; passing the Ebro at Logrono, he awaited the enemy upon the plain of Najara. From a small hill in the immediate neighbourhood of his position, he at length beheld their advancing columns.

Don Henry acting under the advice of d'Andreghan and du Guesclin, marshalled his army in three lines, at that time the favourite order of battle. Of these four thousand French men-at-arms, gallantly armed and apparrelled, together with the free companies, the whole led by Du Guesclin, composed the first rank. The main body followed next, composed of 25,000 mounted and dismounted lances, and led by Don Tello and Don Sancho. The rear guard was commanded by Henry in person. It contained 7,000 horse, and from 40 to 50,000 infantry, including 15,000 cross-bow men and slingers. Three thousand barbed horses were posted upon the wings. The

Castilians, like the English, marched in order of battle. They appeared upon the plain of Najara at sun-rise, on Saturday, April the third, 1366. Their armour glittering in the early beams, the banners and pennons emblazoned with beaten gold, waving gloriously in the wind. The English trumpets sounded; and an alarm was cried throughout the host; but the men remained firm. The armies paused within a few spears' length of each other; each man tightened up his armour, and prepared his weapons for present combat.

Chandos, like Lord Audley at Poictiers, selected this solemn moment to crave a boon at the prince's hands. He was already a knight of the garter—twenty-first among the founders of the order; but he aspired to the rank of banneret, dubbed upon the battle-field,—the highest military honour :—

"Sir," said he, presenting a furled banner to the Prince, "behold, here is my banner; I require you display it abroad, and give me leave this day to raise it; for, sir, I thank God and you, I have land and heritage sufficient to maintain it withal." Then the Prince and King Don Peter took the banner between their hands and spread it abroad, the which was of silver a sharp pile gules, and delivered it to him, and said, "Sir John, behold here your banner: God send you joy and honour thereof." Sir John then turned to his retinue. "Sirs," said he, "behold here my banner and yours, keep it as your own." And they took it, and were right joyful thereof, and said, that by the pleasure of God and St. George, they would keep and maintain it to the best of their power.

The banner was then put into the hands of a stout Derbyshire esquire, William Allestree, "who bare it that day, and acquitted himself right nobly." It was delightful, says Froissart, to see and examine the banners and pennons, with the noble army that was beneath them.

After this ceremony, the armies advanced still nearer; but just before their lances crossed, the Prince "opened his eyes, and regarded toward heaven, and joined his hands together, and said,

"Very God, Jesu Christ, who hath formed and created me, consent by your benign grace, that I have this day victory of mine enemies, as that I do is in a rightful quarel, to sustain and aid this king, chaced out of his own heritage, the which giveth me courage to advance myself to establish him again into his realm." Then laying his hand on Don Pedro's shoulder, he added, "Sir King, you shall know this day if ever ye shall have any part of the realm of Castile or not. Therefore advance banners, in the name of God and St. George."

The Duke of Lancaster and Sir John Chandos stepped forward. John of Gaunt stood beside his brother. Turning to Sir Willlam Beauchamp, "William," said he, "behold yonder our enemies; this day ye shall see me a good knight or else die in the quarrel." With

these words the armies closed. John of Gaunt and Sir John Chandos were opposed to Du Guesclin and the Marshal d'Andreghen, and the mèlée was terrible. Many a gallant deed was done, and many a knight unhorsed who never rose again. The Prince, seconded by Don Pedro and Martin de la Carra, the representative of Navarre, fell upon the division of Don Tello and Don Sancho. These leaders were panic struck, turned their backs, and fled. The Prince's followers, aided by the Captal de Buch, utterly discomfited the men, slew many, and putting the rest to flight, passed on to do battle with the reserve. Their archery stood them in good stead. The Castilian slingers flung heavy stones, which did considerable execution; but, as usual, all went down before the English bow. Young Henry of Trastamare, thrice at his own severe peril, brought back his squadron to the charge; but each time they felt the storm of arrows and gave way; at last, they fled not again to be rallied.

The French and free companies, under Du Guesclin, were old and well-tried soldiers, and their efforts went nigh to preserve the credit of the day. Chandos was surrounded, unhorsed, and only saved himself by the use of his dagger. He was rescued by his followers, and by the bold and hardy free companions, by whom he was much beloved. Had the Spaniards fought as the French, the result of the day would probably have been different; but, although the Spanish commonalty fled, the knights on both sides, with the exception of Don Henry's brothers, behaved gallantly. The Duke of Lancaster did as much credit to his sponsor in arms, as the brother before him had done at Crecy. Chandos himself on that day made no prisoners, he was occupied solely in pushing forward; but his followers secured Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, the Marshal d'Andreghen, and upwards of sixty knights. Having at last disposed of the French division, they pressed on in time to aid the Prince against Don Henry.

The English loss was as usual small. A river flowed behind the Spanish position, in whose stream many of the wounded were drowned: the waters for a mile ran red with their blood. The loss, however, even on the Spanish side, was not, in absolute numbers, considerable. Don Henry escaped, but his baggage and one of his brothers fell into the hands of the English. "Dear and fair cousin," said Don Pedro, whose disposition, healed by the conflict, now began to show itself, "I pray and require you that ye will deliver to me the false traitors of this country, as my bastard brother Sancho, and such other, and I shall cause them to lose their heads, for they have well deserved it." The Prince met this request by demanding their pardon, as a personal favour to himself; and thus their lives were spared.

The conduct of Najara, the Prince's third great victory, raised him to the summit of military fame. He was everywhere regarded

as the mirror of knighthood, and he became the idol of the English people.

This campaign was, however, nevertheless, fatal both personally and politically to the Prince. In the cold summits of the Pyrrenees his constitution received a shock, from which he never recovered. Pedro, once seated on his throne, proved as faithless to his allies as he was cruel to his subjects. He evaded the fulfilment of the treaty, and left the prince, with means wholly inadequate to satisfy the troops he had raised. The prince's pecuniary difficulties were heavy. Contrary to the advice of Chandos, he laid an oppressive hearth-tax upon his Gascon subjects; who manifested their discontent by continual revolts. His temper, once so mild, became fretted, and his judgment impaired by disease and reverses. The pride and haughty bearing of the island nobles rendered them highly offensive to the Gascons. They complained that native-born subjects were excluded from places of trust. With the year 1360 also came the unpleasing conviction that Najara had been fought in vain. Pedro, left to himself, disgusted even his old adherents. He fell by his brother's hand; and none stood between Henry of Trastamare and the throne.

The Prince's illness appears to have been a dropsy, encouraged, it is said, by the jovial intemperance, common doubtless to the age, but also common to the Plantaganet race. His brother, Lionel of Clarence, had already killed himself by his excesses in Italy. The disease assumed a very serious aspect, and his subjects took advantage of it. Guyenne and Pontheiu revolted, Rochelle was taken, Poitou reduced. The Gascon nobles appealed from their sugerain to France, and Charles, disregarding the treaty of Britanny, and presuming upon the age and ill health of Edward and his son, summoned the Prince to answer in person at Paris the complaints of his barons. "Sir," said the Prince to the heralds, "we will gladly go to Paris to our uncle, sith he has sent thus for us, but it shall be with basnet on our head, and sixty thousand men in our company." A defiance passed between the kings, and Edward resumed his claims upon the crown of France.

The result was a severe and expensive, but desultory war. The English were commonly victorious when present, but the people rose upon their retreat. The prince, unable to bear the weight of his armour, travelled in a litter, and drove his enemies before him by the terror of his name; but he retained nothing. In this state he beseiged aud took Limoges. Here he clouded his well-earned reputation for noble acts and princely clemency, by an indiscriminate slaughter of all the inhabitants. Three thousand men, women, and childaen, fell on that day. "God have mercy on their souls," says Froissart, "I trowe they were martyrs."

Three knights who gallantly defended themselves under the Prince's eye, and the bishop, were alone spared. Shortly afterwards the

Prince lost his eldest son, Edward, a youth of seven years old. He resigned his principality into his father's hands, and retired to England to die. The Duke of Lancaster took charge of the principality, and succeeded his brother in the management of the war with France.

Queen Philippa died some time before the prince's return. She had seen him set forth in the pride of manly beauty, and had heard with pleasure of his generous conduct at Najara; but her gentle spirit was spared the tidings of Limoges, and the sight of the broken and bloated figure of her favourite son. The account of her death is one of the most exquisite passages in Froissart; and we are sure our readers will thank us for presenting it to them here.

There fell in Englande a heavy case, and a common, howbeit, it was right piteous for the King, his children, and all his realm; for the good Queen of England, that so many good deeds had done in her time, and so many knights succoured, and ladies and damsels comforted, and had so largely departed of her goods unto her people, and naturally loved always the nation of Hainault, the country where she was born, fell sick at the castle of Windsor, the which sickness continued upon her so long, that their was no remedy but death; and the good lady, when she knew and perceived that there was with her no remedy but death, she desyred to speak with the King her husband; and when he was before her, she put out of her bed her right hand, and took the King by his right hand, who was right sorrowful at his heart; then she said, "Sir, we have in peace, joye, and great prosperity, used all our tyme together: Sir, now I pray you at our departing, that ye will grant me three desires." The King, right sorrowfully weeping, said, "Madame, desire what you will I grant it."

"Sir," said she, "I require first of you all, that all manner of people, such as I have dealt withal in their merchandize, on this side the sea or beyond, that it may please you to pay every thing that I owe to them, or to any other; and secondly, sir, all such ordinance and promises as I have made to the churches, as well of this country as beyond the sea, whereas I have had my devotion, that it may please you to accomplish and to fulfill the same; thirdly, sir, I require you that it may please you to take none other sepulture, when soever it shall please God to call you out of this transitory life, but beside me in Westminster." The King, all weeping, said, "Madam, I grant all your desire." Then the good lady and Queen made on her the sign of the cross, and commended the King her husband to God, and her youngest son Thomas, who was there beside her; and anon after she yielded up the spirit, the which I believe surely the holy angels received with great joy up to heaven; for in all her life she did neither in thought nor deed anything whereby to lose her soul, as far as any creature could know. Thus the good Queen of England died, in the year of our Lord, 1369, in the vigil of our lady, in the midst of August.

The Prince left troubles behind him in Aquitaine, but he found his father scarcely less embarrassed at home. The expenses of the French war were to the full as heavy now as when the result was more glorious; but the people were by no means equally well dis-

posed to bear them. Nothing but brilliant success, and the prospect of a glorious peace, had supported Edward in his previous demands for money. The Earl of Pembroke, with a great fleet, was defeated and taken prisoner by the Spaniards off Rochelle. John of Gaunt, who had married a legitimatised daughter of Don Pedro, and laid claim in her right to the crown of Castile, had met his match in Don Henry, the reigning king. The French war prospered ill. Edward himself once more embarked upon the sea, trusting by his presence to bring back former days; but he remained beaten about for nine weeks in the channel, and failing even to land, returned broken spirited to England, whilst Du Guesclin completed his conquest of the ceded provinces.

Edward, however, determined to strike one more stroke for empire; never was there a prince in whom the "lust of sway" was more powerful. John of Gaunt was despatched to Calais, and with an army of 30,000 men,

> Came pouring like a tide into a breach,
> With ample and brim-fullness of his force,
> Galling the gleaned land with hot assays.

He marched almost unopposed from Calais to Bordeaux; the strongholds were beyond his power, but he ravaged the open country at his will. Charles gave no active opposition; he trusted the destruction of the enemy to the effect of their own excesses; and he saw the duke conclude his expedition, having won no victory, having gained absolutely nothing, and with but a very small remnant of his original army. Shortly afterwards, in violation of a truce, the Duke of Anjou took possession of Guyenne.

In the midst of these distresses the Black Prince died. A few months before his death his health rallied sufficiently to enable him to leave his retirement at Berkhampstead Castle, and to repair to London; where he aided the parliament to brush away some of the parasitical vermin that began to harbour round the decaying monarch. He also checked the ambitious views of his brother of Gaunt; and procured a solemn recognition of the title of the young Richard, now his eldest, and only surviving son. He died at Westminster, June 8th, 1376, aged forty-six, "on Trinity Sunday, a day he had always, under all circumstances, kept with peculiar devotion." He was buried in the cathedral of Canterbury; the court and parliament attended his funeral, and the united love of England wept over his grave.

In the Prince fell the flower of "earthly warriors," the hope and good fortune of England. Whilst he was in the field, no man feared an enemy. He never fought a battle that he did not win; never attacked a fortress that he did not take possession of; whatever were his vices, they did not injure his popularity; seldom has there been

a military prince so entirely beloved. Charles of France mourned over his death, and caused a service to be performed in honour of his memory.

At the age of sixteen, in the year 1346, the prince was present at Crecy. In 1356, he fought the battle of Poictiers. In 1366, he commenced the campaign of Najara. In 1376 he died.

Edward did not long survive his son. The prince's death was but one of many solemn warnings to prepare. Philip and John, his ancient competitors, were gone already. Friend and foe: Robert d'Artois, Van Artevelde, Charles of Blois, and John of Mountfort,—the sword or disease had swept all away. Of his old companions-in-arms, men formed upon his own model, the greater number had preceded him to the grave. Sir Walter Manny was dead. The Captal de Buch, old, and a prisoner, was then at the point of death. Chandos, universally lamented, had been slain in an unworthy skirmish: "With him," said Charles of France, "died all hopes of peace between the two kingdoms,"—an honourable eulogy. Of the twenty-five knights associated with himself as founders of the order of the garter, about twenty were already dead; and the survivors were aged and broken men. Of the foreign conquests won, at an expense of so much blood and treasure, Berwick and Calais alone remained.

Edward was never himself after the death of his queen. Mind and body declined together. Alice Perrers, and some persons of inferior mark, gained an unworthy influence over the great monarch; and were rebuked by the commons, in what was also a rebuke to the king. But the hand of death was upon that once powerful mind; and its best faculties were chilled before his approach. He survived the prince not many days beyond the year; and died at his palace of Shene, on the first of June, 1377, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and the fifty-first of his reign.

Edward's death-bed was the death-bed of a Plantaganet—a lonely one. Those who loved him were no more. His successor was a puny boy; a stranger to the characters of his father and his grandfather. Of his sons, four were already dead; and of the surviving three, none was in attendance upon their father. According to the commonly-received accounts, the royal chamber was pillaged, and the attendants fled. The mistress witnessed the failing voice, the glazed eye, the chilled and stiffening limb. She drew the ring from the king's finger, and also departed. A pious monk found his way to the royal bedside, and spoke boldly to the king of his eternal state, holding up the crucifix to enforce his words. The king kissed the symbol, signed the cross with his finger, with tears in his eyes, asked pardon of all whom he had offended, indistinctly articulated the name of "Jesus," and so passed away. Charles of France celebrated the obsequies of his great rival; and the nation felt, like Elisha, "that their master was indeed taken from their head on that day."

Of the private life of Edward the Third, but little has descended to us, save what has been gathered indirectly from the copious public transactions of his reign. He was called early both to battle and to the throne; but he was found at once equal to the duties of either station. In person, he was of the middle size; well-formed; well-knit; possessing great bodily strength. His visage was comely; his eye bright and sparkling; the expression of his countenance pleasant, but majestic. He was a proficient in all the manly exercises of his time: and had added a steady foot, busy hand, and watchful eye, to the bold resolute heart that he had received from nature. He could deal what Piers Ploughman calls "the knock of a king, and incurable the wound." His temper was warm, but placable; terrible, when provoked, but easily appeased; fierce, upon the least sign of opposition from an enemy, but very tolerant even of the unpalatable counsel of his friends; merciful, when his power was unquestionable; severe, even to cruelty, when it was seriously endangered. Before Philip of Valois in early youth, before the imperial diet a few years later, he boldly asserted his questioned rights; and in both cases he gained his end. Like Cromwell, he was jealous of the dignity of the country that he governed; like Cromwell also, though not cruel, a mere consideration of humanity would probably not have led him to forego any serious political advantage. There was no petty tyranny about him; he knew how to strike boldly, fearlessly, unsparingly, and at the right moment; but he knew also how to pardon. In battle he was invariably calm and collected; setting peril at nought; despising death; courageous as the lions upon his shield; fighting, as though defeat were impossible.

Edward's natural abilities were of a high order; his learning was not inconsiderable; his knowledge of languages was various; extending, it is said, to Latin, English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch. Like his grandfather, he spoke effectively, especially to his soldiers. His devotion was solemn; the time of its display well chosen: it always appears in prayer before battle, and in thanksgiving after victory. The ecclesiastical writers of his reign speak of his respect for the ministers of religion. Though fond of luxury, he was not habitually intemperate; his pleasures were of a manly character; his public displays magnificent, but not wasteful. When necessary, he could be munificent in his gifts, but he was a man who ordered his own expenses. His predecessor had been lavish: he was on the whole just. In deliberation he was cautious, slow, silent; in action prompt and decisive, tempering boldness with prudence, but never vacillating, never infirm of purpose. In prosperity and adversity he bore an equal mind.

As a politician, Edward was a subtle negociator—by no means above dissimulation. He was, however, on the whole, faithful to his plighted word; although his subjects certainly felt not a few in-

stances to the contrary. In his domestic affairs he was far happier than was common with his race. He placed confidence and affection in his wife; and she deserved it. His firmness prevented those domestic broils that broke out after his death; and between the prince his heir, and himself, there existed a rare and beautiful attachment.

Edward succeeded to a throne, shaken to its fall by the weakness and vices of his parents; his prudence and valour gradually unfolded themselves under no common difficulties, and at last gave him success. His Scottish wars, although we should consider them unjust, were, to a certain extent, necessary for the security of his northern provinces. The war with France, even supposing his claim to have been a just one, was sure, whether successful or the reverse, to be injurious to England; but the repeated victories dazzled and flattered the nation. The armies returned rich with foreign plunder; and the lands of not a few of our old English families were purchased in this reign by some fortunate soldier.

No English king before him ever attained to so much real European power; and none knew better how to employ it.

Although his own, and a very close counsellor, Edward had the wisdom to call his people to his assistance, to lay his difficulties before them, to make his cause theirs, and their purses therefore his. His taxes were very great; but he balanced them by his victories. The money, moreover, was, on the whole, applied to the purposes for which it was raised; not diverted aside upon unworthy objects. The king enriched no Spenser, no Gaveston; made no prodigal donations, lavished no wealth upon purely selfish pleasures. As was said, with perhaps less truth, of Henry the Seventh, he matched Jupiter with Metis,—tempered strength and justice; he seldom diverted the course of justice between man and man; he extended the power of the common, at the expense of the canon law; and the boon to his people by which he marked the jubilee of his reign, was the introduction of their native language into the law courts of the realm.

Although almost always himself engaged in war, Edward secured perfect peace to his dominions at home. Abroad he was feared, even dreaded; at home he was respected and beloved. His victories gave him the knee, his home-government the hearts of his subjects. The Anglo-Norman monarchs of England however, and Edward amongst them, bore two sides to their character. Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who is known in England by his chivalrous generosity, is remembered in Normandy as a blood-thirsty and rapacious tyrant. And Edward's subjects of Aquitaine or Ponthieu, would have given a different account of his character from the men of Yorkshire or Middlesex.

Edward's last days yielded to his first. In the solemn language of the Evangelist, "He had left his first love." Philippa was dead. The son in whom his hopes were centered had preceeded him to an

untimely grave. War, disease, and old age, had cut down the gallant companions of his early days. His successor was too young and too feeble to grasp the sceptre of the Plantaganets. His conquests were wrested from him, and he was unable to vindicate his right. Unlike the brave Agnes Sorrel, Alice Perrers employed her influence to encourage his weakness, lived upon him during his dotage, and deserted him at his latter end. The death of Edward formed, indeed, a painful contrast to his life.

But when he was gone, when men had time to remember his essential greatness, when they compared his mature wisdom with the opening follies of his successor, succeeded by the dreadful calamities of a usurped throne and a divided allegiance, then England looked back with regret to the character of her great and wise, though too warlike ruler.

The grave has closed over monarchs as brave, as chivalrous, as politic, it may be, as prudent; but in that proud cemetery where Britain's princes moulder into dust, there lies none in whom were combined in so complete a degree, all the qualities of a sovereign and a soldier, who was so emphatically English in his character, upon whose recumbent form the spectator gazes with more respectful awe, or in whose long and brilliant reign the English people feel a keener or more enduring interest.

> ———decus Anglorum, flos regum preteritorum,
> Forma futurorum, Rex clemens, pax populorum,
> Tertius Edwardus, regni complens jubilæum,
> Invictus pardus, bellis pollens Machabæum.

Art. IX.—*Ballads and other Poems.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," &c. Fourth Edition. Cambridge (U.S.) John Owen.

We need scarcely apprise our readers that the name of the author of this volume has long been associated with those of the highest lustre in the annals of American literature. Indeed, so extensive and confirmed has been the manifestation of popular favour towards the present collection of Professor Longfellow's "Ballads and other Poems," that the enterprizing and judicious publisher has been induced to stereotype the work; while a fourth edition has already justified his well-grounded confidence in the success of the undertaking. We feel happy in adding our testimony to the belief, that the popularity of Professor Longfellow's writings must extend itself wherever a knowledge of the English language prevails; and we doubt not that the exquisite original pieces, which accompany the various translations from the Swedish, German, and other sources of foreign literature, as introduced in the charming volume before us,

will receive, at the hands of the several poets whose compositions have been thus favourably laid before the British and the American public, the reciprocal and just compliment of being transferred into their own respective languages. Amongst the contents of the present publication will be found a highly effective and rigidly faithful translation of Bishop Tegnér's singular and most impressive poem, entitled "Nattwardsbernen;" or, according to its designation in our vernacular, "The Children of the Lord's Supper." The author of this piece, we are told in the admirable preface to the work, "stands first among all the poets of Sweden, living or dead. His principal work is 'Frithiof's Saga;' one of the most remarkable poems of the age. This modern Skald has written his name in immortal runes. He is the glory and boast of Sweden; a prophet, honoured in his own country, and adding one more to the list of great names that adorn her history." We proceed to quote the following eloquent passage, without the slightest attempt at selection, which indeed is rendered unnecessary by the perfect beauty and grace of the entire composition. We have before intimated that the learned professor has eminently succeeded in combining the spirit of a free translation with the closest adherence to the style and character, and, we may now add, even to the idiomatic peculiarities of the original.

Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but love among mortals
Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting;
Suffers, and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.
Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense.—Hope the befriending,
Does what she can; for she points evermore up to heaven; and faithful,
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world; a dim, but sweet play of shadows!
Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
Having nought else beside hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,
Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been illumined,
Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.
Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light; is the eye of affection;
Dreams of the longing interprets; and carves their visions in marble.
Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Prophet's,
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation,
Draws she with chains down to earth; and the New Jerusalem sinketh
Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapours descending.
There enraptured she wanders; and looks at the figures majestic;
Fears not the winged crowd; in the midst of them all is her homestead.
Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous,
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring—
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate spring-tide.

He that does not deeply recognise the glowing hues of thought which the venerable Tegnér has spread through this sublime mon

painting, and which have been so happily caught by the kindred spirit of the translator, must indeed be dead to the voice of feeling, and to the loftiest spells of imagination. The remainder of the volume consists of the following ballads:—"The Skeleton in Armour;" "the Luck of Edenhall;" "the Wreck of the Hesperus;" and "the Elected Knight;" all of which afford ample evidence of the peculiar force and originality, as well as impressive beauty, of Professor Longfellow's style. Attached to these, and forming the close of the work, is a collection of "miscellaneous" pieces, which display an infinite variety of bold conceptions and novel imagery, clothed in language remarkable for its noble simplicity and euphonious diction, and animated throughout by that true poetic energy, or *vivida vis*, which distinguishes the master from the mere copyist,—the imitator, indeed, of sentiments which he neither feels nor communicates to others. The necessarily limited space assigned for our notice, renders it difficult to convey an adequate impression to the reader of the author's high claims on his admiration; yet he will scarcely fail to recognise, in the exhibition of such short extracts as appear from their length most fitted for selection, the marked signs of a vigorous and creative pen rejoicing in the power of its inspiration, and engraving the record of its own strength and beauty in "runes" which are destined, as we truly believe, for immortality. Our first sample, from these most interesting and impressive minor poems, is taken from "The Skeleton in Armour," which, we must premise, conveys the supposed story of a Danish warrior, whose remains, clad in broken and corroded armour, had been dug up at Fall River:

I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
  No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
  For this I sought thee.

Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
  Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
  Trembled to walk on.

Oft to his frozen lair,
Tracked I the grisly bear;
While from my path the hare
  Fled like a shadow;

Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

But when I older grew,
Joining a Corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped;
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chaunting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

More harmonious and beautiful verse than this we have rarely if ever met with. Every stanza seems to shape itself into music, as we read its richly-flowing numbers. We regret that our limits will not allow us to proceed with the bold Viking's story, which deepens in interest as it advances towards the close. Our concluding specimen (a brief one) we have chosen for its delicious quaintness and striking originality:—

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

We earnestly trust (as does the reader) that the worthy Professor's life may be long and happily free from the clouds which are too apt to obscure the brightest career; and that we may again and again enjoy the privilege of tendering our homage to his genius,—a genius which entitles him to a high and enviable rank amidst that band of patriot-minstrels, who, with a zeal and energy alike worthy of the noblest days of classic inspiration, have united their kindred efforts in the glorious task of investing the dark and pathless wildernesses of the giant West, with the immortal light and beauty of "heaven-descended song." If it be a task of self-rewarding labour to spread the benefits of an enlightened legislation through the various complicated interests and relations of a great and rapidly-extending state,—if it be a source of lofty pride to witness, in its fresh-increasing prosperity, the realization of each sagely-modified scheme—the happy results of a circumspect devotion to its political welfare; what must be the sense of ennobling delight that thrills the bosom of him who, casting a mantle of intellectual splendour over the yet spiritually clouded destinies of his country, bids her stand forth, in all the sublimity of soul-reflective power, and in all the majestic grace of moral aggrandisement, to claim an elevated sovereignty amid the ancient dynasties —the diademed array of the nations! To confer the advantages of

wealth and physical power upon a community, may ask the hand of a sage, experienced, and enterprising ruler; but to implant and develope the growth of the mental resources and intellectual dignity of a people, is a task delegated by Omnipotence alone to those few and honoured instruments whom it more peculiarly consecrates, and sets apart from their birth, for the accomplishment of its holy and benign purpose. And thus, even to the remotest bounds of the sister-continent, where the wild denizens of nature yet hold their undisturbed dominion, and the advance of extending civilization is scarce recognized—where the savage war-song of the uncultured native still rings, at intervals, amid the desert glades of the forest-wilderness—shall the triumphant strains of soul-appealing melody waft their divine echoes,—echoes that shall cling like a hallowing spell around the grateful shores of the country which gave them birth.

ART. X.—*The Life of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart.* By BRANSBY B. COOPER, Esq. 2 vols. Parker.

THIS is not quite a satisfactory life; nor does the author appear to regard it as sufficient. At any rate, he found himself beset with difficulties in the execution of his task. At the very commencement he tells us that Sir Astley indicated the course which he wished to be adopted by the person who might undertake to write and publish his memoirs, viz., that the work should comprise "an analysis of his professional writings, an account of the circumstances under which they were produced, their peculiar merits, and a comparison of them with the existing state of knowledge at the time of their appearance." The biographer, however, has not felt himself prepared to follow this plan, but obliged to separate the personal from the professional details and disquisition,—deferring, as it would seem, the latter to a future opportunity, and when more time and matured reflection may be expected to lead to a completer view of his subject.

Now, we have first of all to state, Mr. Bransby Cooper has not closely attended to the line of demarcation contemplated by himself; for he has afforded many glimpses of Sir Astley, not merely as a man, as well as a teacher and an author, but as a surgeon. Indeed, there was not a sufficiency of exciting matter or of remarkable incident in the history of the individual, apart from his professional eminence, to engage the attention of the general reader through two bulky volumes; and therefore not merely does our author frequently trespass beyond the boundary which he fixedly proposed for his guidance, but in his anxiety to lend that prominence to his celebrated relative's character and conduct supposed to be due, according to a very natural partiality and cherished admiration, a multitude of things are

brought in, that might fully as well have been avoided,—some of them remote from the principal subject of the book, others uninteresting; while others again, are not only far from being calculated to enlighten the reader with regard to the declared end of the work, but are rather disparaging than flattering and complimentary. In short; we think, that had the biographer kept more faithfully to the line of restriction professed to be observed, the book would not have been half so large, and yet might have been more to the honour of Sir Astley. But we are still more confident of this,—that had time been taken, and had philosophy sufficient been at hand, so as to follow out the method presented or indicated by the deceased, and had the result been a clear estimate of his intellectual qualities, a forcible developement of the causes and course of his advancement, an analysis of his works, and an exhibition of what is necessary at the present day in order to reach the eminence of the great surgeon, interspersed with such personal notices as are needful in the full biography of any man, hovever uneventful may have been his career in a private and popular sense,—we should have had a work not of greater bulk than the one before us, but one contributing more to the recreation as well as the instruction of all,—a work more useful to the professional student, and also fuller of light and therefore of entertainment to the ordinary or casual reader.

But after all, the "Life of Sir Astley Cooper" is not one of an every-day sort—merely manufactured for a temporary sale, or to meet a transient demand; for neither the author nor the hero of the book present to us commonplace qualities. With respect to the latter personage, the subject of the work, we shall soon have to speak and to exhibit more particularly. In the meanwhile, as regards the biographer, we have ample evidence in these volumes of the accomplished gentleman, the benevolent heart, and the discerning as well as amiable spirit. We like him, were it but for the undisguised enthusiasm entertained for his distinguished relative; at the same time that talents and tastes of a kindred order appear to belong to the living that commanded a European reputation for the deceased surgeon.

Having offered these few observations, we can only now, pressed as we are for room, and having many notices still to introduce, glean and tie together, by means of the slightest method of preface and union, such passages as may appear calculated to convey a fair idea of the contents of the work; these consisting chiefly of anecdotes and reminiscences that require little study, and that do not necessarily call for stringent remark.

We may begin with mentioning, that the subject of this Life was, in a manner, born to be a surgeon; and that, independently of his natural talent, he was bred in a way that could not but promise considerable success and distinction. Astley was not merely of a good

family, but of a stock that was already noted in the profession. But what was still more to his advantage, perhaps, he was, during an important portion of his early life, a boarder in the family of the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Cline.

Brooke, a village in Norfolk, was the birth-place of Sir Astley; and now that we are speaking of his opening years, it is proper to have it understood, that instead of giving any decided promise of genius or love of science at that period, he was a mischievous urchin, and rather too fond of such practical jokes as did not betoken a very tender heart, or even ordinary feeling for others. We do not place against his memory as any very serious offence, the taking two of his mother's pillows to the spire of Yarmouth church, at a time when the wind was blowing strongly, and there ripping them, so that the feathers dispersed and fell upon the people in the market-place, to their dismay; looking as they did upon the occurrence as a phenomenon predictive of some calamity. But we do think that it manifested something more than ordinary boyish thoughtlessness, when one day, after having shot an owl,—"a bird familiarly known in Norfolk by the soubriquet of 'Brother Bill,'"—he went into his mother's bedroom, with the bird concealed under his coat, and assuming a countenance full of fear and sorrow, called out "Mother! mother! I've shot my brother Billy!" occasioning a shock to his parent that did not immediately pass away. In fact, Sir Astley appears to have been too much given to practical jokes throughout his life; several of them, as recorded in these volumes, indicating an indifference to the pain he created. At the same time it is right to state, that he endured pain himself with fortitude. Another feature in his character, which is indeed one that is common to genius, and to a highly-sustained ambition from the moment it happens to be awakened, was his self-confidence and thorough appreciation of his own abilities. However, he sometimes received practical reproofs.

Being one day at Gadesbridge, he determined that he would go with us and see the hounds throw off. We met at the appointed place, the day was delightful, and the whole scene replete with that hilarity inseparable from the cover-side, and elsewhere unknown. My uncle caught the excitement, and was at once enlisted into the service; his face beamed with delight, and he resolved that he would follow upon his magnificent old gray. This resolution was strengthened by seeing Mr. Gape, of St. Alban's, who was some years older than himself, form one of the field. Sir Astley rode up to him, saying, "Well, Sir, I shall stick to you,"—implying, of course, his full conviction of being able to do so. The cover was drawn, a fox found, and the sportsmen were settled on their saddles for business, and old Mr. Gape amongst the foremost. Sticking his spurs into his horse's sides, he encouragingly shouted out, "Come, Sir Astley, here is at 'em," and immediately rode over a heavy fence, with post and rail. On he went; but not so my poor uncle, who, watching his friend's course, began to meditate on the

dangers of fox-hunting; and, being soon convinced that following Mr. Gape as his leader would not render the amusement in any respect more secure, he turned his horse's head and rode home, to employ himself in some more useful manner.

Sir Astley had, along with sundry defects of temper, which was extremely irascible, a dash of humour in his constitution; and this he has at times cleverly exhibited in his "Note-books." We quote his version of a dialogue in the Calais steam-boat as an example.

Lady Cooper was ill. The behaviour of the steward was attentive and kind, in the greatest degree. He told fifty white lies to inspire Lady Cooper and the other passengers with confidence:

Lady C. I am afraid we shall have a rough passage.
Raydal. A beautiful passage, my lady.
Lady C. How soon shall we be over?
R. In three hours, my lady.
Lady C. Are we almost arrived?
R. Why, we have been out only half an hour, my lady.
Lady C. It is very rough.
R. She pitches a little now we are in mid-channel, my lady.
Lady C. But it is really very rough.
R. It is a beautiful passage, my lady.
R. Sir Astley sends you word, my lady, that we are now half way over.
Lady C. I knew that half an hour ago.
Lady C. We have been out two hours, how soon shall we be at Dover?
R. Not quite yet, my lady.
Lady C. Is there no danger?
R. Not the least, my lady.
At length, after four hours and a half, we arrived safely in port.

Another example may be met with in the liking for the anecdote related of Sir John Leach.

The late Mr. Jekyll told me an anecdote which created a great laugh against Sir John Leach at Cashiobury. They were staying with the late Lord Essex, and slept in adjoining rooms. From each of their apartments was a door opening into a closet which was common to the two chambers, and divided only by a slight partition. On the first day of his visit, Mr. Jekyll had retired to his room to dress for dinner, when he was surprised by hearing the Vice-Chancellor vociferating loudly in the adjoining room, and in the most vehement manner abusing his valet for having neglected to put up his satin breeches in the portmanteau. As he paced in a violent passion up and down his apartment, he continually, with much emphasis, inquired of the servant, whether he thought it possible,—whether it would be proper,—in him to go down to dinner without his nether garments. At last the valet, who acknowledged the awkwardness of such a proceeding, told him that he had brought down with him a pair, which his honour had a short time before given to him, and which he had never worn. The suggestion of this expedient at first increased his master's anger, and the indignation

he expressed was more than ever vehement. At last, however, the dinner-bell was rung; he was obliged to acquiesce, and accordingly resumed his acquaintance with his left-off garment. The whole of this dialogue Mr. Jekyll related to Lord Essex, who, immediately on the removal of the cloth, introduced a conversation about dress, and, after avowing that he considered Sir John Leach the best drest man of his day, corrected himself by observing that he was not so smart as usual. This subject of conversation was maintained for some time to the amusement of all the party but Sir John Leach.

There cannot be a doubt that Sir Astley was a man of distinguished natural parts, as well as a great surgeon; and he had excellent qualities of heart to boot. He was kindly disposed in most cases, and nobly generous; the poor and the afflicted finding him a considerate friend. He had cherished to the last, feelings which prove that a most prosperous professional life in the great metropolis, and that of a courtier, could not blunt his natural sensibilities. Take an entry in his note-book, on the occasion of a visit to his birth-place, four years before his death.

I walked down the village, along an enclosed road, dull and shadowed by plantations on either side; instead of those commons and open spaces, ornamented here and there by clean cottages. The little *mere* was so much smaller than in my imagination, that I could hardly believe my eyes:—the great mere was half empty, and dwindled also to a paltry pond. On my right were the plantations of Mr. Ketts overshading the road, and for which numerous cottages had been sacrificed; on my left,—cottages enclosed in gardens. Still proceeding to the scenes of my early years, on the right was a lodge leading to Mr. Holmes's new house, and water with a boat on it;—a fine mansion, but overlooking the lands of Mr. Ketts. I then walked on to the vicar's, Mr. Castell, but he was out. I looked for the church mere, and it was filled up, planted, and converted into a garden. I looked for the old Brooke hall, the place of my nativity, and the seat of the happiness of my early years—for the road which led to it and its forecourt—its flower gardens and kitchen gardens—its stable yard and coach houses—and all were gone. The very place where they once were is forgotten. Here we had our boat, our swimming, our shooting—excellent partridge-shooting—in Brooke wood tolerable pheasant-shooting—woodcocks—in Seething Fen abundance of snipes— a good neighbourhood, seven miles from Norwich, almost another London, where my grandfather lived; we knew everybody, kept a carriage and chaise, saw much company, and were almost allowed to do as we liked; but the blank of all these gratifications now only remains.

An account of the fees which he received from the merchant-princes of London, will enable the reader to form some notion as to his professional income; at least to set it down as having been enormous.

While my uncle was living in Broad-street, many, if not most, of the first merchants in London had residences in the city; those who had also houses

in the country, leaving London generally on the Friday evening, and returning on the following Monday or Tuesday morning; so that the appearance of many streets to the eastward of St. Paul's, is now so different as hardly to permit them to be recognised by any one familiar with them in those days. Most of the great houses, which, at the present day, have their street doors left open for more speedy access to the common stairs, which again lead to numerous offices on the several floors, were then private mansions, exhibiting abundant signs of the wealth and magnificence of their proprietors. * * This state of the city had an immense influence on my uncle's practice, for although, at that time, perhaps, he did not see so many people in a day as he afterwards did in New-street, the remuneration which he received was much more liberal. The manner in which he was usually paid, was different from that afterwards adopted at the west end of the town. It was not uncommon for him, after a hard morning's work, scarcely to have received more than five fees, although he might have seen upwards of twenty patients, and yet the sum he received might be large, for they almost all paid in cheques. This plan was a source of great advantage to my uncle, for he used to say, no one wrote for less than five guineas, however slight the occasion, when two guineas would have probably been the fee had the money been taken from the pocket. When sent for out of town, the liberal manner in which he was paid was extraordinary. It may perhaps be estimated by the recital of a fact, that Mr. William Coles, of Mincing-lane, the first merchant of his day, for years paid him the sum of £600 a year for attendance, his visits being chiefly made to the seat of that gentleman, near Croydon. * * In the year 1813, my uncle performed the operation for stone upon Mr. Hyatt, a West Indian merchant, who presented him with a fee of a thousand guineas, the largest, perhaps, that had ever been received for such an operation. * * The manner in which the fee was presented, was not, perhaps, the least extraordinary part of the circumstance. Mr. Hyatt had recovered from the effects of the operation, and necessary confinement to his house, when a day was appointed by him for the last formal visit of the medical men. My uncle arrived rather late, and the physicians, Dr. Lettsom and Dr. Nelson, had already seen the patient, and were talking upon the liberality of his remuneration for their services; he having presented them each with £300. Mr. Cooper therefore went up alone, talked to Mr. Hyatt, congratulated him on his recovery, and listened with emotion to the grateful expressions which he poured forth towards him as his benefactor. At last he rose to leave the room, and had reached the door, when his patient, who was sitting by the fire, took off his nightcap, and jocularly threw it at him, saying at the same time, "There, young man, put that into your pocket." My uncle, however, guessing the contents of the missile, inserted his hand, and took out from it a piece of paper; chucking back the cap to his patient, and at the same time saying, that he would not rob him of so useful an article, he put the paper into his pocket, and took his departure. On subsequently examining it, he found it to be a cheque for one thousand guineas.

This last extract might well, in our hasty gleanings, conduct us to the "Sketches interspersed from his Note-books of Distinguished

Contemporary Characters;" but we shall, prior to quoting certain of these entries, cite a case or two, which show that while Sir Astley displayed extraordinary powers of application, and habits of industry, he was gifted with such quick perceptions, and with such sound sagacity, as must frequently be of far greater avail than the fruits of any extent of professional acquirement. Our first example is taken from the case of the Bonars; the very murderer being the person despatched to London to communicate the tidings of it.

The conduct and manner of the servant when he brought the message in the morning, was singularly strange and confused. When Charles was relating Nicholson's account of the affair to his master, he mentioned that he was waiting in the hall; but on turning round, in obedience to Mr. Cooper's desire that he might be brought up to him, to his surprise he found the man standing at his elbow. Charles then went to communicate his master's message to Mr. Bonar's friend, as already mentioned, and on reaching his house, was informed that he was dressing. The importance of his errand induced Charles at once to ascend to this gentleman's dressing-room, and having hurriedly informed him of the facts of the occurrence, he was doubly struck with surprise by again finding Nicholson by his side, for he had no idea that he had even entered the house. Charles supposed that his strange behaviour was caused by the fright which he had experienced at the sight of his murdered master and mistress; Mr Cooper, however, had drawn from it, and from other circumstances of the man's appearance, the conclusion that he was the perpetrator of the crime, of which he himself had brought the account.

The other illustration of Sir Astley's penetrating mind and habits which we have selected, refers to the case also of a murder, which created an extraordinary sensation at the time.

Mr. Cooper was one day suddenly sent for, by a general practitioner of the name of Jones, to see a Mr. Isaac Blight, a ship-broker at Deptford, who had received a severe injury from a pistol ball, which had been fired at him.

When Mr. Cooper arrived at the house, he was told by his patient, that, whilst sitting in his parlour, his attention had been first aroused by the door being suddenly opened. On turning round, he perceived an arm extended towards him, and at the same instant the report of a pistol, and a sensation of a severe blow, convinced him that he had been intentionally shot at. He mentioned that he had not the least idea by whose hand the act had been committed; but related the fact that his partner, Mr. Patch, whilst sitting in the same room a few days before, had been alarmed by the report of a gun, apparently discharged on the wharf, and by a ball, which at the same time passed through the shutter into the room, and he expressed his firm belief that the same hand had been employed on both occasions. On examining the seat of injury, it was at once evident that the case was hopeless,—the ball had passed deeply into the body, and the discharge from the wound proved that there was injury to a very important organ.

Mr. Cooper's observing mind led him closely to investigate every circumstance connected with the case, and even to examine minutely the spot on which the act was perpetrated. He placed himself in the position in which Mr. Blight had been when he received the wound, and, with his natural acuteness, at once perceived that no one but a left-handed man could have so stood with respect to the door, as to have concealed his body, and yet at the same time to have discharged the pistol at his victim with effect. This once made a strong impression on his mind, and having already been prepossessed with the idea that Patch was the culprit, he became convinced of the correctness of this suspicion, directly he ascertained that he was a left-handed man. So certain did Mr. Cooper feel that he had detected the perpetrator of the deed, that, on reaching home, he immediately said to his servant Charles, in secresy, "You will see, Charles, that Mr. Patch, the partner of Mr. Blight, has been his murderer."

To these two stories we may add one which is supplied by the biographer, and which also may furnish hints to the Newgate school of writers.

In December 1785, while engaged with a bookseller in London, Gregson had given a forged bill of acceptance, in part payment of a debt for jewellery, to a watchmaker. Being accused of the forgery, he suddenly quitted his engagements, and immediately afterwards appeared in Yarmouth in the character of an independent gentleman, where he soon, by means of his prepossessing exterior and easy address, as well as his expensive style of living, contrived to be admitted to the best society of the town. Among other houses, he became a frequent visitor at the parsonage, not only at the public entertainments given every week by Dr. Cooper, but also at his private parties, which, from the social habits of the doctor, were of frequent occurrence.

One evening, however, Gregson, while engaged in dancing with a lady at one of the select assemblies, to the astonishment of all present, was suddenly apprehended, and committed to Yarmouth gaol. Here he displayed singularly wanton indifference to the degradation of his situation, by various extravagances of conduct, such as putting himself to considerable pains *to get his iron fetters polished*, which at last he succeeded in having done for him. This conduct might have been for the purpose of diverting the attention of his keepers; for after a short time, having succeeded in making a favourable impression on the daughter of the gaoler, who occasionally assisted her father in his duties, he obtained certain keys, through her means, and one night effected his escape. Going into one of the fishermen's huts, he obtained a complete suit of their attire, and in this disguise, with a pipe in his mouth, walked in the market place, in the midst of a large crowd, with whom he was at the very time one of the chief subjects of conversation.

From Yarmouth he easily got over to Holland; thence he sailed to Russia, and from Russia he went to France, where he formed an illicit intimacy with a married lady residing at Paris. This affair being discovered, the lady was removed to London, and the reckless Gregson following, was arrested, in consequence of information given by the husband, who had found means of becoming acquainted with his history before quitting Paris. Gregson re-

ceived sentence of death at the Old Bailey, on the 18th of April, 1757. However, on the 15th of May following, he found means again to make his escape; his irons, which he had sawed off in the night, being found in his cell, and his prison dress in a private part of the building, where he had, in all probability, been furnished with a change of apparel. He was subsequently again taken, and then underwent the sentence of the law.

In coming now to certain of the "Sketches," we have merely to observe, that Sir Astley has displayed closeness of observation in noting the peculiarities of the persons with whom he came in contact, and also that he expressed himself with considerable terseness. Begin with notices and opinions of Lord Liverpool.

Lord Liverpool was an amiable and truly honest man; a man of business, but not a man of the world. He would not flatter or cringe, even to his monarch; but confident in honest designs, and anxious for the welfare of his country, he always carried his point. He was a high tory,—he feared God,—he honoured his king,—and he upheld the laws of his country fearlessly and firmly. He had no sinister designs; he understood the business of government, from having served an apprenticeship to it; and not being an intriguer himself, he did not suspect it in others. * * Lord Liverpool was taciturn, and little conversation passed between us; but one morning he said to me, "Pegge, the Professor of Anatomy is dead, and have many applications—who ought to succeed him?" and I said, "Kidd, my Lord." On that very evening Kidd was appointed at Oxford. Upon my professional visits, when my name was announced, before I could well enter the room, he had bared his leg to show me its inflamed veins; I then looked at them, prescribed, and said, "Good morning, my lord," and left the room. Such meetings happened very often, for I did not attempt to gossip with a man who, like Atlas, had the world upon his shoulders. One morning he said, "I am going to bring in a bill upon the regulation of prisons,—have you anything to suggest professionally?" "Why, my lord, I have received a letter, which you shall read." It was a letter from a surgeon, who had seen a broken fore-arm badly treated at a government prison; and he said to the *doctor* of the establishment, "Both bones are distorted." The reply was, "Both bones, why there is only one bone in that part of the arm." Indignant at this ignorance, he wrote to me, and I requested his lordship to have a clause introduced into the bill, that no one should be allowed to act as a surgeon to a prison, who was not a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. To this he consented, and it was done, and, I believe, has ever since been adhered to.

But what of the King?

The abilities of George the Fourth were of the first order. He would have made the first physician or surgeon of his time, the first lawyer, the first speaker in the House of Commons or Lords, though perhaps not the best divine. As a king he was prosperous, for he had the good sense to be led by good ministers, although, however, he did not like them all.—The

king was indolent, and therefore disposed to yield, to avoid trouble; nervous, and therefore anxious to throw every onus from his own shoulders. He was the most perfect gentleman in his manners and address—possessing the finest person, with the most dignified and gracious condescension, yet excessively proud; familiar himself, but shocked at it in others; violent in his temper, yet naturally kind in his disposition. I have seen him spurn —— from him, yet, in ten minutes, say that he liked nobody so much about him, and that no one but he should do anything for him.—George the Fourth had an extraordinary memory,—he recollected all that he had read or seen,—and had the faculty of quickly comprehending everything. If he saw a steam-engine, he would describe not only its principles of action, but enter minutely into its construction. He could recount anecdotes of everybody, and could quote the beauties of almost all the works, in prose or verse, in English literature. He also prided himself on his knowledge of Latin, being, in fact, an excellent classic, and frequently quoted Horace. He was a good historian, being fully conversant with the history, not only of his own country, but of all Europe. I once said, "Sire, are you familiar with the fate of Henrietta Maria, after the death of Charles the First? It is to be found, I believe, in Pennant." "Oh," he said, "read De Grammont; there you will find all about her, together with the history of those times, well described and minutely given." Dates, also, in history, he could well recollect, and it was dangerous to differ with him concerning them, as he was sure to be right.—The connexions and families of the nobility he was quite familiar with.—He spoke German and French as well as his own language, and knew a little of others. With respect to Greek, his father, he said, would not let him go on with it, and so accounted for his deficiency in that language.—He spoke remarkably well, but did not write so well, because he would not give himself the trouble, and therefore always sought assistance from others. His life had been, since the age of sixteen, conversational, from which time he had given very little attention to writing or composition.—He told me, that from the time he was sixteen, he knew everything, bad and good, and that he had entered into every amusement that a gentleman could engage in. George the Fourth thought Lady Melbourne the most delightful person he had ever known, and used to describe her person, her appearance, her manners, her temper, her gracefulness, as divine.—He said his sister Mary was, however, the most of an angel he ever knew, and asked me if I had ever seen her. I said that I had had the honour of attending her, and had seen her at Lord Verulam's. "Well," said he, "is she not delightful?" &c.—George the Fourth's judgment was good as regarded others, and as respected his country. If I had wanted to decide upon what I ought to do, nobody would have given me better advice: but he very likely would have practised just the contrary himself, for with respect to himself he was too often guided by prejudice. * * His hatred of being observed made him dislike to show himself, and instead of regarding the hissing of a mob as the hissing of geese, he always feared it. * * The king would sometimes be coarse in his conversation and anecdotes, but again nobody could be more refined and polished when he chose. Every story of a character about town, every humorous anecdote he was perfectly acquainted with, and was constantly seeking means of adding to his stock, and then took the greatest pleasure in relating

them to others. He was himself witty, but the points of his conversation consisted principally in anecdote and the relation of jokes. He often awoke early, and read from five or six o'clock in the morning, until nine or ten, and thus he became acquainted with all the new books, which he read, of every description—novels, pamphlets, voyages, travels, plays—and he liked to talk of them.

Sir Astley says that George the Fourth did not like Lord Liverpool, "because he felt a fear of him, from his firmness; for he would never yield any important point to the king, nor suffer him to interfere in his particular province." Will it add to the reader's estimate of his Majesty's gentlemanly manners, when told that he (the King) "used to say, as soon as he (Lord Liverpool) went out of the room, 'What an awkward creature that is!' and then he mimicked all his peculiarities, so as to produce a laugh against Lord Liverpool?"

We cite a few more anecdotes, given on the authority of some noblemen, relative to the king.

I then talked with Lord —— of George the Fourth; he agreed that he was a clever creature. I told him that when the Duke of Wellington was ill, George the Fourth shed tears, and said, "If I were to lose him, I should lose the honestest man I have about me." I related that the king asked if the duke could go out that day, and that Knighton said, "I ordered him not." The king said, smiling, "You *ordered* him not! Could you not have thought of a better word?" "No, Sire," said Knighton, "I ordered him not. If a man does not attend to his friend and physician, he had better have neither." As we went out of the room I said, "You are a pretty fellow!" and he said, "Oh! that was intended for him." "Yes," said Lord ——, "he was a great friend to George the Fourth, for he brought his pecuniary affairs into an excellent state; the king had ten thousand pounds about him when he died, although he had been in debt." "The king was a very clever man," said Lord ——, "he saw everything at an instant; and what an excellent mimic he was." "True," I replied. Lord —— said that George the Fourth and the Duke of York, although generally lavish, were fond of having money in their bureau, which they did not like to expend, and related the following anecdote in illustration. Mrs. Fitzherbert told the king, that one of his horses was likely to win at Newmarket, but the stakes were not paid. George Lee came and told him the same thing. "Yes," said the king, "I told Lake to pay them." "But," replied Lee, "he has no money." "Do you pay them, then, my dear fellow. Oh! yes, you pay them." He could not pay them either, and half an hour only remained; when he was told that his horse could not run, as the stakes were not paid. "Yes; but I have told Lake to pay them, and I told Lee to pay them." "But they have no money, your majesty." And then very unwillingly he went to his drawer to take out the sum. The Duke of York was just the same; they would, either of them, draw a cheque upon their bankers, but would not part with their money

Our last extract of all belongs to a period when George the Fourth was subjected to a very serious operation for tumour in the head.

The king bore the operation well, requested that there might be no hurry, and when it was finished, said, "What do you call the tumour?" I said, "A *steatome*, Sire." "Then," said he, "I hope it will *stay at home*, and not annoy me any more.

The king went on well until Saturday; when he came in to us he said, "I have not slept all night, and I am d—d bad this morning; my head is sore all over." I immediately thought erysipelas was coming on, and that we should lose him. I called in the middle of the day at Carlton Palace, and again in the evening, and he was much the same.

The next morning when I went the king was on the sofa,—his great toe was red with gout,—and his head had lost its soreness, and all its unpleasant feelings. From this time the wound healed in the most favourable manner.

In a fortnight afterwards he said, "Lord Liverpool has promised to make you a baronet, but I will not suffer it, I shall do it myself." I thanked him, and said, "Since your majesty is so kind, let me say, if it be not entailed upon my nephew, Astley, whom I have adopted and educated, it will lose much of its value." He immediately said, "It shall be made out as you wish." He afterwards, in six months, sent me a beautiful epergne, for which he gave the plan himself, and which cost him five hundred guineas.

In conclusion, we merely observe that, although Sir Astley commenced life with a strong tendency to extreme democratical notions, yet the baronet's opinions not only made a halt, but took such a turn, that he came to cherish a deep veneration for ancient institutions, so as even to be apprehensive that the London University boded danger and was unsound in its principles.

ART. X.—*The Patrician's Daughter: A Tragedy in Five Acts.* Fourth Edition. By J. W. MARSTON. Mitchell.

HAVING at the time of its publication reviewed the first edition of this tragedy, our present object is not so much to canvass the merits of the work, as to offer some few observations on the controversy which it has excited. The point mooted by Mr. Marston's drama, as our readers are probably aware, is the capacity and suitability of *the present* for tragic illustration; whether in contemporary life may be found materials of passion and incident, worthy of commemoration in the most stately form of poetry, and calculated, like the lofty themes of old, to solemnize the mind, and to soften the heart. So far as the public is concerned, the proposition was triumphantly affirmed on the first night of representation. It was never our lot to

witness greater enthusiasm, or demonstrations of delight more apparently sincere, than were displayed on this occasion. It is true that the author owes much of his triumph to the representatives of his leading characters. Nothing could be more nobly conceived, or more powerfully delineated, than the part of Mordaunt by Mr. Macready. The subdued earnestness of his love, which works by a fascination so gradual as almost to blind the subject of it to the power of its operation,—a love trembling with its own intensity; the crushing sense of his wrong, when he believes devotion so ardent to have been excited and fostered for the mere gratification of a scornful humour; the almost inspired energy of the revenge which he executes, under the self-deluded conviction that he is the minister of justice; the grandeur of the mournful yet proud lowliness which he exhibits when his purpose is consummated; and the paralysing effects of a too late remorse, were revelations worthy of a genius as profound in its discrimination of human motives and feelings, as impressive in their portraiture. Nor can too much praise be awarded to the Mabel of Miss Helen Faucit. There was a spell, a subtle and spiritual charm in her early scenes, which might well account for the fervour of Mordaunt's passion, and which materially contributed to render an act, the least rapid in dramatic action of the whole play, one of its most interesting features. The sweet and delicate appreciation by which she seized and realised every—even the most minute—poetical sentiment, was received by the audience as a full compensation for the comparatively slow movement of this part of the story. Nor can we omit to record her pure and unstrained pathos in the closing scene,—a pathos which stole upon the heart, rather than smote it, and drew forth tears with a witchery so subtle, that few could repress the tribute. We allude more particularly to the excellence of the *acting*, because, to our mind, it rather confirms than detracts from the principle affirmed in this play—that *the present* possesses all the elements of tragic interest. If in the more familiar events and aspects of contemporaneous life, there had been aught inherently opposite to the spirit of tragedy, then we contend that the very excellence with which the design was embodied would only the more prominently have exhibited the disharmony between the tragic principle itself, and the *media* through which it was attempted to be developed. If, for example, modern costumes were essentially repugnant to intense passion, then, in precise proportion to the power with which the passion was expressed, would be this absurdity of the contrast between it and the incongruous externalities of dress.

The success of this play with the public, was, we have said, decisive. But the opponents of Mr. Marston's theory were not to be daunted by the verdict which the popular feeling returned. Routed on the grounds of *results*, the hostile critics betook themselves to the

more metaphysical position of *causes*, and loudly affirmed that although the experiment had succeeded, it *ought* to have failed. Feelings were touched, and enthusiasm stirred; true,—but not (quoth the impervious adversary), *by the right means*. In fine, the heart and mind of the multitude were vitiated, diseased, artificial; while the infallible censor preserved by miracle from infection, appeals from the recorded decision of thousands, and cries, "HEAR HUMAN NATURE!"

And now let us arrange and investigate, in their order, the principal *à priori* objections to our author's doctrine.

They may be classified as follows:—

Firstly, Tragedy requires the illusion of the ideal, which the familiar character of the present destroys.

Secondly, That the events and emotions of the present are not sufficiently stirring and dignified for tragic purposes.

Thirdly, That poetic diction is unsuited to the expression of existing passion and incident.

In considering the first of these propositions, we ask ourselves whether the *ideal* is necessarily limited to the *past*; whether the Shaksperian drama is a *literal transcript*, or an *ideal delineation*, of the times and persons which it embodies; whether the elder drama is rendered ideal to us by the mere mellowing influence of years; or whether the poetic mind sealed on that drama its ideality at the moment of its creation? Let us cite the tragedy of "King John," in illustration of our meaning. Is he the literal historical coward and usurper of his day; or is he the historical person elevated and idealized to tragic greatness by the spirit of Shakspeare? That the poet's "John" differs widely from the John of history, is almost too obvious to require affirmation. What then are we to say? —that Shakspeare invented a monarch in *opposition to the historic record?*—No; but that the meagre materials furnished by chronicle and tradition, hinted to the bard's mind the poetical truth; that where others had seen *facts*, he apprehended *motives*, and ascended from the effects of human action to the principles in which they originate. From his perception of individual, and his sympathy with universal man, the poet framed a king who *transcended* history, without *contradicting* it. In all the creations of poets, especially in those of the greatest, this same principle is obvious. The conceptions of the bard are derived from his own deep and manifold sympathies both of heart and mind; and not from a laborious imitation of the superficies of passion and character as exhibited in the habits and peculiarities of society. There can be no question that conventionalities, commonplace customs, and insignificant, even ludicrous features, appertained to the respective ages of "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," and "Richard the Second;" but does the poet think the introduction of such features essential to a true picture of life? By no means.

He knows that the drama is the history of man, not a register of habits; and although the poet will adopt such special forms as the times of his story may furnish, he will elevate those very forms to the level of his human conception. His object is not so much to describe the doings of men, as the feelings of man; and it will frequently happen that the more minutely correct the delineation of apparent life, the further removed is that illustration from the spiritual truth, from the genuine life of humanity. Who ever encountered in real life such a grave-digger as the merry sophist, who dug the grave of the fair Ophelia? What fortunate wanderer through summer forests fell in with an actual flesh-and-blood Rosalind? Eastcheap denies all knowledge of the Falstaff Shakspeare created, and Verona has no remembrance of Juliet. You may search the tribes of Israel in vain for a Shylock, who vents his rage and his wrongs in a public thoroughfare, and rouses the streets of Venice with his indignant agonies. Oh! Shakspeare, is it the wont of merchants to rave thus in public streets? And since thou hast given us a street in Venice, why not give us also the passengers, the traffic — the *reality* of a street?

If, then, these creations have no prototype in the actual, whence have they acquired so established a charm on the imagination and the feelings? From their ideal truth the mind as distinctly asserts their verity as do the senses that of any external object.

We see, then, that the ideal is not the effect of time, but the operation of the poetical principle, that no man—no circumstance—no age is ideal independent of poetry; and that dramatic truth of delineation is so far above the test of literal fact, and that the bard may with advantage to the force and the mental reality of his scenes, violate the probabilities and rules of society and custom. We will now add, that wherever the poetical principle is exercised, there is the ideal—wherever the ideal, there is human action and emotion in its inherent dignity, and wherever these are the theme, there, also, may the language of poetry be most appropriately employed. Thus we reply to the opponents of, at least, a worthy endeavour. If we have succeeded in refuting their first objection, the following ones, which depend upon it, are involved in its fall.

Our previous observations may throw some light upon the sort of criticism to which, in some quarters, (and we rejoice to believe they are not numerous) this tragedy has been exposed. *Ex. gr.* In the fourth act, where Mordaunt recounts to the assembled guests, the scorn, the injustice, the agony which he has endured; the betrayal of his hopes, the duplicity and falsehood of Lydia, these lines occur:—

MORDAUNT.

'Twas not my vanity that thus construed
These signs of tenderness; the Lady Lydia

Noted their import; nay, with earnestness,
Not willing then our union, besought me
To quit the castle, and though afterwards
She gave herself the lie—

PIERPOINT.

Audacious!—

LYDIA *(interrupting.)*

Nay! hear him, for although we have no wedding,
We'll have the mirth of one.

MORDAUNT.

Though afterwards she gave herself the lie!

"What!" exclaims one sapient critic, "give a lady the lie?" "*Twice and publicly*," adds a second, with a meaning shrug and a look of exquisite horror, to convey *his* notion of May-fair susceptibility. "An officer present, and permit it!" cries a third, with an indignant start, speaking volumes for his sense of honour, and his aptitude to defend it. Poor poet! who hast only the truth of passion to justify thy ill-breeding. Pity that etiquette cannot be taught to breaking hearts, that Othello should have been so ungentlemanly to Desdemona, and that Hamlet should have violated all filial observances in wringing the conscience of the guilty Gertrude.

It is not, we have said, our present intention to review this play. We may, however, notice that the present edition is considerably enlarged, and is perhaps the most striking specimen of the author's additions; we extract the concluding scene:—

MABEL.

What words are these? I came here to forbid
Vain supplication to a haughty heart,
And lo! I find one meek and penitent!
And thou dost love me, Mordaunt?

MORDAUNT.

Love thee, Mabel!
My care-worn heart revives at sight of thee,
And hoards the life 't was weariness to keep.
How now? Thou tremblest, sweet!

MABEL.

Love! aid me to my chair,
My strength is failing fast, I am as one
Who has striven hard to distance grief, and gained

The goal before her; my strength but sufficing
To win the triumph! Mordaunt, I shall die
With thy love for my chaplet, and in peace!

MORDAUNT.

And thou wilt *live* in peace for many years!
(Aside) What demon gives my fear-struck heart the lie?

MABEL.

I've much to say, and but brief time to speak it.
Thou knowest now I love thee; but thou canst not—
Thou canst not tell how deeply. That our lips
Should so belie our hearts! Couldst thou read mine—

MORDAUNT.

Or thou read mine—the thoughts of agony
Remorse sears on it with a brand of fire!

MABEL.

Oh! couldst thou know, how often in my walks
My soul drank gladness, from the thought that thou
Wouldst share them with me, and the beautiful
Grow brighter as thy voice interpreted
Its hidden loveliness—and our fire-side!—
How I should greet thee from the stormy roar
Of public conflict, kneel beside thy chair,
And cause thee bend thine eyes on mine, until
Thy brow expanded, and thy lips confess'd
The blessedness of home.

MORDAUNT.

Home, say'st thou? *Home!*
Home!—That means GRAVE.

MABEL.

My fate is gentler, love!
Than I had dared to hope. I shall not *live*
Encircled by thine arms; but I may *die* so!

MORDAUNT.

I cannot bear it! Oh, I cannot bear it!
Fool! not to know the vengeance of forgiveness.

THE EARL (*to* MORDAUNT.)

You see, sir, the wound is deep enough!
(Mordaunt, overcome by emotion, retires to a chair and sits.)

MABEL (*taking the* EARL's *hand.*)

Nay, speak not harshly, for in noble minds
Error is suffering, and we should soothe
The breast that bears its punishment within,
Tell him that you forgive him! Do not pause,—
Stint not the affluent affection now,
That hitherto outran my need in granting!—
All dimly floats before me,—while I yet
Can hear his voice, tell me, that you forgive him.—
(In the earnestness of her entreaty she has gradually raised herself from the couch, and now stands erect.)

THE EARL.

I do! I do! *(Mabel sinks upon the couch.)*

MABEL.

Now, take him.....to your arms,
And call him.....Son!
(*To Mordaunt*) Edgar!....We die to *live.*

MORDAUNT.

Where's the moral,
When thus the virtuous perish, and the proud
Who smote them to the earth live on? You'll say
There is no justice here, but you are wrong,
Life is sometimes the curse, my Lord, not Death!
There's no curse here—(*Pointing to Mabel*).
You see I moralize,
Discreetly and with calmness! Ha! ha! ha!
(*Laughs hysterically.*)

THE EARL.

Your punishment almost atones your sin!
To us, the world henceforth presents no lure,
And bear life, we must invoke the aid
Of solemn contemplation, Christian love,
And to every grace that meetens man for heaven.
A holy calm is on me; anger *dead.*
Come to my arms—(*to Mabel*)—I thus obey thy will,
Mabel! dost hear me call him?—Come, my son!

MORDAUNT (*kneeling and bursting into tears.*)

My father!

MABEL.

I am happy.....Very happy.—(*Dies.*)

Dramatically speaking, this tragedy is not without obvious defects, some of them important; yet naturally incident to a first effort. In

the earlier acts, the progress of the story is slow; and the scene wants that animated appearance, which the skilful introduction of mere characters would have supplied. We perceived, too, that in these scenes, the interest was too unvaried; and required the relief of gaiety and humour. We are now speaking of the drama in its relation to the stage. Perhaps, simply considered as a poem, which may be laid down and resumed at pleasure, its transitions from the lighter to the deeper shades of passion, give sufficient diversity. But whatever the defects of the play, they do but afford additional evidence of the truth of the principles it recognizes. Cordially do we thank Mr. Macready for the part which he has taken in the developement of this experiment. That the ideal and the poetical is to be worshipped in the present, is a truth, the importance of which is not confined to the drama. The scepticism that discredits contemporary greatness, *prevents* it. The ideal is only unmanifested, or rather *unapprehended*, because it is unreverenced. We thank Mr. Macready, then, for his assertion of a great truth—*the* truth, perhaps, most required by the age. That in spite of the doubts of those who rely on mere precedent, and the sneer of those who discern but the commonplace aspect of their age, he should have produced this tragedy, —is consistent with those honourable exertions which he has made for the drama,—exertions which will rank him with posterity, not only as the noble illustrator, but as one, through whose instrumentality of his art, new developements and perceptions of that art were given to the world.

ART. XII.—*The Last Year in China, to the Peace of Nanking: as sketched in Letters to his Friends.* By a Field Officer, actively employed in that country. Longman.

OUR conflict in Affghanistan has given birth to a far larger list of volumes than our Chinese expedition; while those relative to the flowery land have, for the most part, been books of moderate size and modest pretension. The Field Officer's work does not prove an exception to this welcome state of matters,—being brief, but satisfactory, so far as it professes to go, and very pleasant besides, whether tone, or talent and observation are to be regarded. The writer possesses also a piquant, but the reverse of an ill-natured humour; and although frequently as familiar in manner as if he chatted to you as an old acquaintance at your own fire-side, he never oversteps the boundaries of courtesy or of correct taste.

The letters—for the book pretends to no higher character—consist of communications to the Field Officer's private friends in England, or other in India, and relate to such matters as any observant person connected with the expedition might gather for memoranda, or for

the entertainment of his correspondents, and as any one in high command might speak of, without divulging secrets, or even going deeply into the policy of the war, or the mode of its conduct. Still, the acute reader will find abundance in the present pages to engage reflection with regard to the conflict and its issues, and to suggest speculative trains of thought concerning our probable relations with the Chinese for the future.

It cannot be denied that although in the meanwhile the British Plenipotentiary has obtained from the Celestials whatever terms his discretion prompted him to dictate, our relations with the jealous and flowery people stand in such a ticklish posture, and will have to be maintained amid so many delicacies and difficulties as to suggest fears. How, for instance, is the smuggling of opium from India to China to be checked? Will the opening of four new ports for our trade conduce to this end, and render prohibition effectual practically? But a report has reached this country that Sir Henry Pottinger had promised to the Emperor, in order to get the treaty confirmed the sooner, to prohibit English vessels importing the *drug* to any of the five ports named in the preliminary arrangement. Now, this measure will amount to our establishing a coast-guard to prevent the traffic; and surely this would not only be a most obtrusive interference, but be sure to become worse than an entire failure, in so far as repression is concerned; while the misunderstandings that would ensue from the impotency of any such maritime police, would daily grow more inextricable, and the jealousy of the Chinese authorities more bitter. It appears that the course to be pursued by us, on the contrary, is the maintenance of a moderate and unmeddling, but firm and intelligible policy; leaving it to time and to the quick discernment of the Chinese themselves, to appreciate our superiority to them in the arts of peace, and the transactions of commerce, just as they have been made already smartly to feel what we are in the practice of war. In confirmation of this view, let the Field Officer's representation be cited of the effects of the English triumphs at the time he wrote, or rather, we should say, when his letters received those corrections and additions which the issues of the war enabled him to make to first impressions. He thus expresses himself:

> The English will henceforth be respected in China as elsewhere, and they will never again deem it necessary to submit to degradation or ill treatment to obtain the highest commercial advantage. These must be the results of the expedition, *for us*. For the Chinese there will be liberty and enlightenment, if they have virtue and sense enough to know and use their power. What respect can they continue to have for their own government, when they compare it to ours? Their chiefs rely on treachery, bribes, and assasination. The English are only dreadful as open enemies. How can the Chinese continue to believe in the power of their "great Emperor," when a few thousand of what he styles barbarians (but they know better) set him

so easily at defiance, and take and retain his towns at pleasure. An immense revolution of opinion must be fast working here. *Many Chinese boys in our service are already ashamed of their countrymen as compared with ours, and could not be prevented from cutting off their own tails themselves;* though this has hitherto been considered a most degrading punishment.

The revolution of opinion spoken of in regard to military prowess, must have made rapid strides since the victory of Sykee; for, after this event, certain official documents were found, that threw a curious light on the schemes that had been concocted by the childishly-cunning people, in as far as war was concerned, for the overthrow and destruction of the "outer barbarian." One sage John Chinaman, advises his brethren "to fight with the sword alone, to advance by files and take off the barbarian heads, and then leave room for another file to advance and take as many more." An inducement in the shape of a rich bribe is offered to Sir Hugh Gough, in order to bring about a most unconditional surrender. "Even your posterity will share in this." And then how affectionate and friendly and coaxing the hint to our people, that "after so long an absence, at so great a distance, your mothers and sisters must be longing for your return." But now to give some notices of Chinese warfare: begin with these,—

Search having been made for a soldier of the 49th who was missing, his body (in consequence of information given to Mr. Gutzlaff) was found in a house not many yards from head-quarters. He had been murdered in broad daylight, strangled, bound, and *bagged* with the view of being carried over the walls at night. He was servant to one of the officers, and a very powerful man. . . . . A young sailor of H. M. S. "Columbine," having strayed from his boat, was seized with violence and nearly carried off; he escaped, however, by the sudden and unexpected use of his knife on the kidnappers, and joined his comrades who were not far off. The villains escaped, but their boat with cords and a bag was found in a neighbouring canal. This is truly a celestial, enlightened, and flowery empire, where they carry on war by such grand means as bagging the enemy. They are keen sportsmen and are becoming very expert. About the same time another marine was carried off at Chinhae, as also a black cook. . . . . The indignation of both officers and men here, against the Chinese, is very great and very natural. I am glad that our chief does not partake of it, but judges as coolly of the business as all of us on reflection shall do a few years or even months hence. Nevertheless, I take good care of myself, for it must be no joke to be bagged and *made game of* for these rascally Mandarins, whether we be killed or kept alive in cages. I regard every ill-looking Chinaman in Ningpo, as a pheasant or partridge may be supposed to eye a keen sportsman; except, that unless the odds were very great, flight would, in my case, hardly be proper. If the Fokies (as we call them) look grave, we say, "See the sulky villain." If, on the other hand, they smile, we exclaim, "Oh, the hypocrites! they smile now, but how quietly they would bag you if they dared." If, lastly, they avoid us or run away,

it is, "After them, they know their guilt, or they would not be afraid." In addition to this, some of the soldiers, and especially the followers, if no officer is by, purchase of things at their own prices, and beat and ill-treat poor Fokey.

Foky, be it borne in mind, is the Chinese word for *friend*, and was with the British the common appellation of all the natives. This of the affair at Ningpo:

The horrors of war first struck me when the enemy had ceased firing, . . for I was then not aware that it was the General himself who, at the head of the 49th, had carried the larger encampment. Two British sailors and a soldier, about fifty yards apart from each other, formed the points of a triangle, in which six or eight Chinese were running helpless about over the paddy fields, some disarmed and others with swords in their hands. Our three men were loading and firing at them as coolly as if they were crows, and bayoneting to death those who fell wounded. I endeavoured to stop them, but they paid no attention to me. A soldier who was following me in search of his regiment took a shot himself, and said to me, "if we don't kill them now, Sir, they will fight us again, and we shall never finish the war.

Next attend to the capture of Chinkeangfoo:

When the town was taken, the author, who was nearly dying of thirst, broke into some houses and drank a quantity of cold tea; but his thirst was not half appeased when he heard there was a well of beautiful water in the neighbourhood. He hastened to try it. Never had he quaffed any thing more delicious. He recommended it to his friends. The well was universally extolled; and it was not, I believe, till the following morning, that nine bodies of women and children were found, which had been thrown into it, when the enemy despaired of success.

The interior of the Tartar part of the town stank of mortality for many days after the capture. There were also many dead in the small houses in the suburbs. On one occasion, on looking into a low little tent made of mattings, the author saw a corpse hanging by what appeared like a piece of twisted linen. The knees of the corpse were bent, the toes were on the ground. Such was the more than Roman resolution of our hitherto despised foes.

Notices of the river Yang-tse-keang will be acceptable:

Unless the Mississippi and Missouri are to be considered as one river, then, the Amazon being the first, the Yang-tse-Keang is the second river in the world in point of length.

If you consider, however, the countless canals which it supplies with water, to keep under constant irrigation the surrounding country, the commerce which it carries on its breast, the fruitfulness displayed on its banks, where the richness of the foliage and the greenness of the herbage are quite astonishing; if, lastly, you add the depth and volume of its waters, it has some claims, I conceive, to the very first place among the rivers of the globe.

In going up the river, nautically speaking, the left, geographically the right bank of the river, is the most picturesque side. The ranges of hills were frequently quadruple, the nearest sweeping down gracefully and gradually towards the river. The other side for a long way is very flat.

The neat little villages were frequently, if not generally, placed in an angle formed by a canal and the great river. The villagers as we passed crowded towards the mouth of their canals. Great, doubtless, was their astonishment at the noble, and, to them, novel sight of a British fleet of warships and transports, the latter glistening with scarlet. None of these men had ever seen a ship more powerful or larger than a Chinese junk of war. No greater astonishment would probably have been felt by a pigmy of yore, at first view of any of the giants, "men of renown," who lived in "those days."

We conclude with less serious matters, but such as lend an insight into social life and national character, the Field Officer's sketches of these things being remarkably clever. This of portrait painters is good:

Chinese artists abound. Some—the pupils of Chinnery—are very respectable performers. Lunquah is the first; but he is gone to Canton. They take accurate likenesses, and will make copies of paintings to resemble the originals to such a degree that none but an artist can tell the difference. They don't know how to flatter yet; but English dollars will one day teach them that profitable art.

A lady at Macao was having her portrait drawn. As the work proceeded, she expressed her strong dissatisfaction at the performance. "Spose," said the painter, "you smile a little: he lookee better." 'Twas vain; for when the "*pigeon*" was done, the indignation of the fair one was so great and so disagreeably expressed, that the irritated artist naively exclaimed, "If handsome face no got, how handsome face can make?" English artists could teach him.

The word *pigeon*, we are told in a note, is Anglo-Chinese for *business*,—a word which the flowery people cannot pronounce. "The constant use of the former between the Chinese and English is one of the drollest things which first strikes a stranger."

This of Chinese ladies' nails:

Not long before the evacuation of Ningpo, a report was brought very early one morning to Mr. Gutzlaff, that the head of his Chinese police, who resided about a quarter of a mile from head quarters, had disappeared, as also one of his wives, while the other lay murdered in the house. Mr. Gutzlaff, a soldier, and myself, proceeded to inspect the house, to see if we could trace any signs of the murdering kidnappers. We found the woman lying on the floor with her throat cut. She had been dead some hours. While looking at her, I observed what appeared like thin brown slips of bamboo loosely fastened round her wrists; and remarked to Mr. G. how singular it was that they should have found it necessary to bind her. But he exclaimed "*those are her nails;*" and true enough it was, as I found when

I looked close. It appears that fine ladies are in the habit when going to bed of softening their nails in warm water, and then winding them round their wrists to prevent their being injured. This *phœnomonon* is not so wonderful when you consider that *five* long nails are to be thus secured on each fair wrist.

Last of all take a sketch of the interior of a temple, and what is not less important, a testimony to the credit of the 55th:

One goddess, of huge proportions, has a small puppet in its arms. Indeed this group of half-painting and half-sculpture reminded me of the *Madonna de la San Sisto* at Dresden; not, however, from the beauty of its execution. The whole building had a Roman Catholic appearance. The gods and goddesses were much carved, and were inlaid as if all the colours of the rainbow had been taxed, and some more. The best statues were simply carved (out of wood, I suppose) and richly gilt. Some of these were really well done. We supposed they represented the sages of China. They had Chinese countenances, and many of them appeared to be expounding like orators. Of the gods, I can call to mind two monsters sitting; one with a lyre, and one with a huge drawn sword in his hand. Our friend of the lyre was anything but an Apollo in appearance; and though he smiled, it was in such sort as to disgust rather than please. The swordsman had huge round eyes, and looked very savage indeed.

In one of the court-yards in front of the temple, we ascended to look at a large bell. There are many larger in England; but this was very handsomely carved in the Chinese fashion.

We also saw at the joss-house a school of literati (apparently) sitting at a long table. Most of them were middle-aged men. They had a president, who beat time with a stick on a scarlet thing not very unlike the top of a huge skull, while the rest followed him in a monotonous sing-song perusal of some work, all having small pamphlets in their hands. They did not take much notice of my fellow-passengers and myself.

Though part of the 55th were quartered for nearly six weeks in this temple, we could not observe that any damage had been done even to the gilded sages above noticed; a fact greatly to the credit of British discipline.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*The Prophet of the Nineteenth Century.* By the Rev. H. CASWALL, M.A.

"THE Prophet of the Nineteenth Century; or, the Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints," our readers will observe, is the production of the same rev. gentleman, the Professor of Divinity in Kemper College, Missouri, whose "Three Days at Nauvoo" was made by us the subject of an article a few months back. The present

work is on a larger scale, and the result of further inquiry, as well as of deeper reflection, forming a handsome volume; but what is of more importance, containing one of the most extraordinary stories that ever had amply ascertained facts for a subject, and exceeding anything which imagination could have concocted. The rise, progress, and present state of the "Latter Day Saints, certainly furnish an example of truth being more wonderful than fiction. But what an appalling truth is it! and what an illustration of the monstrous credulity and gullibility of mankind! That upwards of one hundred thousand persons are at this moment, counting those in Great Britain as well as America, so far misled by an ignorant, uneducated, gross, and debauched blackguard, by name Joe Smith, as to believe him to be an inspired person, and to *be favoured* with daily direct communications with heaven, staggers one's mind, and must be regarded as only less miraculous than the fact would be if the gift of prophecy were really conferred in the nineteenth century on any of the human race. What are we to say to the statement, that in the course of last year about 5,000 persons set sail from Liverpool to lay themselves at the feet of this grovelling wretch, these emigrants being for the most part in comfortable circumstance, and few of them, we may safely presume, unschooled? But there are other marvels connected with Mormonism; for, according to recent intelligence, Joe and his infatuated followers are threatening to resist the authorities of the State of Illinois, where they have founded their city. But we have not yet done with the wonders; for must it not be set down amongst the strangest instances of ignorance, that even in England, multitudes of intelligent people are still uninformed with regard to the existence of this rapidly-increasing sect, while another multitude of worthy people appear to treat the story with indifference? It is now to be hoped, however, that the public mind will be aroused to the frightful and perilous enormity, and that Mr. Caswall's narrative and representations will receive the grave attention that the subject, which he so earnestly and becomingly handles, merits. As a story, indeed, few books can yield anything more exciting, the hero of it being one of the expertest of swindlers, and offering such a variety of incidents, vicissitudes, and inventions, as sustain the interest, with the power of a skilfully constructed romance to the close of the volume, when the reader's mind necessarily falls back upon itself in profound cogitation, or looks forward with awe and fearful foreboding with regard to the social and moral results threatened by the "Latter-Day Saints."

Having laid before our readers, on the appearance of Mr. Caswall's former publication, an account of some of the more striking passages in the history of the "Prophet of the Nineteenth Century," it is not necessary that we go into the larger and more particular narrative now before us. We quote one passage belonging to the conduct of the early converts, which will convey some idea of the extravagance to which they carry their antics and delusions, there being an allusion also to deeds of darker hue than can properly come under the designation of antics, or anything that is only monstrously ridiculous.

"Many would fall upon the floor, where they would lie for a long time apparently lifeless. The fits usually came on during or after their prayer-

meetings, which were held nearly every evening. Some, in imitation of the prophet, employed magic stones, through which they professed to see, and to describe not only the persons, but the dress and employment of people hundreds of miles distant. Their conduct grew more and more eccentric and absurd, till they resembled a party of Bacchanalians. Sometimes they imitated the wild modes of Indian warfare, such as knocking down, scalping, and tearing out the bowels of the victims. At the dead hour of night they ran through the fields and over the hills in pursuit of balls of fire, which they declared they beheld in the atmosphere. Sometimes they mounted on the stumps of trees, and while absorbed in visions, they plunged into the waters of baptism, or harangued the imaginary multitude by which they thought themselves surrounded. Others fell into a trance, and having continued apparently lifeless for a long time, awoke to relate what they had learned respecting the future glory of the saints, and the destruction of the unbelieving. Sometimes their faces, bodies, and limbs were violently distorted and convulsed, until they fell prostrate on the ground. Three of the young converts pretended to have received a commission to preach from the skies, after having first leaped in the air as high as they could. All these performances were believed to emanate from the spirit of God."

We have already alluded to the opposition which is threatened by the Mormons to the State in which they have founded, built, and fortified a city. Joe, as Lieutenant-General, had been entrusted by the authorities of Illinois with cannon, for the purpose of vindicating the laws. Now, these very engines he is preparing to turn against the givers; having in many and flagrant ways transgressed against all that is regular and necessary. He has even had the audacity to institute a secret band, whose office it was to murder whoever should become obnoxious to the leaders, in respect of conduct or doctrine. But to Mr. Caswall's volume we must direct all who desire to read of thousands of equally audacious and strangely successful methods and measures in the history of Mormonism; for nowhere can a more curious array of circumstances, or more astounding results be met with.

ART. XIV.—*An Essay on Punctuation; with incidental remarks on Punctuation.* By F. FRANCILLON, Solicitor.

THERE is originality in this Essay. It contains first a history of punctuation; after which we have this view elaborately urged,—that the period, colon, semicolon, and comma, are not stops, but parts of the sentence. They are of service, in that they enable the reader more readily to comprehend the meaning of a sentence; which, if properly constructed, would almost point itself; for, if otherwise, although the author's meaning may be gathered, and it may be clear what he intended to say, yet he should have reconstructed the composition, rather than have trusted to the punctuation as the means of giving perspicuity to what he has written. This is a useful and suggestive view, and it is well developed and enforced by the author, who has brought a legal precision to the illustration of his principle.

ART. XVII.—*The Autobiography of Henrich Stilling; late Aulic Counsellor to the Grand Duke of Baden, &c.*

A CHEAP edition of a book that has been pronounced by competent judges, to be the most delightful one that can be named in the whole circle of German literature. It is said to have been written at the suggestion of Goethe, to whom the life had often been orally related by Stilling. While as a story it is as natural and powerful as anything John Bunyan has written, detailing extraordinary efforts and incidents in search oflearning, it presents a living and vivid picture of peasant-life and character as exhibited in Germany. It is remarkable that the work should have been so late in finding an English dress; but it is no doubt destined to appear in edition after edition, like the most popular books in our language, now that it has been brought out at a price so small as to invite every purchaser who has a trifle of pocket-money to expend on literature of any class.

ART. XV.—*Le Keux's Memorials of Cambridge.*

THIS series of Views of "the Colleges, Halls, Churches, and other Public Buildings of the University and Town of Cambridge, engraved by J. Le Keux, from Original Drawings made expressly for the work; with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Buildings, &c., by Thomas Wright, M.A., and the Rev. H. Longueville Jones, M.A.," is now completed. The views consist of *seventy-six* highly-finished steel engravings, and as many wood illustrations, besides letter-press matter; forming, when bound up, two handsome volumes, and either in an octavo or quarto size, as may suit the purchaser.

To thousands of persons it cannot be necessary to dilate on the merits of this elaborate work. The highest praise and in fewest words that can be given of it is to say, that the Memorials of Cambridge equal in every point those of Oxford; which alone would have established Mr. Le Keux's name as one of the most enterprising, pains-taking, and accomplished illustrators in this age of picture-books. We must speak particularly of the good faith which was maintained wtth the public by this work. Not only has it been issued with exemplary regularity, but the engravings and every feature of the book, whatever department can be mentioned, has been anxiously and honestly finished according to whatever promise or pretension the first part held out.

Cambridge, as a subject, does not yield in importance or interest to Oxford; nor canthe possessor of the memorials relating to the latter, consistently deny to his library those of the sister university. Unquestionably, Cambridge offers a rich and teeming field for the pencil as well as for the pen; its edifices, its adjacent scenery, and its recollections, combining to form themes of unsurpassed interest. With regard to the historical and descriptive part of the present publication, we can safely state that it is ample, elegantly written, and the result of skilfully-directed research. It is

not too much to say, that information is here to be met with, that was never before made public, and which seems not to have been previously accessible. The artistic illustrations cannot be too highly recommended. In fact, these have features which are rare, compared with the most esteemed engravings of the day. We must particularly notice the distinctness and *reality*, so to speak, of the plates. The eye rests on perfect forms, and instantly detects the exact characteristics of the buildings, with their precise and individual appendages; instead of being confounded by means of fanciful lights and shadows, or being bewildered amid imaginary trees and shrubs. Altogether it is a true as well as a beautiful work, and worthy of the celebrated and venerable objects which it professes to exhibit. We must not dismiss the publication without mentioning that the last part of all contains a plan of the University and Town of Cambridge, that has the merits which characterise the other portions, and which appears to us to be a model of minuteness and distinctness. In a word, this is a sterling book; one of much labour, and that must have cost Mr. Le Keux great anxiety and expense, although published at a low price; the proprietor, no doubt, confidently trusting to a continuous sale, and having laboured to be permanently useful, as well as to gratify the lovers of art:—a book to be studied and admired. It is appropriately dedicated to the Duke of Northumberland, Chancellor of the University.

Art. XVI.—*Night and Day Thoughts.*

A volume of poems,—there being one in blank verse, called "Home and its Duties,"—a prosaic and familiar title, besides a lot of sonnets. We have spoken of the longer piece as being to a homely tune; and the author has thus far preserved consistency, that he has thrown a very considerable amount of readable prose into the regular shape of verse; but there is marvellously little poetry in this volume, whether spirit or choice of diction be regarded.

Art. XVII.—*Day-Dreams* By Ch. Knox.

Captain Knox, the author of "Hardness," &c., has risen rapidly into repute, and seems determined to sustain his literary character by the variety as well as abundance of his efforts. All his works convey to us the character of having been written by one who has full confidence in himself; and who at the same time has delight in what he is doing. As a poet he does not seem to us to be so original or vigorous as in his novels. Still these are very musical effusions, and appear to have had their birth at the moments when the moods of mind which they affect to express were actually experienced. They are sweetly illustrated with twenty engravings by Mason, from drawings on wood by H. Warren. In respect of binding, type, &c. this volume vies with the most tasteful of the Annual tribe.

XVIII.—*The Covenant; or the Conflict of the Church. With other Poems.*

These Poems are chiefly connected with the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland. The Covenant leans to the popular or non-intrusionist side of the controversy which is distracting the Kirk. It traces the history of that establishment from its foundation to the close of the Stuart dynasty, and urges with such considerable spirit and earnestness, passages and eras in its conflicts, as will serve to warm and keep alive the zeal of those who resist patronage, and stoutly stand up for the supremacy of the general assembly in all that regards the spiritual well-being of the people.

XIX.—*The Gift-Book of Poetry; selected chiefly from Modern Authors.*

This is one of the most satisfactory collections of poetry that has been published; for the selections are not only made with good judgment, but the pieces are given in that entire shape, that is not less necessary in point of fairness to the poet than to the reader.

XX.—*Turning and Mechanical Manipulation.* By C. Holtzapfell. Vol. I. Illustrated by upwards of three hundred wood-cuts.

Mr. Holtzapfell intends to furnish the *profession*, and also the *amateur*, in a very extensive and elaborate work, with every necessary practical instruction for those who apply themselves to the lathe, or are desirous of learning what are the various pursuits followed by gentlemen given to mechanical manipulation. The work is to extend to five volumes; but each volume may be purchased separately, and will form a distinct treatise on the branch to which it is appropriated; while the first two may satisfy the greater number of amateurs.

The portion before us contains a deal of particular information with regard to the tools used, and the manner of their use. But a more interesting part is devoted to an account of the different materials employed in turning,—these being taken from the various departments of the natural kingdom. We had no idea until looking into this volume, of the interest, and the vast variety of matter that attach to its subject. But as we shall return to it, and in an article of some length, we have only to state on this occasion, that the curious and the ingenious will find ample suggestions in the book, for the exercise of their minds and for engaging manipulation.

XXI.—*Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanack and National Repository, for the year* 1843.

National indeed, as concerns Scotland, and universal if compared with other almanacks. It comes forth with every new year with new improve-

ments, although it is difficult to conceive how these can be carried farther; whether the amount and variety of information and statistical facts, selection, the system of arrangement, the process of cramming into a compact volume, without huddling be considered. It is by far the most useful annual published; and it is entertaining withal. It is an indispensable companion and necessary daily remembrancer, to all who are general readers, or who have a generous curiosity.

There are considerable novelties in this year's book, the chief of which have been suggested and supplied by new legislative enactments, viz.:—the laws and provisions of the Income-tax, the New Tariff, and a variety of changes relating to the laws of trade. The analysis in this almanack of these measures, appears to us to be a very able and carefully executed one, and to be as clear to the ordinary reader, as such technical, redundant, and involved compositions as acts of parliament can be rendered.

XXII.—*The Natural Principles and Analogy of the Harmony of Form.* By D. R. Hay.

Mr. Hay is "decorative painter to the queen, Edinburgh;" but in this volume, as well as in a much smaller publication of an earlier date, into which we have looked, having for its subject "The Laws of Harmonious Colouring," we find ample evidence of a philosophic and original thinker, as well as of practical knowledge. The design of the present work is to ascertain what are the principles of beauty in form, and to reduce them to an exact science,—the theory being that a system of linear harmony is similar to that which regulates the arrangement of musical notes, just as the harmony of colours bears a relation, and is analogous to the harmony of sounds. The accuracy of the principles evolved, and the closeness of the analogy, as well as the novelty of the doctrine, appear yet to stand unimpeached; and should the attempt abide the necessary tests, we think that the results in architecture and various branches of the fine arts will be marked and important; while the methods of studying them will be much modified and facilitated.

According to Mr. Hay's theory, the primary forms are the circle, the triangle, and the square; while the secondary are the parallelogram, rhombus, elipsis, and hexagon. He lays it distinctly down as a fixed truth in the principles and analogy, that "there can be no perfectly harmonious combination of forms in which one of the primaries is wanting; and that the distinctions of harmony, like those of sound and colour, depend upon a predominance of one, and a subordination of the other two in the composition." But without a much fuller account of the theory, and specimens of the way in which it is worked out and illustrated, a very inadequate idea of its ingenuity can be gathered. Perhaps we may on a future occasion return to the subject. In the meanwhile, we may mention that Mr. Hay boldly goes the length with his analogy of using terms in the course of his problems, and a notation in figuring the results, such as are employed in musical science and art, expressive of the harmony of form: and this too when talking of such architectural marvels and models as the Parthenon and the Pantheon.

XXIII.—*Soldiers and Sailors.*

A collection of "anecdotes, details, and recollections of naval and military life, as related to his nephews, by an Old Officer; with more than fifty engravings on wood, from designs by John Gilbert." The work takes the form of a dialogue, which is carried on spiritedly, and with a sufficiency of knowledge of the events of war, of the principals of discipline, the nature of service, and the characters of heroes. We must point the attention of our juvenile readers also to the free and easy manner of the "old officer" when he wishes to point a moral, which he constantly seeks to do, delivering himself in a veteran-like style. We should say that the passages in war's history have been well chosen, for the purpose of yielding proper lessons and very considerable information to youthful inquirers. The wood engravings are admirable specimens of this department of art, and tell their story excellently. In respect of design and execution, they are not surpassed by anything we have seen of a similar nature.

Art. XXIV.—*Whist: its History and Practice.* By an Amateur.

Whist, till now, was without an historian amongst us; but has at length met with a most cordial lover of the subject, and entertaining discourser of its merits. The little volume is full of curious information; and although minute in its rules and notices, such is the trim of the Amateur, that he delights while he instructs, and fascinates while he narrates. There is no driness in the writing; and its point is helped out in a singularly fanciful and facetious style by the illustrations furnished by Kenny Meadows. The book will make new as well as mend old rubber players. The manner of the Amateur may be in some measure felt on reading but one or two of his historical notices. "The youth of whist," says he, "like the youth of Shakspeare, is involved in obscurity; it is to be presumed that it attained its maturity only by degrees, for so grow all liberal arts; it might originally be something like children's game at odd trick; one age might add one improvement, another expand that improvement more fully, and so on, to the peerless and perfect whist * * * We may confidently assert, however, that whist, as played by us, or, rather, by our sires and grandsires, was not established on a firm footing until the seventeenth century had gone 'to join the past eternity,' and the eighteenth had been some little while in almanacks and existence; and that it was not known as a polite game until, at most, the last eighty years. Charles Cotton—not he of 'Virgil Travestie,' though a contemporary,—in his 'Complete Gamester,' printed so early as 1674, says that—'Ruff and Honours, by some called Slam, and Whist, are games so common in England, in all parts thereof, that every child almost, of eight years, hath a competent knowledge in that recreation.'" In this lively and amusing way does the Amateur proceed. We have not, however, the means to communicate an equally just notion of the whimsical and merry illustrations. The handsome little book, in spite of its jest and fun, is destined, we should think, to become an authority among whist players.

ART. XXVIII.—*Stow's Survey of London, edited by* W. J. THOMS, Esq.

THIS edition is reprinted from that "increased with divers rare notes of antiquity," published in 1603; and is illustrated by brief but valuable lights thrown upon obscure passages, which the industry and intelligence of Mr. Thoms has enabled him to collect. He has also prefixed a memoir of Master Stow; so that although the most informing edition that has ever appeared, at the same time that it is neatly got up, the cost of the book is only four shillings,—being one of Whittaker's series of cheap reprints, and even of these the most desirable that has yet been brought out. Where else is there so much entertaining history and antiquarian information to be met with, even although Stow may not always be a safe guide? And yet he had the merit of indefatigable diligence in searching for original documents; whereas most of his successors as historians of London, have only taken up that which he and other industrious gleaners have left.

ART. XXV.—*The Book of Scottish Song.* Nos. I. to IV.

"A COLLECTION of the best and most approved Songs of Scotland, ancient and modern; with critical and historical notices regarding them and their authors." This is assuredly a remarkable publication,—remarkable for its neat and elegant appearance, its beautifully small but readably clear type, and the sweetly diversified borders that stretch along the double columns. When the whole is published, viz, *fourteen numbers* at sixpence each, the volume, which will be square, may go into a coat-pocket without inconvenience. We think it right to let the publishers be heard, while, in a few distinct sentences, they announce the various claims of this undertaking; for its most remarkable features have not been sufficiently indicated by anything yet said; and we cannot in smaller space than has been done for us, give the proper explanation.

"Such a work, singular as the fact may appear, amid the innumerable collection of songs under which the press labours, has never yet been laid before the public; and this we may say almost without reference to size or price; for neither the four-volume publication of Alan Cunningham, printed in 1825, nor the judicious collection of Robert Chambers, printed in 1829, (the two largest compilations of the kind,) can be considered as very complete or satisfactory, whether we regard the number of songs quoted, or the annotations which accompany them. The character of the type adopted in the present work, and the double-columned form of the page, give vast scope to the collector, and will enable him to present to the reader, in comparatively little bulk, a larger body of Scottish song than has ever before been brought together in one publication—larger, by more than one half, both in number of songs and extent of commentary, than any collection hitherto published, whatever may be its size or pretensions. At the same time, while the amount of its contents shall thus far exceed that of any similar compilation of Scottish song, the character of the songs themselves, and their respective claims to insertion, shall be carefully considered. A song may have a title to our attention or regard, on various grounds:—On its antiquity;—on its character as illustrative of former manners or histori-

cal facts;—on its tune, with which it may be inseparably connected;—on its authorship; on its literary merits;—on its general popularity,—or on all these, or a portion of these combined. Most collections, from their limited nature, cannot embrace the whole points of recommendation here enumerated, and therefore restrict themselves to certain classes of lyrical composition; so that while one song-book is fitted mainly for the antiquary, another addresses itself chiefly to the modern musical amateur. A distinguishing feature, however, of the present compilation, will be the universality of its range. From its extent, it will be enabled to comprehend the songs both of former and present times, and to give (where such exist) the different versions of pieces, whether ancient or modern, that may be connected with any favourite air."

ART. XXVI.—*Mitchell's Work-Table and Embroidery-Frame Companion.*

WHAT shall I present? are the words often used by husbands, fathers, lovers, and mothers, with reference to those who are dear to them; and hitherto very difficult to answer. But *now* the publication of a work, resplendent in beauty of outward ornament,

> " Arabesque and gold,
> And every floral hue,"

and equally valuable for its contents, set the dilemma at rest. Mr. Mitchell, of Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, has recently published " The Work-Table and Embroidery-Frame Companion," comprising the entire round of accomplishments dependent upon the needle, as a glance at the seven divisions of the work will show. 1, Fancy Needlework and Embroidery; 2, Knitting; 3, Netting; 4, Crochet or Tambour; 5, Domestic Needlework; 6, Tatting; 7, Baby's Wardrobe. This is the only successful attempt at rendering the subject interesting as well as intelligible. Not only in respect to the descriptive portion, but also the *engravings*, many in number, are explanatory as well of the *make* as the *form*, and may be referred to in the domestic circle and in schools as *patterns*, and therefore sure and lasting guides. Though georgeous, for gilding and harmonious assemblage of colour, both the binding and illuminated title are exquisitely chaste; and the engraved illustrations are worthy of all praise. Withal, the price, for moderation, is really marvellous.

ART. XXVII.—*The Nursery-Rhymes of England, obtained principally from Oral Tradition.* Second Edition.

THIS is just such a collection of relics as the research and reading of the editor, J. O. Halliwell, might be expected to gather and delight over, the first impression having been thrown off for the Percy Society. The rhymes are arranged under fifteen heads, tales, riddles, jingles, proverbs, lullibies charms, games, paradoxes, &c., being titles which indicate the sort of classi-

fication observed, and the nature of the pieces. The whole are illustrated with much curious and antiquarian learning, displaying at the same time a wide range of sound information. These rhymes recal much of the simplicity and sweetness of childhood, many of them being charged with a charming quaintness and a quiet humour; while not a few throw light upon the manners and modes of thought of our rude and stout-hearted ancestors. But one cannot but wonder how such fancies entered the heads of the ladies and nurses of the olden time as live in these ditties. Take one specimen:

"Of all the birds that ever I see,
The owle is the fayrest in her degree;
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she!
Te whit, te whow!
Sir knave to thou,
This song is well sung, I make you a vow,
And he is a knave that drinketh now.
Nose, nose, nose, nose!
And who gave you that jolly red nose?
Sinamont and ginger, nutmegs and cloves,—
And that gave me my jolly red nose!"

ART. XXVIII.—*A Collection of Problems in Illustration of the Principles of Theoretical Mechanics.* By WILLIAM WALTEN, B.A.

JUST such a book as might be expected from a batchelor of arts, who has been bred in the meridian of Cambridge; but at the same time such a collection as we would as much strive in vain competently to handle, as to popularize. It is the furthest possible from being a book for the readers of light literature; it is not even intended for tyros in the study of Statics and Dynamics; for Mr. Walten's principal aim has been to offer facilities in the study of theoretical mechanics to those who have already overcome, at least the elementary difficulties of the subject; presenting a systematic collection of problems in illustration of the more important principles of the science, and thus also conducing to a practical familiarity with its historical developement. Much importance was attached by Leibnitz, D'Allembert, Euler, and other great discoverers of the mechanical theories, to the full discussion of numerous problems; but hitherto the want of a systematized collection of them perplexed and retarded the student. We are persuaded the void will be in a great measure filled by the elaborate and philosophic volume before us. If we may venture an opinion as to the style of illustration, we should say that it is remarkably neat as well as skilfully free, affording a good specimen of what may be called mathematical eloquence.

We have referred to the impossibility of rendering theoretical mechanics a subject for gratifying a popular interest. And yet there are curiosities connected with the study of the science, that would entertain the general reader. The problem of the Brachystochrone may be specified. It would

be as unintelligible as Hebrew to the many, were we to introduce Mr. Walten's scientific explanation of what is meant by the learned term; but the following particulars are, as far as the anecdote goes, for the apprehension of all:—The problem of the Brachystochrone was proposed by John Bernoulli, as a challenge to the mathematicians of the day. Six months was the time allotted for its solution. Leibnitz was immediately successful, and communicated his good fortune, by letter, to Bernoulli, who, in conformity with the desire of Leibnitz, consented to prorogue the term of the challenge to the following Easter, the results obtained by himself and Leibnitz being suppressed for that interval. A programme was accordingly published at Groningen, in January 1697, again announcing the problem, and repeating the challenge. In consequence of this delay, solutions were obtained by three other mthematicians; by Newton anonymously.

We need not quote a word about the difference or the merits of the solutions of a problem which deals with a class of mechanical curves, and where gravity is the accelerating force; but the passage in mathematical history may show to the ordinary reader, that the subjects treated in the present volume, are not for the unlearned in the exact sciences, the volatile, or the unpersevering.

Art. XXIX.—*De la Voye's New French and English Lexicon.*

This shall be our French and English Dictionary; it will not be less serviceable and suggestive to him who has mastered the elements of the French language, than it is certainly calculated to be in schools and to beginners.

It is by far the most useful and ingenious work of the kind that we have met with, and must become a model for succeeding lexicographers, as well as a standard book itself in education wherever an intimate acquaintance with the English and French tongue is simultaneously desired; for, be it observed, while it must greatly facilitate the acquisition of the latter to him who can only speak the former, it cannot perform this office of teacher without stimulating and also satisfying the reasoning faculties, without initiating the learner into the science and mysteries of branches of grammar, and yielding constantly in the consciousness of practical advancement, the most encouraging rewards.

There is much that is original in the plan of this compact and portable volume, while the precision and accuracy of the manner in which the execution is followed out, not less justly claim our notice. The great feature of the work is the introduction of all the inflected forms of verbs and nouns that can seriously perplex the learner, and that stand in his way to the meaning of any part of speech, whether in a regular or an irregular shape, contracted or taken out of the ordinary course in any respect. By merely casting the eye at the top of each page, the student finds a sure and wide-opening key to the solution of a multitude of difficulties; while the rules laid down for reference, with regard to words not to be found in dictionaries, are perspicuous and comprehensive beyond what we could have thought attainable. Nor must we fail to mention that the number of terms and technicalities,—commercial, nautical, &c.—not met with in similar books, adds

considerably to the usefulness of the work. In a word, De la Voye's Lexicon will reduce the learner's efforts one half compared with any other help of the kind that we can name, and render the remainder in a great measure a labour of love; for it will be felt to be one of real and intelligible progression in regions of study akin, and in various senses superior, to those which new countries or strange scenes present. The discovery is beautiful, awakening, and lavishly remunerative, which a nation's mind and a nation's tongue can afford. When the student's labour is lightened and sweetened, can the teacher continue without equivalents?

Art. XXX.—*Bryant's Fountain and other Poems.*

A small volume of the well-known American poet, containing, besides miscellaneous pieces, sundry fragments from unfinished works; the whole elegantly written, smooth, and every way skilful, if poetry be confined to an apt choice of diction, to smoothness and fluency of versification, to skilful composition, and an expert use of the thoughts and manner of other authors. But with regard to originality of mind, or even terseness and vigour of style, this transatlantic bard merits but a very limited praise. True, he often sings of subjects that are new to us, and different from any that could have occupied the poets of Britain. But then we look in vain for impressions correspondingly and adequately novel, or evidence of a genius and imagination having been bred in other than the old world. The mere exterior of things appears to have caught the eye; the essence, characteristics, and the images, as well as the language, shaped according to the deeper discovery and appreciation, being wanting. "The Fountain" illustrates Bryant's defect, at the same time that it exhibits his art and skill as a verifier; for while the history,—the past, the present, and the probably future condition,—of the theme is described, it is only, we think, as the fancy and the observation of an Englishman, equally skilled in the art of poetic construction, might have done, who had chanced to have his attention directed to the subject and its concomitants. All is graceful to be sure, and much there is that is obviously peculiar to the region, and to the necessities of the case. But where is the truth that is astoundingly or unmistakeably uttered for the first time, or that is so strangely beautiful and unexpectedly imposing, as can never lose its effect, if not upon your heart, at least in your recollections? We extract a sample, which depicts the progress of settlement, and which may serve as a test of Mr. Bryant's powers, taken in an original sense, as well as a test of his polished manner when viewed as an artist.

> I look again—a hunter's lodge is built,
> With poles, and boughs, beside thy crystal well,
> While the meek autumn stains the woods with gold,
> And sheds his golden sunshine. To the door
> The red man slowly drags the enormous bear
> Slain in the chesnut thicket, or flings down
> The deer from his strong shoulders. Shaggy fells
> Of wolf and congar hang upon the walls.

And loud the black-eyed Indián maidens laugh,
That gather, from the rustling heaps of leaves,
The hickory's white nuts, and the dark fruit
That falls from the gray butternut's long boughs.
So centuries passed by, and still the woods
Blossomed in spring, and reddened when the year
Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains
Of winter; till the White man swung the axe
Beside thee—signal of a mighty change.
Then all around was heard the crash of trees,
Trembling awhile and rushing to the ground,
The low of ox, and shouts of men who fired
The brushwood, or who tore the earth with ploughs.
The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green
The blackened hill-side; ranks of spiky maize
Rose like a host embattled; the buck-wheat
Whitened broad acres, sweetening with its flowers
The August wind. White cottages were seen
With rose-trees at the windows; barns from which
Swelled loud and shrill the cry of Chanticleer;
Pastures were rolled and neighed the lordly horse,
And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf
Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank
Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls
Brought pails, and dipped them in thy crystal pool;
And children, ruddy-cheeked and flaxen-haired,
Gathered the glistening cowslip from thy edge,

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1843.

Art. I.

1. *Rambles in Yucatan.* By B. M. Norman. Wiley and Putnam.
2. *Life in Mexico, during a Residence of Two Years in that Country.* By Madame C——— de la B———. Chapman and Hall.
3. *Letters on South America.* By J. P. and W. P. Robertson, 3 vols. Murray.

We shall not seek to give any very satisfactory explanation of the circumstances which have induced us to club into one paper the three works mentioned above. Something might be said about the identity of the continent to which each and all of these volumes of sketches relate; and we might also advance a few words about the necessity of dispatching several works in one article, when they happen to have anything in common among them, at the time especially when the influx of books is large and the demands of all pressing. But, without any further preamble, we proceed to introduce those enumerated in the order given, and to back such observations as may have occurred to us, with the specimens that are deemed requisite.

Beginning, then, with the "Rambles in Yucatan," we have to remark, that Stephens's "Travels in Central America," and Bradford's "American Antiquities," have, within these few years, informed the public to a very considerable extent concerning a number of the wonderful monuments which our Rambler went to explore; they having been, in the Monthly Review as well as in the other literary journals of the day, made the theme of speculation and description. Besides, the reading world is aware that Mr. Stephens has renewed his archæological investigations in the province of Yucatan; not merely, it is understood, with the intention to describe the remains, but with a view to the removal of the more interesting and characteristic specimens to the United States, for the formation of a museum. When referring, however, to the purpose and process of removal,

great limitations must be attended to; for it will require but the perusal of almost any of Mr. Norman's descriptions to convince the reader, that by far the greatest portion of the antiquities in question defy all idea of transportation.

Seeing then that the author of "Travels in Central America" is likely so soon to favour the world with an account of his renewed exploring undertakings in the regions alluded to, and considering that, both by previous study and painstaking preparation, as well as careful and prolonged research, he is a vastly more competent guide than our Rambler, it is only neeedful that we deal summarily with the pages before us.

Mr. Norman's rambles may be regarded as possessing two features, the first being that of a personal tour. Here we behold the restless and rapid American to life; one of those people who appear to think as little of undertaking extensive travels, and to inhospitable parts, as they do on a tangent, of changing the shape of their course, or of entering into any speculation which random opportunity may offer; nay, who will write a book about all that they did or saw without a moment's thought of their competency for such a task.

Whether the Rambler had any precise purpose when he started from New Orleans in 1841, and embarked for Havannah, does not distinctly appear. He seems to have intended to visit the Windward Islands; but finding that the conveyance between them and Cuba was not so frequent or good as he had imagined, he jumps into a Spanish vessel bound to Sisal in Yucatan. Soon after his arrival in that country he starts, apparently with hardly an hour's forethought, for Merida, the capital of the province; where, learning that there were other ruins than those at Palenque, which earlier travellers had elaborately described, he resolves to visit them. Accordingly, he made a rapid run to Chi-Chen; stopped for a still shorter space at those of Kabah, as he did also at Zayi; and then used all haste to examine the remains at Uxmal, which, however, have long ago been very fully described by Waldeck: the Rambles occupying somewhere about five months.

So much for the tour, which did not offer many passages in the way of personal incident. The second feature of the book is the account which it contains of the amazing ruins visited. Here again Mr. Norman does not supply us with nearly so much that is new, or at least that can be relied upon, as Mr. Stephens in the same short space of time would have gathered. As already indicated, he did not start with any preparatory knowledge or aids to forward historical and archæological investigations. The only instrument to assist him which he possessed was a compass; while, as to the method of his admeasurements, they very often were merely guess-work; the time required, the difficulty of access, and an inadequate sense of the value of many of the objects spoken of, preventing the learned and

scientific reader from placing implicit faith in the statements. To be sure, the rambler has abundauce of confidence in his own sagacity; he is a rattling go-a-head narrator, being superficial, but never tedious or dry. He appears too to have picked up, before sending his work to the press, a considerable amount of what has been said of the ruins of Yucatan, by more skilful and leisurely travellers. Still, while far from intending to mislead, his descriptions must be taken with caution, when speaking of architectural facts, or whatever either requires mathematical or artistic preparation. Certainly, we do not find in his pages more extraordinary descriptions than what have been given by preceding writers; and still less are the curious to look for such speculations as may shed any light upon the origin and the age of the marvellous transatlantic remains. They may be Etruscan, or even Antideluvian, for anything that Mr. Norman can tell or imagine. In fact, our author makes no pretension to archæological science, but writes a book of rambles over scenes that have an unusual degree of freshness, and which is, from its liveliness and unhesitating tone, well calculated to afford a few hours' pleasant and even exciting reading.

In so far as the personal tour, with its incidents of travel, is concerned, the account is informing on the superficial matters of existing life in Yucatan. Thus we have a good many notices of the exterior modes of the white or more civilised inhabitants, and also of the Indians. But the accounts of the antiquities and ruins will chiefly attract the general reader who has learnt little previously of the subject, and who may not seek for strictly accurate details. Above all, the picture and the evidences given by Mr. Norman, of the amazing amount of population which, at some remote age, must have crowded the region of America explored by him, almost staggers belief and baffles conception, although his statements in proof of this density need not, we think, be questioned, seeing that it did not require minute skill or taste to arrive at the proofs. For example, he appears to have established this fact, that within the province examined, and which is but limited with regard to extent, the ruins of more than half a dozen cities are still traceable, which must only have yielded in magnitude to the very largest in ancient times. To be sure, the remains in Central America appear to indicate a material vastness, rather than an intellectual superiority. And yet how great and peculiar must have been the artistic knowledge, as well as mechanical advancement, of a nation which has left such imperishable and magnificent works as those described! At the same time, it is to be remarked that these works were probably devoted to, or the result of, gross rites and useless displays. But we must not venture upon speculation.

We have said that Mr. Norman's instrumental aids to observation were of the most limited character. He had a compass; and this

was serviceable; because it enabled him to fix the relative position of the buildings to the cardinal points. He also carried with him a knife, a pencil, and a memorandum book; but these appear to have completed the number of his appliances. Listen now how much may be done by means of these assistants, and by an American. We accompany him to Chi-Chen; on approaching which, and while about four or five miles distant, the roadside was found to be strewed with columns, large hewn stones, &c., overgrown with bushes and long grass,—the ruins, through the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation being, for the most part, inaccessible till a path is cut to them. On arriving at the main spot, the Rambler found comfortable accommodation for his purposes, having been kindly received by the major-domo, who conducted him to an apartment in the church, answering to the vestry-room with us. We may here observe that he was not always so fortunate; for in the smaller towns, unless he put up at the clergyman's, the traveller's hut, being of the most wretched sort as regards shelter and food, was generally his next best resort. However, we are at Chi-Chen, which presented, "probably, the most remarkable ruins the world has ever seen." We now quote at considerable length:—

On the morning of the 10th of February I directed my steps, for the first time, towards the ruins of the ancient city of Chi-Chen. (Chi-Chen signifies, Mouth of a Well. "Itza," said to be the Maya name for one of the old possessors of these ruins, is sometimes added by the natives.) On arriving in the immediate neighbourhood, I was compelled to cut my way through an almost impermeable thicket of under-brush, interlaced and bound together with strong tendrils and vines; in which labour I was assisted by my diligent aid and companion José. I was finally enabled to effect a passage; and, in the course of a few hours, found myself in the presence of the ruins which I sought. For five days did I wander up and down among these crumbling monuments of a city which, I hazard little in saying, must have been one of the largest the world has ever seen. I beheld before me, for a circuit of many miles in diameter, the walls of palaces and temples and pyramids, more or less dilapidated. The earth was strewed, as far as the eye could distinguish, with columns, some broken and some nearly perfect, which seemed to have been planted there by the genius of desolation which presided over this awful solitude. Amid these solemn memorials of departed generations, who have died but left no marks but these, there were no indications of animated existence save from the bats, the lizards, and the reptiles, which now and then emerged from the crevices of the tottering walls and crumbling stones that were strewed upon the ground at their base. No marks of human footsteps, no signs of previous visitors, were discernible; nor is there good reason to believe that any person, whose testimony of the fact has been given to the world, had ever before broken the silence which reigns over these sacred tombs of a departed civilization. As I looked about me and indulged in these reflections, I felt awed into perfect silence.

The Indians for many leagues around, having heard of the Rambler's arrival, visited him daily; but of course could look upon his method and objects of research with nothing but an air of astonishment, if not of contempt. To any inquiries about the ruins, he could obtain no answer; the question never appearing to have occurred to them. Neither had they any traditions or legends on the matter. In these circumstances Mr. Norman was entirely left to such examinations as he could devote to the remains:—

My first study was made at the ruins of the Temple. The names by which I have designated these ruins, are such as were suggested to me by their peculiar construction, and the purposes for which I supposed them to have been designed. These remains consist of four distinct walls. I entered at an opening in the western angle, which I conceived to be the main entrance; and presumed, from the broken walls, ceilings, and pillars still standing, that the opposite end had been the location of the shrine or altar. The distance between these two extremes is four hundred and fifty feet. The walls stand upon an elevated foundation of about sixteen feet. Of the entrance, or western end, about one half remains; the interior showing broken rooms and ceilings not entirely defaced. The exterior is composed of large stones, beautifully hewn, and laid in fillet and moulding work. The opposite, or altar end, consists of similar walls, but has two sculptured pillars, much defaced by the falling ruins—six feet only remaining in view above them. These pillars measure about two feet in diameter. The walls are surrounded with masses of sculptured and hewn stone, broken columns, and ornaments, which had fallen from the walls themselves, and which are covered with a rank and luxuriant vegetation, and even with trees, through which I was obliged to cut my way with my Indian knife. In the rear of the pillars is the remains of a room, the back ceilings only existing; sufficient, however, to show that they were of rare workmanship. The southern, or right-hand wall, as you enter, is in the best state of preservation, the highest part of which, yet standing, is about fifty feet; where, also, the remains of rooms are still to be seen. The other parts, on either side, are about twenty-six feet high; and about one hundred and thirty apart. The interior, or inner surface of these walls, is quite perfect, finely finished with smooth stone, cut uniformly in squares of about two feet. About the centre of these walls, on both sides, near the top, are placed stone rings, carved from an immense block, and inserted in the wall by a long shaft, and projecting from it about four feet. They measure about four feet in diameter, and two in thickness—the sides beautifully carved. The extreme ends of the side walls are about equi-distant from those of the shrine and entrance. The space intervening is filled up with stones and rubbish of walls, showing a connexion in the form of a curve. In the space formed by these walls are piles of stones, evidently being a part of them; but there were not enough of them, however, to carry out the supposition that this vast temple had ever been enclosed. At the outer base of the southern wall are the remains of a room; one side of which, with the angular ceiling, is quite perfect, measuring fourteen feet long and six wide. The parts remaining are finished with sculptured blocks of about one foot square, representing

Indian figures with feather head-dresses, armed with bows and arrows, their noses ornamented with rings; carrying in one hand bows and arrows, and in the other a musical instrument similar to those that are now used by the Indians of the country. These figures were interspersed with animals resembling the crocodile. Near this room I found a square pillar, only five feet of which remained above the ruins. It was carved on all sides with Indian figures as large as life, and apparently in warlike attitudes. Fragments of a similar kind were scattered about in the vicinity. From this room, or base, I passed round, and ascended over vast piles of crumbling ruins, pulling myself up by the branches of trees, with which they are covered, to the top of the wall; where I found a door-way, filled up with stones and rubbish, which I removed, and, after much labour, effected an entrance into a room measuring eight by twenty-four feet, the ceiling of which was of the acute-angled arch, and perfected by layers of flat stones. The walls were finely finished with square blocks of stone, which had been richly ornamented. Even yet the heads of Indians, with shields and lances, could be distinguished in the colouring. The square pillars of the door-way are carved with Indians, flowers, borders, and spear-heads; all of which I judged to have once been coloured. The lintel, which supported the top, is of the zuporte wood, beautifully carved, and in good preservation. One of the Indian head-dresses was composed of a cap and flowers. Immediately in front of the door-way is a portion of a column, to which neither cap nor base was attached. It measured about three feet in diameter, with its whole surface sculptured; but it was so obliterated by time, that the lines could not be traced. Four feet of its length could only be discovered. It was, evidently, imbedded in the ruins to a great depth. Numerous blocks of square hewn stones, and others, variously and beautifully carved, were lying in confusion near this column. Of the exterior of these walls a sufficient portion still exists to show the fine and elaborate workmanship of the cornices and entablatures, though the latter are much broken and defaced. They are composed of immense blocks of stone, laid with the greatest regularity and precision, the façades of which are interspersed with flowers, borders, and animals. From this portion of the ruins I cut my way through a dense mass of trees and vegetation, to the eastern extremity of the walls, the top of which was much dilapidated, and obstructed with occasional piles of broken and hewn stone. On my return, I descended to and walked along the outside base of the wall to the rear of the shrine, and over immense blocks of hewn and carved stone, some of which were, no doubt, the butments of altar walls: as similar blocks were near here appropriated to such purposes. I returned by the outside of the northern wall. The whole distance was filled up with heaps of ruins, overgrown with trees and vines; through which I cleared my way with the greatest difficulty.

A pyramid, "a majestic pile," next engaged the attention and admiration of the traveller, its description occupying a considerable space, and being further explained by some of the numerous illustrations that adorn the volume. We pass on to the ruins of the "House of the Caciques," which is designated a "sublime pile;" the east front of the edifice having been reached by the aid of the compass, after the thick growth of small wood had been cut through:—

Here I felled the trees that hid it, and the whole front was open to my view, presenting the most strange and incomprehensible pile of architecture that my eyes ever beheld—elaborate, elegant, stupendous, yet belonging to no order now known to us. The front of this wonderful edifice measures thirty-two feet, and its height twenty, extending to the main building fifty feet. Over the door-way, which favours the Egyptian style of architecture, is a heavy lintel of stone, containing two double rows of hieroglyphics, with a sculptured ornament intervening. Above these are the remains of hooks carved in stone, with raised lines of drapery running through them; which, apparently, have been broken off by the falling of the heavy finishing from the top of the building, over which, surrounded by a variety of chaste and beautifully executed borders, encircled within a wreath, is a female figure in a sitting posture, in basso-relievo, having a head-dress of feathers, cords, and tassels, and the neck ornamented. The angles of this building are tastefully carved. The ornaments continue around the sides, which are divided into two compartments, different in their arrangement, though not in style. Attached to the angles are large projecting hooks skilfully worked, and perfect rosettes and stars, with spears reversed, are put together with the utmost precision. The ornaments are composed of small square blocks of stone, cut to the depth of about one to one and a half inch, apparently with the most delicate instruments, and inserted by a shaft in the wall. The wall is made of large and uniformly square blocks of limestone, set in a mortar which appears to be as durable as the stone itself. In the ornamental borders of this building, I could discover but little analogy with those known to me. The most striking were those of the cornice and entablature, *chevron* and the *cable* moulding, which are characteristic of the Norman architecture. The sides have three doorways, each opening into small apartments, which are finished with smooth square blocks of stone; the floors of the same material, but have been covered with cement, which is now broken. The apartments are small, owing to the massy walls enclosing them, and the acute-angled arch forming the ceiling. The working and laying of the stone are as perfect as they could have been under the directions of a modern architect. Contiguous to this front are two irregular buildings, as represented in the plan. The one on the right, situated some twenty-five feet from it (about two feet off the right line), has a front of about thirty-five feet, its sides ten wide, and its height twenty feet, containing one room, similar in its finish to those before described. The front of this building is elaborately sculptured with rosettes and borders and ornamental lines; the rear is formed of finely cut stone, now much broken. Near by are heaps of hewn and broken stones, sculptured work and pillars. The other building on the left, is about eight feet from the principal front, measuring twenty-two feet in length, thirteen in width, and thirty-six in height. The top is quite broken, and has the appearance of having been much higher. The *Agave Americana* was growing thriftily upon its level roof. On all sides of this building are carved figures, broken images, in sitting postures; rosettes and ornamental borders, laid off in compartments; each compartment having three carved hooks on each side and angle. This building contains but one room, similar to that on the right. A soil has collected on the tops or roofs of these structures to the depth of three or

four feet, in which trees and other vegetation are flourishing. From these portions of the ruins I worked my way through the wild thicket by which they are surrounded, to the north side of the main building, in the centre of which I found a flight of small stone steps, overgrown with bushes and vines, which I cut away, and made an ascent by pulling myself up to the summit, a distance of forty feet. This platform is an oblong square, one hundred by seventy-five feet. Here a range of rooms were found, occupying about two-thirds of the area; the residue of the space probably formed a promenade, which is now filled up with crumbling ruins, covered with trees and grass. These rooms varied in size; the smallest of which measured six by ten, and the largest six by twenty-two feet. The most of these rooms were plastered, or covered with a fine white cement, some of which was still quite perfect. By washing them, I discovered fresco paintings, but they were much obliterated. The subjects could not be distinguished. On the eastern end of these rooms is a wall running transversely four feet wide, (having the high angular ceiling), one side of which is filled with a variety of sculptured work, principally rosettes and borders, with rows of small pilasters; having three square recesses and a small room on either side. Over the doorways of each are stone lintels three feet square, carved with hieroglyphics both on the front and under side. The western end of these rooms is almost in total ruins. The northern side has a flight of stone steps, but much dilapidated, leading to the top, which, probably, was a look-out place, but is now almost in total ruins. The southern range of rooms is much broken, the outside of which yet shows the elaborate work with which the whole building was finished. I vainly endeavoured to find access to the interior of the main building. I discovered two breaches, caused, probably, by the enormous weight of the pile, and in these apertures I made excavations; but could not discover anything like apartments of any description. It seemed to be one vast body of stone and mortar, kept together by the great solidity of the outer wall, which was built in a masterly manner, of well-formed materials. The angles were finished off with circular blocks of stones, of a large and uniform size. In a north-west direction from the hacienda, of which mention has already been made, are the ruins of a house, which, owing probably to its having been constructed without any artificial foundation, is still in good preservation. It bears but little resemblance to any of its fellows. It contains eighteen rooms, the largest of which measures eight by twenty-four feet, arranged in double rows, or ante-rooms, and lighted only by a single doorway. They all have high angular ceilings, like the other buildings, which enclose as much space as the rooms themselves. Those fronting the south are the most remarkable, the inner doorways having each a stone lintel of an unusually large size, measuring thirty-two inches wide, forty-eight long, and twelve deep; having on its inner side a sculptured figure of an Indian in full dress, with cap and feathers, sitting upon a cushioned seat, finely worked; having before him a vase containing flowers, with his right hand extended over it, his left resting upon the side of the cushion—the whole bordered with hieroglyphics. The front of this lintel contains two rows of hieroglyphics. The building is irregular, having a projection in the centre on one side, of eight feet; on the other of four feet. It measures one hundred and fifty feet long, forty-three feet wide,

and twenty high; flat roof, unbroken, and filled with trees and grass to the whole extent. The outside and partition walls have a uniform thickness of three feet.

We now cross certain mountains, in order to fall in with our author at the ruins of Kahbah:—

I first entered the ruins of Kahbah from the main road leading from Nohcacab to Bolen-Chen-Ticul. On the west side I found fragments of buildings, walls, &c. scattered about, principally upon a low range of hills. No perfect rooms were visible. Parts of walls and ceilings were seen, and the ground about covered up with rubbish, mingled with broken pillars, sculptured work, &c. In the building farthest from the road (which is in the best preservation of any on the west side), we observed two square pillars, which had been taken from the door-way, and placed against the ceiling of the room, by some traveller, no doubt, who intended to present them to the world. They are about six feet high and two wide; the front facings of which are deeply cut, representing a cacique, or other dignitary, in full dress, (apparently a rich Indian costume), with a profusion of feathers in his head-dress. He is represented with his arms uplifted, holding a whip; and a boy before him in a kneeling position, with his hands extended in supplication; underneath are hieroglyphics. The room is small, with the ceiling slightly curved; differing, in this particular, from those of Chi-Chen.

The ruins on the east side of the road comprise mainly three buildings, and an immense pile of stones in a pyramidical form, and in a much better state of preservation than those on the opposite side. These buildings are elevated upon a succession of terraces, which I ascended by a double flight of broken steps, to a square formed in front of each; the sides of which show the existence of walls now nearly levelled, and overgrown with trees and vegetation. Sufficient, however, is remaining of two buildings to indicate a similarity with those of the opposite side. The fronts measure about one hundred feet, the façades of which are ornamented with the most elaborate and skilful work, though now much broken and defaced. The carvings are somewhat similar to those of Chi-Chen; but they are much smaller, and do not display as much order in the arrangement. Broken columns, of unusual sizes, are to be seen a short distance from these buildings, evidently moved from their original positions. The door-step of the principal inner room is elaborately sculptured, and entirely different from anything I have observed in other places. In the centre of one of these squares, foundation walls are to be seen, which have been recently excavated. They probably were pedestals. These structures stand, uniformly, about four rods apart, on a line; and all have mounds and a succession of broken walls contiguous to them. A few rods north of these buildings is a mass of broken stones, piled together in the shape of a pyramid, at the summit of which, to the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet, are still to be found the remains of the broken walls of an edifice. It is located, with reference to the cardinal points, like the pyramid of Chi-Chen, and was probably used for the same purposes (whatever those might have been), though the style of the work is not similar or equal to it. Its sides, at the base,

measure five hundred feet, and are mostly bare; the loose stones barely maintain their form. The space occupied by these ruins cannot be less than a mile square.

At Uxmal, Mr. Norman, after having been at a loss which of the splendid structures to appropriate to his use, selected what he calls the "Governor's House," scrambling up broken steps to his prospective domicile. Here he and José took possession of several rooms, and soon felt perfectly at home. The building in question "is a vast and splendid pile of ruins."

It stands upon three ranges of terraces; the first of which is a slight projection, forming a finish. The great platform, or terrace above it, measures upwards of five hundred feet long, and four hundred and fifteen broad. It is encompassed by a wall of fine hewn stone thirty feet high, with angles rounded, still in good preservation. In the centre of this platform, upon which trees and vegetation grow in profusion, stands a shaft of gray limestone in an inclined position, measuring twelve feet in circumference and eight in height; bearing upon its surface no marks of form or ornament by which it might be distinguished from a natural piece. Near by is a rude carving of a tiger with two heads; also, I saw excavations near them with level curbings and smoothly finished inside, which are conjectured to have been cisterns or granaries. Along the sourthern edge of this platform are the remains of a range of small pillars, now broken and in confusion. Upon the north-west corner of this platform is an edifice, which was, no doubt, from its location, connected with the Governor's House. It is the smallest of all the ruins. Its ornaments are few and plain; the most remarkable of which is a continuous line of turtles, cut from stone of about a foot square, arranged under the cornices. The south-west corner has connected with it two piles of loose stones, in the pyramidical form; one eighty, and the other a hundred feet high, the sides of the bases measuring about two hundred feet. Their tops are broad platforms, over which, and down the sides, are scattered the remains of edifices, of which these pyramids were once probably the foundations. Here we found pieces of pottery, consisting of broken pieces of vases, and supposed cooking utensils. Upon the main terrace stands another of smaller dimensions, constituting the foundation of the Governor's House. The measurement of this terrace is three hundred and thirty-eight long, eighty-two broad, and thirty high, having a majestic flight of stone steps, though considerably broken at the centre, in front of the entrance. This majestic pile faces the east, is two hundred and seventy-two feet long, thirty-six broad, and twenty-four high. The whole building is plain (unlike those of Chi-Chen) from the base to the mouldings, which run through the centre over the doorways; above which, to the top, are ornaments and sculptured work in great profusion, and of the most rich, strange, and elaborate workmanship. It is divided into double ranges of rooms, from front to rear. Two of the principal are situated in the centre, fifty-five feet long, ten broad, and about nineteen high, with an angular ceiling, occupying one half of the whole. [The high angular ceiling, shown in the cut, was remarked, by Stephens, among the Mexican

ruins, and was probably common.] There are fourteen other rooms in the front and rear; also, two rooms on each end, and one in front and rear of the two recesses, of about one-half of the average size. The interior of these rooms is sometimes covered with a beautiful hard finish, and at others presents a surface of uniform square blocks of smooth stone. The floors are of stone, covered with a hard composition, which, together with the stone, is now much broken. The lintels, which are of zuporte wood, are decayed and broken, to which, in a great degree, the fallingof the walls may be attributed. The inner sides of the doorways are pierced, and hooks attached, whereon doors were probably swung. There are also apertures in the walls, where beams rested, to support hammocks, some of which still remain, and show the marks of the cords. There were no fresco, or other painting or decorations of any kind, in the interior of the building to be 'discerned. The front presents the most remarkable architectural skill to be found about the building. The walls were of the most durable kind of limestone; and upwards of three feet thick, of fine hewn stone, laid with the greatest care. There were eleven doorways besides those of the recesses. The finish of the angles, generally, was as smooth as though the material were cut with a sharp knife. The ornaments were composed of small square pieces of stone, shaped with infinite skill, and inserted between the mortar and stone with the greatest care and precision. About two-thirds of the ornaments are still remaining upon the façade. The most elaborate were over the centre or main entrance. These have fallen; and now are a heap of ruins at the base. One of them was a figure of a man, with a head-dress of feathers and tassels; part of which still remains, with lines of hieroglyphics underneath. The ground-work of the ornaments is chiefly composed of raised lines, running diagonally, forming diamond or lattice work, over which are rosettes and stars; and, in bold relief, the beautiful Chinese border. From the centre of the building to the recess, at the northern extremity of the building, the ornaments have mostly crumbled off, and are now lying at the base in ruins; and the other parts, contiguous, seem ready to follow the example. The rear of this edifice is more plainly finished; the main part of the centre has fallen. Over the principal doorway are the remains of a female figure, in a sitting posture. The hands and legs have fallen. It has a fine head-dress of cap and tassels, and neck ornaments. The waist looks quite natural, and the whole was finely finished. On each side of this figure was hieroglyphical writing. The inner rooms of the centre of the Governor's House still show the places of excavations, made some years ago, by the curate of Ticul.

Further on:—

A few rods distant, in a south-west direction from the Governor's House, are the remains of an extensive range or succession of ruins. They, probably, were once of no inconsiderable importance in the place. They are composed of terraces, walls, rooms and corridors, and court-yards. The principal ruin fronts the north, and, probably, was connected with the Governor's House. A wall of two hundred feet remains standing upon a foundation of ten feet. Its width is twenty-five feet; having ranges of rooms in both sides, only parts of which remain. This wall has an acute-angled

arch doorway through the centre, similar to that of the Nuns' House, with rooms on both sides. The top of this wall has numerous square apertures through it, which give it the appearance of pigeon-holes; and its edge is formed like the gable-end of a house, uniformly notched. In front of this wall appears to have been an immense court or square, enclosed by stone walls, leading to the Nuns' House. The interior of this square, apparently, shows the ruins of walls and rooms and walks; but nothing definite could be made out, as the ruins were almost level with the ground, and overgrown with trees and grass. At intervals, along the outer wall, in a north-west direction, the ruins of rooms were seen, evidently a regular succession of them. In the rear of the principal wall is another court or square, but much smaller than that in front, having broken corridors, and the sides running back to an artificial elevation of about fifty feet; the form of which was lost, owing to the dilapidation of the sides and angles. Ruins of rooms and corridors, both at its base and summit, were perceptible. Other squares can be defined by the broken walls contiguous to these extensive ruins; also, numerous mounds; one of which, discovered west of Nuns' House, is found to be an immense reservoir or cistern, having a double curb; the interior of which was beautifully finished with stucco, and in good preservation. Some of these mounds have been excavated, as I have already mentioned, and seemed to have been intended originally for sepulchres. In the centre of the avenue between the Governor's House and the Nuns' House, in a line with the principal doorway of the latter building, are the ruins of two walls, running parallel with each other, north and south, about twelve feet apart. The eastern and inner side shows the remains of a serpent along its façade, similar to that of the Nuns' House—a small portion, however, only remains. It also shows rooms and ceilings quite level with the ground. The western wall is more perfect, and has a ring inserted in its façade, like those of Chi-Chen; but, instead of ornaments, presents hieroglyphics upon its sides. The short period to which I was, unfortunately, restricted in the examination of these sublime ruins (and these remarks will apply to all which have come under my observation), has permitted me to touch but slightly even upon those which have appeared to be most prominent. Months might be spent among them, and then one would only have entered upon the threshold of an investigation into their wonders.

This extract brings us to the close of Mr. Norman's narrative about the ruins; but Campeachy and its locality afford occasion for some additional remarks, a few of which we quote:—

In the neighbourhood of Campeachy are many ruins which richly deserve the attention of travellers, but which the time to which my short excursion was limited, would not permit me the gratification of visiting to any extent. Upon a small river near Champoton, some leagues inland, where it enlarges to a very considerable lake, are situated many ruins of a kind of sculpture displaying the finest taste; but the edifices are so buried beneath the water and earth that surround them, that it would require great labour and perseverance to investigate them. Four leagues to the north of Campeachy there exist many tumuli, which cannot be visited during the rainy season

without much risk and inconvenience. Three leagues farther north is a little peninsula, called Jaina. Here is situated a very large tumulus, around which have been found a number of small earthen figures, and some flint heads of lances, very finely formed. To the antiquarian and the curious this ruin presents many attractions. From this tumulus, and other places contiguous to ruins of immense cities, in the vicinity of Campeachy, were procured among the crumbling walls, some skeletons and bones that have evidently been interred for ages, also a collection of idols, fragments, flint spear-heads, and axes; besides sundry articles of pottery-ware, well wrought, glazed, and burnt. These interesting relics are now in the possession of the author.

When Mr. Stephens's new publication respecting the ruins and monuments in Central America appears, it is our intention to return to the subject, trusting that some new lights will then be shed to guide speculation concerning such wonders and mysteries. At any rate it will not be easy to exhaust the curiosity excited by such ramblers.

"Life in Mexico," by Madame C—— de la B——, "with a Preface by W. H. Prescott, Author of the 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain,'" we have at the outset to say, perplexes one most needlessly with such initials, blanks, and dashes, as those which occur in the title of the book. What occasion, for example, had Mr. Prescott to use any mystical signs in giving the name of the authoress of this reprint, which appears in the "Foreign Library," seeing that curiosity may be very speedily satisfied on the point, the office of the lady's husband being given; while with regard to entire strangers to the English reader, and private persons, the sketches would have been perfectly distinct and intelligible had pronouns been employed throughout in the stead of initials and every sort of cabalistic symbol.

The authoress is the English wife of M. Calderon de la Barca, for many years Spanish minister in Washington, in the United States, and the first accredited ambassador from Spain to Mexico. She accompanied her husband on this latter mission, having sailed from New York for Havanna, in the autumn of 1838, and thence to Vera Cruz, after which they made their way to Mexico in a diligence. In the course of her travels and observations she kept a journal, which was transmitted in the shape of letters to her family, and which the editor assures us was not originally intended for publication. It now appears, however, with a few such alterations and omissions as were necessary in a private correspondence.

Mexico, according to these letters, continues to present much of the romance of life, even in her every-day history, which was wont to characterise her public events and vicissitudes; and Madame Calderon, owing to her connexion with an embassy, necessarily enjoyed many advantages for observation which no less privileged person is

ever likely to experience; that is to say, if the condition, manners, and habits of the upper classes be particularly considered, or the entertainments, places, and sights to which persons of influence have ready access. True, the distinctions of rank that obtain in Mexico are of the most exclusive nature, being as violent as they are complete; and therefore from a writer of the present class one can only look for a limited range of view and delineation of character. But it is also worthy of remark, that in no country is the rapidity and extent of contrasts greater; and therefore when the romantic and picturesque on one side are broadly developed, the painter, by merely taking the extreme opposite, cannot be very wide of the mark; while the striking, in the way of contrariety, must not only attract notice, but be fondly studied, were it merely for the sake of effect.

Violent contrasts, in fact, constitute such bold features in Mexican society, that the temptation to note the ridiculous lengths to which opposites are carried, or that often meet in the same person, must be ready to lead a writer from grave views to extravagancies of portraiture. The highest born lady in the land will smoke a cigar at a match of fighting cocks; palaces, which are hardly equal as edifices to English barns, or for furniture to that in the kitchens of our peasantry, have tables that shake under loads of solid silver and gold dishes; and the dirty slatternly maid-servant is willing to starve, and is sure to choose idleness rather than thrift and comfort, if she can but have the means of purchasing a pair of white satin shoes for her naked feet.

Idleness, beggary, and thievery are the great features of character among the poorer Mexicans; idleness, haughtiness, and roguery, we fear, as well as brutal amusements, the characteristics of the rich.

Such, however, is the picture given in the pages before us, although the grace and liveliness of the writer prevents the reader from perceiving or feeling the grossness of the novelty, or taking that grave social view which the subject rightly calls for. The feminine wit and the unaffected gentleness of heart belonging to Madame Calderon, would require the ballast which philosophy and deeply serious impressions infuse into every adequate interpretation of a nation's morality and destinies. However, lest we should take the sketches in the letters for more than was intended, and before we can fully pronounce upon the work,—only one half of it having yet appeared in the reprint,—we shall proceed to cite samples, from which it will be seen that there is an unusual charm in the style, and such a freshness of spirit in the matter as must place the authoress in the first rank of our living female writers.

We pass over the journalisings to the Havanna, and the voyage thence to Vera Cruz, the former place being as inviting as the latter was repulsive, in order to have as much as our limits will allow of what is truly Mexican, and after the writer has had some experience,

to guide her hand and head in the sketches. But a short halt at Jalapa may be made, were it but to show how easily and unaffectedly our authoress throws off her effective pictures, and gives utterance to the impressions of which she is so susceptible.

After breakfast we walked out, accompanied by various gentlemen of the place. The town consists of little more than a few steep streets, very old, with some large and excellent houses, the best as usual belonging to English merchants, and many to those of Vera Cruz, who come to live in or near Jalapa, during the reign of the "*vomito*." There are some old churches, a very old convent of Franciscan monks, and a well-supplied market-place. Everywhere there are flowers—roses creeping over the old walls, Indian girls making green garlands for the virgin and saints, flowers in the shops, flowers at the windows, but, above all, everywhere one of the most splendid views in the world. The Cofre de Perote, with its dark pine forests and gigantic *chest* (a rock of porphyry which takes that form), and the still loftier snow-white peak of Orizava, tower above all the others, seeming like the colossal guardians of the land. The intervening mountains, the dark cliffs and fertile plains, the thick woods of lofty trees clothing the hills and the valleys; a glimpse of the distant ocean; the surrounding lanes shaded by fruit trees; aloes, bananas, chirimoyas, mingled with the green liquidamber, the flowering myrtle, and hundreds of plants and shrubs and flowers of every colour and of delicious fragrance, all combine to form one of the most varied and beautiful scenes that the eye can behold. Then Jalapa itself, so old and gray, and rose-becovered, with a sound of music issuing from every open door and window, and its soft and agreeable temperature, presents even in a few hours, a series of agreeable impressions not easily effaced.

Street cries generally indicate a good deal of national manners, and the following specimens are illustrative of those in vogue in Mexico.

There are an extraordinary number of street-cries in Mexico, which begin at dawn and continue till night, performed by hundreds of discordant voices, impossible to understand at first; but Senor—— has been giving me an explanation of them, until I begin to have some distinct idea of their meaning. At dawn you are awakened by the shrill and desponding cry of the Carbonero! the coalman, "Carbon! Senor," which, as he pronounces it, sounds like "Carbosiu!" Then the grease-man takes up the song, "Mantiquilla! lard! lard! at one real and a half." "Salt beef! good salt beef! (Cecina buena!)" interrupts the butcher in a hoarse voice. "Hay cebo-o-o-o o-o-o?" This is the prolonged and melancholy note of the woman who buys kitchen-stuff, and stops before the door. Then passes by the *cambista*, a sort of Indian she-trader or exchanger, who sings out "Tejocotes por venans de chile?" a small fruit which she proposes exchangiug for hot peppers. No harm in that. A kind of ambulating pedlar drowns the shrill treble of the Indian cry. He calls loudly upon the public to buy needles, pins, thimbles, shirt-buttons, tape, cotton-balls, small mirrors, &c. He enters the house, and is quickly surrounded by the women, young and old, offering him the tenth part of what he asks, and which, after much haggling he accepts.

Behind him stands the Indian with his tempting baskets of fruit, of which he calls out all the names, till the cook or housekeeper can resist no longer, and putting her head over the balustrade, calls him up with his bananas, and oranges, and granaditas, &c. A sharp note of interrogation is heard, indicating that something is hot, and must be snapped up quickly before it cools. "Gorditas de horna caliente?" "Little fat cakes from the oven, hot?" This is in a female key, sharp and shrill. Follows the mat seller. "Who wants mats from Puebla? mats of five yards?" These are the most matinal cries. At mid-day the beggars begin to be particularly importunate, and their cries, and prayers, and long recitations, form a running accompaniment to the other noises. Then above all rises the cry of "Honey-cakes!" "Cheese and honey!" "Requeson and good honey!" (*Requeson* being a sort of hard curd, sold in cheeses.) Then come the dulce-men, the sellers of sweetmeats, of meringues, which are very good, and of all sorts of candy "Caramelos de esperna! bocadillo de coco!" Then the lottery-men, the messengers of fortune, with their shouts of "The last ticket, yet unsold, for half a real!" a tempting announcement to the lazy beggar, who finds it easier to gamble than to work, and who may have that sum hid about his rags. Towards evening rises the cry of "Tortillas de cuajada?" "Curd-cakes?" or "Do you take nuts?" succeded by the night-cry of "Chesnuts hot and roasted!" and by the affectionate venders of ducks, "Ducks, oh my soul, hot ducks!" "Maize-cakes," &c. &c. As the night wears away, the voices die off, to resume next morning in fresh vigour.

We seek for as much variety of subject as possible, and therefore next introduce a passage relative to a character celebrated by Humboldt many years ago, and whom he declared to be the most beautiful woman he had seen in the course of his travels. *La Güera* (the fair) *Rodriguez* sent her card to the ambassadress, with a request for admission, to the astonishment of the English lady, who found that in spite of years and of furrows the visitor retained a profusion of fair curls, without one gray hair, a set of white teeth, very fine eyes, and great vivacity. But there is more in the extract.

I found La Guera very agreeable, and a perfect living chronicle. She is married to her third husband, and had three daughters, all celebrated beauties; the Countess de Regla, who died in New York, and was buried in the cathedral there; the Marquesa de Guadalupe, also dead, and the Marquesa de A——a, now a handsome widow. We spoke of Humboldt; and talking of herself as of a third person, she related to me all the particulars of his first visit, and of his admiration of her; that she was then very young, though married, and the mother of two children, and that when he came to visit her mother, she was sitting sewing in a corner where the Biron did not perceive her; until talking very earnestly on the subject of cochineal, he inquired if he could visit a certain district where there was a plantation of nopals. "To be sure," said La Guera from her corner; "we can take M. de Humboldt there;" whereupon he first perceiving her, stood amazed, and at length exclaimed, "*Valgame Dios!* who is that girl?" Afterwards he was constantly with her, and more captivated, it was said, by her

wit than by her beauty; considering her a sort of western Madame de Staël; all of which leads me to suspect that the grave traveller was considerably under the influence of her fascinations, and that neither mines nor mountains, geography nor geology, petrified shells nor *alpenkalkstein*, had occupied him to the exclusion of a slight *stratum* of flirtation. It is a comfort to think that "sometimes even the great Humboldt nods." One of La Güera's stories is too original to be lost. A lady of high rank having died in Mexico, her relatives undertook to commit her to her last resting-place, habited according to the then prevailing fashion, in her most magnificent dress, that which she had worn at her wedding. This dress was a wonder of luxury, even in Mexico. It was entirely composed of the finest lace, and the flounces were made of a species of point which cost fifty dollars a *vara* (the Mexican yard). Its equal was unknown. It was also ornamented and looped up at certain intervals with bows of ribbon very richly embroidered in gold. In this dress the Condesa de —— was laid in her coffin, thousands of dear friends crowding to view her beautiful *costume de mort*, and at length she was placed in her tomb, the key of which was entrusted to the sacristan. From the tomb to the opera is a very abrupt transition; nevertheless both have a share in this story. A company of French dancers appeared in Mexico, a twentieth-rate ballet, and the chief danseuse was a little French damsel, remarkable for the shortness of her robes, her coquetry, and her astonishing pirouettes. On the night of a favourite ballet, Mademoiselle Pauline made her *entrée* in a succession of pirouettes, and poising on her toe, looked round for approbation, when a sudden thrill of horror, accompanied by a murmur of indignation, pervaded the assembly. Mademoiselle Pauline was equipped in the very dress in which the defunct countess had been buried! Lace, point flounces, gold ribbons; impossible to mistake it. Hardly had the curtain dropped, when the little danseuse found herself surrounded by competent authorities, questioning her as to where and how she had obtained her dress. She replied that she had bought it at an extravagant price from a French *modiste* in the city. She had rifled no tomb, but honestly paid down golden ounces, in exchange for her lawful property. To the modiste's went the officers of justice. She also pleaded innocent. She had bought it of a man who had brought it to her for sale, and had paid him much more than *à poids d'or*, as indeed it was worth. By dint of further investigation, the man was identified, and proved to be the sacristan of San——. Short-sighted sacristan! He was arrested and thrown into prison, and one benefit resulted from his cupidity; since, in order to prevent throwing temptation into the way of future sacristans, it became the custom, after the body had lain in state for some time in magnificent robes, to substitute a plain dress previous to placing the coffin in the vault.

Now for samples of Mexican contrasts in the time of Lent.

Enter the Viga about five o'clock, when freshly watered, and the soldiers have taken their stand to prevent disturbance, and two long lines of carriages are to be seen going and returning, as far as the eye can reach, and hundreds of gay plebeians are assembled on the side-walks with flowers and fruit and *dulces* for sale, and innumerable equestrians in picturesque dresses, and with spirited horses, fill up the interval between the carriages, and the

canoes are covering the canal, the Indians singing and dancing lazily as the boats steal along, and the whole under the blue and cloudless sky, and in that pure clear atmosphere; and could you only shut your eyes to the one disagreeable feature in the picture, the number of léperos busy in the exercise of their vocation, you would believe that Mexico must be the most flourishing, most enjoyable, and most peaceful place in the world, and, moreover, the wealthiest; not a republic, certainly, for there is no well-dressed *people;* hardly a connecting link between the blankets and the satins, the poppies and the diamonds. As for the carriages, many of them would not disgrace Hyde Park, though there are some that would send a shiver all along Bond-street; but the very contrast is amusing, and upon the whole, both as to horses and equipages, there is much more to admire than to criticise.....There, for example, is the handsome carriage of the rich ————, who has one of the finest houses in Mexico; his wife wears a velvet turban, twisted with large pearls, and has at this moment a cigar in her mouth. She is not pretty, but her jewels are superb. How he made his fortune, partly by gambling, and partly by even less honourable means, let some abler chronicler relate. Or look at this elegant *carratela*, with its glass sides all opened, giving to view a constellation of fair ones, and drawn by handsome gray *frisones*. These ladies are remarkable as having a more European air than most others, brighter colours, longer and simpler dresses, and Paris bonnets. Perhaps they have been in Europe. It is remarkable that the horses of the gentlemen all appear peculiarly unmanageable every time they pass this carriage. Another handsome, plain carriage, containing the family of one of the ministers; mother and daughters all beautiful, with Spanish eyes, and dark glowing complexions, followed close by a hackney coach, containing women with rebosos, and little children with their faces and fingers all bedaubed with candy.....Some of the coachmen and footmen wear Mexican dresses, and others have liveries.....But here come three carriages *en suite*, all with the same crimson and gold livery, all luxurious, and all drawn by handsome white horses. Is it the president? Certainly not; it is too ostentatious. Even royalty goes in simpler guise, when it condescends to mingle in the amusements of its subjects. In the first carriage appear the great man himself and his consort, rather withdrawing from the plebeian gaze. There is here much crimson and gold, much glass and well-stuffed cushions, much comfort and magnificence combined. Two handsome northern steeds, white and prancing, draw this commodious equipage. The next is a splendid coach, containing the children and servants, while in the third, equally magnificent, are the babies and nurses. By the side of the first carriage rides an elderly gentleman, who, were his seat firmer, might be mistaken for a *picador*. He wears a rich Mexican dress, all covered with gold embroidery; his hat with gold rolls is stuck jauntily on one side, contrasting oddly enough with his uneasy expression of countenance, probably caused by the inward trepidation of which he cannot wholly repress the outward sign while managing his high-bred steed, and with his feet pressing his silver stirrups, cautiously touching him with a whip which has a large diamond in the handle. But the chief wonder of his equipment, and that which has procured him such a retinue of little ragged and shouting boys, is his saddle. This extraordinary piece of furniture,

which cost the owner five thousand dollars, is entirely covered with velvet, richly embossed in massive gold: he sometimes appears with another, inlaid with pure silver. His whole appearance is the most singular imaginable, and the perturbation of spirit in which he must return when it begins to grow dusk, and he reflects at once upon his own value, and his countrymen's taste for appropriation, must balance the enjoyment which his vanity receives from the admiration of the little boys in the Paséo.

Next for a glimpse of travelling in Mexico, of the aspect of the country in the month of May, and of life in the *haciendas*.

The first village we saw was Santa Clara, to our left, lying at the foot of some dark hills, with its white church and flat-roofed or no-roofed houses. There being no shade, frequently not a tree for leagues, the sun and dust were disagreeable, and became more so as the day advanced. Here it came to pass, that, travelling rapidly over these hot and dusty plains, the wheels of the carriage began to smoke. No house was in sight—no water within ken. It was a case of difficulty; when suddenly ———— recollected that not far from thence was an old rancho, a deserted farmhouse, at present occupied by robbers; and having ordered the coachman to drive to within a few hundred yards of this house, he sent a servant on horseback with a *medio* (fourpence) to bring some water, which was treating the robbers like honourable men. The man galloped off, and shortly returned with a can full of water, which he carried back when the fire was extinguished. Meanwhile we examined, as well as we could, the external appearance of the robbers' domicile, which was an old half-ruined house, standing alone on the plain, with no tree near it. Several men with guns were walking up and down before the house—sporting-looking characters, but rather dirty—apparently either waiting for some expected game, or going in search of it. Women, with rebosos, were carrying water, and walking amongst them. There were also a number of dogs. The well-armed men who accompanied us, and the name of ———, so well known in these parts, that once when his carriage was surrounded by robbers, he merely mentioned who he was, and they retreated with many apologies for their mistake, precluded all danger of an attack; but woe to the solitary horseman or unescorted carriage that may pass thereby! Nor, indeed, are they always in the same mood; for Senior ———'s houses have been frequently attacked in his absence, and his hacienda at Santiago once stood a regular siege, the robbers being at length repulsed by the bravery of his servants. We set off again *au grand galop*, drivers and outriders giving, from time to time, the most extraordinary shrieks to encourage the horses and to amuse themselves, wild and shrill enough to frighten any civilised quadruped. The road grew more picturesque as we advanced, and at length our attention was arrested by the sight of the two great pyramids, which rise to the east of the town of San Juan Teotihuacan, which are mentioned by Humboldt, and have excited the curiosity and attention of every succeeding traveller.

A strange personage is encountered in the course of the excursion; some other Mexican characteristics occurring in the passage.

Soon after leaving San Juan we were met by the Senora de ———, in an open carriage, coming with her children to meet us: and though she had travelled since sunrise from her hacienda, she appeared as if freshly dressed for an evening party; her dress, amber-coloured crape, trimmed with white blonde, short sleeves and *décoltée;* a set of beautiful Neapolitan strawberry-coral, set in gold, straw-coloured satin shoes, and a little China crape shawl, embroidered in bright flowers; her hair dressed and uncovered. We stopped at their hacienda of Sopayuca, an old house standing solitary in the midst of great fields of maguey. It has a small deserted garden adjoining, amongst whose tangled bushes a pretty little tame deer was playing, with its half-startled look and full wild eye. We found an excellent breakfast prepared, and here, for the first time, I conceived the possibility of not disliking *pulque*. We visited the large buildings where it is kept, and found it rather refreshing, with a sweet taste, and a creamy froth upon it, and with a much less decided odour than that which is sold in Mexico. This hacienda is under the charge of an administrador, to whom —— pays a large annual sum, and whose place is by no means a sinecure, as he lives in perpetual danger from robbers. He is captain of a troop of soldiers, and as his life has been spent in "persecuting robbers," he is an object of intense hatred to that free and independent body, and has some thoughts of removing to another part of the country, where he may be more tranquil. He gave us a terrible account of these night attacks, of the ineffectual protection afforded him by the government, and of the nearly insuperable difficulties thrown in the way of any attempt to bring these men to justice. He lately told the president that he had some thoughts of joining the robbers himself, as they were the only persons in the Republic protected by government. The president, however, is not to blame in this matter. He has used every endeavour to check these abuses; and difficulties have been thrown in his way from very unexpected sources.

Our last passage from Life in Mexico relates to the dress of the country ladies.

We met to-day the prettiest little ranchera, a farmer's wife or daughter, riding in front of a *mozo* on the same horse, their usual mode, dressed in a short embroidered muslin petticoat, white satin shoes, a pearl necklace, and earrings, a reboso, and a large round straw hat. The ladies sit their horse on a contrary side to our fashion. They have generally adopted English saddles, but the farmers' wives frequently sit in a sort of chair, which they find much more commodious. Some country ladies, who attended mass in the chapel this morning, were dressed in very short clear white muslin gowns, very much starched, and so disposed as to show the under petticoats, also stiffly starched, and trimmed with lace; their shoes coloured satin. Considered as a costume of their own, I begin to think it rather pretty. The oldest women here or in Mexico never wear caps; nothing but their own gray hair, sometimes cut short, sometimes turned up with a comb, and not unusually tied behind in a pigtail. There is no attempt to conceal the ravages of time.

Such are a few of the gay and attractive sketches of Madame Calderon. They also possess, so far as they go, a reality of portraiture which the untravelled reader cannot mistake; doing that for life and manners in Mexico, which Humboldt at an earlier date performed for the departments of science and learned research, as these are to be cultivated in regions so rich as regards antiquities and the natural world. Her previous knowledge of the language spoken by the Mexicans, and of the general structure of their society, were great advantages, independently of her natural acuteness and lively mode of filling up and framing her pictures; a pleasant temper, and a desire to deal fairly with her subjects, being apparent throughout.

We have intimated that the general cast of Madame Calderon's sketches are more remarkable for their vivacity than impressiveness, and for grace of manner than depth of matter; feminine sentiment rather than stern philosophy distinguishing her letters. Still, she can be grave; and there were occasions when mere sprightliness would naturally be chased away. She was the witness of an outbreak, in the course of which the capital may be said to have been under martial law, and when lives of citizens were lost as well as of persons among both of the rival parties. Some of her letters also give most striking accounts of the assumption of the veil, she having been a witness of several of these immolations; for in Mexico this sacrifice still implies the old barbarous rigour of a living burial. In fact, her book leaves an impression of considerable power of the cruel mortifications as well as savage enjoyments which still disgrace the religion and the pastimes of the Mexican nation; although, owing to the finished gracefulness of her style and the gentleness of her nature, the views are not so profound and forcible as would be expected from a Miss Martineau, a Mrs Jameson, and other female writers of our day.

"Letters on South America; comprising Travels on the Banks of the Paraná and Rio de la Plata," by the authors of "Letters on Paraguay," and "Francia's Reign," now claim a few minutes' notice, for we cannot conscientiously allot to them a space at all proportioned to the number of volumes which they fill, or to the promise which the title-page holds out. In fact, they appear to be the mere sweepings left of the publication on Paraguay; and this not merely from the verbosity of the writing, but from the sameness or similarity of most of the matter, and even of the plan of the work. The book, to be sure, has no very distinct method with it, or obviously pressing purpose. No doubt the letters run on in a series, the one brother alternating with the other, upon such subjects as came to hand, after their retnrn from South America; giving an account of their residence, experience, and adventures in that region, and indulging in a multitude of descriptions, speculations, and reflections, after a long-

winded fashion. Unquestionably there is not wanting a number of interesting incidents and sagacious remarks, which might have carried a single volume to a second edition. But the subjects are neither now so fresh, nor the manner and matter of the Messrs. Robertson so full and weighty as to preserve the work in its three-tomed shape from the charge of being a book-manufacturing concern, both as shown by its excessive attenuation and its abounding repetitions.

It would be an unrepaying labour were we to act upon the principle which the authors should have kept steadily in view; that is, to set ourselves to pick out what may be really novel in the three volumes, or so striking and valuable as to deserve to be more deeply impressed or more generally circulated, than has yet been realized. We find, however, one continuous passage of considerable length that is worthy of a place in a literary journal, which has been furnished by Mrs. Cartwright, who, when Miss Postlethwaite, resided at the town of Corrientes during an incursion of the Indians. Her narrative extends to some length, but our extract will give its most important particulars, presenting at the same time a mode of warfare and of conduct that will bear to be compared with the licence and the revenge which have too often disgraced soldiery drawn from nations that boast of their high civilization.

My father sent poor Lee, who was afterwards murdered in Corrientes, and another Englishman whose name I forget, with a letter to Andresito, requesting to know whether his (my father's) family and property would be protected in the event of his remaining. He received a very polite letter in reply, desiring him not to think of moving, as he should meet with no molestation; Andresito begging at the same time to be placed at the feet of the Senora and Senoritas, and assuring them there was not the least cause for alarm.

I do not think with even this assurance we should have felt quite comfortable, had we not been re-assured by the presence of Don Pedro Campbell, now Comandante de Marinos, an especial favorite with Andres. Campbell advised my father to take us into the square to see the Indians enter; for he thought Andresito would look upon it as a compliment to himself, and feel pleased by the attention shown him. We went accordingly, though not without some slight apprehensions; for which, however, there was no cause. The Indian troops marched in very quietly and orderly; were, after being drawn up in the square, dismissed to their barracks; and the General and his officers then attended high mass at San Francisco church.

There was really much merit due to the Indians for their good conduct: for they had been suffering great hardships from want of clothing and food. They had frequently been compelled to boil pieces of dried hides and live upon them, not being able to procure even horse flesh; and their clothing was truly miserable, many of them having only chiripás, (or kilts,) and those who had any farther clothing being still quite in tatters. Some were armed with muskets, some with spears, and others with bows and arrows;

while, bringing up the rear, and armed with the latter weapons of a small size, came about two hundred little Indian boys. It appeared they had been carried off by the Correntinos, and treated as slaves. Wherever Andres found any of these children, he liberated them, and seized upon a corresponding number of the children of the men in whose services he found them. The parents of the children thus taken away, not knowing what was to be their fate, were of course thrown into a state of great mental distress and alarm. After keeping the children prisoners for about a week, Andres sent for the mothers: he forcibly pointed out to them the cruelty and injustice of which they had been guilty towards the poor Indians, appealing to their own feelings of anguish as the best corroboration of his charge. "Take back your children," concluded Andres, "and remember in future that Indian mothers have hearts."

We had scarcely been at home an hour when we heard a band of music approaching, and which was followed by the General, his officers and secretary, (the latter a terrible villain,) accompanied by the Governor and his attendants. The sala was filled in an instant. The General said he was anxious to lose no time in placing himself at the feet of the Senora and Senoritas, and to assure them of his desire to show them every respect. We were rather nervous, you may be sure; but we certainly were treated with marked respect and attention, not only by Andresito himself, but by his officers and men, during the whole time they occupied Corrientes. His visit, I think, lasted about three hours; after which he went on board the Capitana, lying off the customhouse. About an hour and a half afterwards, we saw him carried past on the shoulders of his men, the excitement and the wine he had taken having completely overpowered the poor little man. But he recovered in the course of the afternoon, and, to our no small surprise, made us a second visit in the evening; being accompanied by Admiral Peter Campbell, and the bad Secretary already mentioned.

Andresito fortunately took a great fancy to my father, who obtained a considerable control over him; so that whenever "the General" became violent, which he sometimes did after having drunk too much, my father was always sent for, and he commonly succeeded in soothing the Indian chief.

The night after he took the town, we heard all the poor Cabildantes marching past our house, as prisoners in chains; and we learned next day that they had been taken on board the Capitana. They all expected to be shot. Old Cabral, Alcalde de Primer Voto, nearly lost his senses from the fright. My father was besieged on all sides to make "empeno" or interest with the General; and after some time, and with much difficulty, he obtained the release of all the prisoners. The fact is, the Correntinos (and particularly the ladies) could not so far conquer the habitual contempt with which they looked down upon the Indians as to take any pains, although at the absolute mercy of Andresito, to conciliate him. He had fixed his head-quarters at Bedoya's house; and after he had levied a contribution to clothe his men, and had thus equipped them very respectably, he gave two or three entertainments, to which he invited all the respectable inhabitants. These entertainments consisted of a kind of religious plays or dramas, performed by the Indians, and taught them by the Jesuits. One of them was

the representation of the "Tencacion de San Ignacio;" in the course of which some of their dances represented words, such as "encarnacion," each figure forming a letter in the word. The General being surprised and mortified at the nonattendance of the Correntinos, he inquired into the reason of their absence; and it was illnaturedly reported to him in reply, that the Correntinos said, "Who would be at the trouble to go and see a set of Indians dance?"

Andresito had hitherto submitted to a great many overt acts of contempt from the town, and had really shown more forbearance than could have been expected from him; but now being completely roused, he took an extraordinary way of punishing his enemies.

"So they do not choose to come and see the Indians dance," said he; "well, let us try." So the following morning, a very hot day, the drums beat to arms; and every man of respectability of the place, excepting Don Isidoro Martinez, old Duran, and my father, was marshalled into the plaza or square; and there they were made to pluck up the grass and weeds, level and clean it from one corner to the other. They were kept at work the whole day, under the blaze of a scorching sun: and really, however sorry one might feel for the unfortunate labourers, there was something laughable in the Indian's whim. I suppose the square was never before, nor has ever been since, in such perfect order. While the men were thus employed, their wives and daughters were taken off to the barracks, and made to dance all day with the Indians; a much more unpardonable affront than the manual labour imposed on the males.

I must not forget to mention, that for his funciones or plays, Andresito begged as a great favour that we would provide dresses for two of the performers; to which we of course agreed. After the dresses (fancy ones) were finished, and which we made as gay as possible, the men were sent to us to be dressed, and Tuckerman and Lee acted as valets. The Indians were so delighted with their own appearance, that Tuckerman found it almost impossible to get them along the streets to the General's house. Each would walk behind the other, that he might have the pleasure of viewing his own dress, for they were both exactly alike. The General was equally delighted, and exclaimed on seeing them, "Que ninas de Plata!" (what silver young ladies!) and he forthwith begged us to equip two more. These four performed the parts of the guardian angels of San Ignacio; although the wings put on for their performance did not well accord with the helmets, with which they would not part. When Andresito left Corrientes, the angels rode before him for about two leagues out of town, and then their dresses were laid aside.

ART. II.—*Mediterranean Sketches.* By LORD FRANCIS EGERTON. Murray.

IN the autumn of 1836, Lord Francis Egerton was advised to undertake a Mediterranean voyage; and after touching at Portugal and Spain, he proceeded to Syria, visiting Jerusalem, and other places

in the Holy Land. His progress, however, was checked by the troubled state of the country; but he witnessed enough to arouse his muse, and construct a poem out of his Palestine Pilgrimage. This production so far resembles Byron's "Childe Harold," that it is in the Spenserian stanza; nor is it improbable that had that passionate work never been written, Lord Francis would not have dreamt of the title given to the piece, nor of the verse in which it is composed. But the resemblance goes no farther than we have already mentioned; the mind, sentiments, and taste of the one nobleman being as different as it is possible to conceive from those of the other. In a literary sense, the poem before us is that of a refined, highly-cultured, and elegant person; and whose language is not less clear than harmonious. With respect to tone and feeling, it is the production of a generous and well-regulated heart—the reverse of misanthropic; and sympathizing with everything that is attractive in human life, beautiful or imposing in nature, interesting or impressive in the ways of men. Nay, it is the effusion, not only of one of the most lettered members of our aristocracy, but of a person far less fastidious with regard to the rougher passages and encounters of the world, than was to be expected of a traveller so delicately bred. On the other hand, the poem is deficient in regard to originality and even vigour; and there is a pervading failure, with all its right-mindedness and select imagery as well as expression, of effect. The polish and finish are remarkable; but the want of any peculiar native power, is, by all this smoothness and regularity, rendered more obvious. The volume contains some miscellaneous poetic pieces, which tell more forcibly than the "Pilgrimage," while they do not so much suggest the idea of imitativeness. But to our thinking, the best things in the book are the prose notes, taken from his Lordship's journal, and appended for the illustration of the principal poem; for although there may not be any novelty in the subjects, nor unusual profundity in the observations, there is individuality in the modes of thought, and strength in the diction; conveying distinct impressions, and picturing in a life-like manner the land visited. Sound sense, manly sentiment, a most fitting, yet elegant style, a kindly spirit, and a gentlemanly humour, render these notes informing as well as delightful reading. These remarks may suffice to introduce, not only several of the Pilgrim's stanzas, but of the notes. The poem of course touches many hallowed spots, and entwines a number of the more striking facts in Scriptural history, as well as allusions to existing circumstances and awakening associations. The following is our specimen:—

> Round yonder watch-fire's blaze the muleteers
> In circle close.—The leader of the throng,
> Fluent and fast, to never sated ears
> The tale recites, or chants the Arab song,—

Wild stanzas, strange adventures. Loud and long
The applause resounds, as each invented sleight
Of magic art, or fate of Afrite strong
By Genii quelled in preternatural fight,
Fills as the story rolls each breast with fresh delight.

He little thinks, the tale he loves to tell,
Which cheats his willing comrades of their rest,
Through many a midnight hour defrauds as well,
In foreign garb and other language dressed,
Of slumber's boon the children of the West:
How many a sad or vacant mind the page,
With the same legendary lore impressed,
Has cheered, assuaged life's ills through every stage,
Given youth one smile the more, one wrinkle snatched from age.

For not alone beneath her palm-tree's shade,
Amid the nargile's ascending cloud,
Does Eastern fiction dwell, or Scherezade
Dispense her favours to the listening crowd.
All ranks, all nations at her shrine have bowed,
The pictured forms her lively pencil drew
Please in all climes alike; and statesmen proud
In grave debate have owned her lessons true,
Finding that ancient lamps sometimes excel the new.

Far other task meanwhile for me delays
The needful gift of well-earned sleep's repose;
The beam that from my tremulous cresset plays
Its light upon the sacred volume throws.
Oh! who in distant climes the rapture knows,
E'en on the spot of which the tale is told,
To mark where Tabor frowns or Jordan flows?
To feel at morn our steps shall print the mould
Where Gideon pitched his camp or Sisera's chariot rolled.

Such rapture ours, when, on Esdraelon's plain,
Tabor in front and Jezreel left behind,
By Kishon's source we pitched. Oh! ne'er again
Shall joys of power like these to fill the mind
Rise in the civilized haunts of human kind.
How went I forth to watch the shivering ray
On Carmel's crest; to hear upon the wind
The jackal's howl; or rippling sounds betray
Where Kishon's ancient stream rolled on to Acre's bay.

How, to our tents when morning's moisture clung,
Our memory turned to that oracular dew
From the full fleece which pious Gideon wrung!
'Twas here perchance that Israel's champion knew

The sign which spoke his high commission true ;
Down yonder vale perhaps, by Kishon's ford,
Towards the slumbering heathen's camp he drew
His chosen hundreds, silent—till the sword
Flashed to the frightened skies, of Gideon and the LORD.

Before presenting samples of the notes, it is proper for the reader to understand that Lady Francis accompanied her lord; and to this he seems to have been indebted for the greater curiosity that the travellers excited than is usually the case when strangers visit the most frequented parts of Asia-Minor, and consequently for means of closer inspection than a less stately party could have enjoyed. Her ladyship was Queen of England in the eyes of the natives. Hasbya, its neighbourhood, and neighbours, are the subject of the notes which we first present:—

Town of Hasbya.—On our way to this destination we descended into one of the most agreeable valleys I had seen, watered by a fine stream, and rich with mulberry groves and olives, which might vie in size with those of Ramla or Jerusalem. Leaving this, we ascended by a rocky and difficult road the narrow defile of Hasbya. The town of that name occupies one of the most picturesque sites in Syria, suspended on high cliffs, and with the snows of Hermon above it at no great distance. Its population must amount to some thousands; and I had seen no buildings so respectable since Nablous. Our ascent lay on the other side however, of the ravine, which became more narrow and precipitous as we mounted. It was a holiday; and as the Queen of England's reputation had preceded her, the inhabitants poured out in great numbers, and in their best dresses, to see her pass. It was the gayest scene I had witnessed in Syria. Some aged females went so far as to burn incense before her horse's nose, and others presented her with flowers. Our reception was very different from that of a poor Jew whom I had met a short time before, near the entrance to the defile. I was riding somewhat apart, and beyond the reach of an interpreter, when I met with what I considered a religious procession. It consisted of an old man mounted, a closed palanquin on a horse's back, and a troop of boys who were chanting a sort of chorus. The old man saluted me lowly as I passed, and I rode on returning his salute, somewhat puzzled. Don Quixote would unquestionably have charged, or at least have stopped the procession, and instituted a rigid inquiry into its objects. If so, his proceeding would have been for once justified by common sense and humanity, as well as chivalry; and if I had known myself what I afterwards learned, I should, perhaps, considering the age and strength of the offending parties, have acted Don Quixote on the occasion. The old man was a poor Jew transporting a sick wife from the interior to the coast; and the boys were a rabble of juvenile bigots—whether Druse, Mahometan, or Christian, I cannot say,—who were persecuting him with some ribald song, which was afterwards, before he could reach Hasbya, improved into pelting and beating. This was one of the consequences of the Damascus story, which was now the universal theme of conversation.

Encampment above Hasbya.—An hour's most precipitous ascent from Hasbya brought us to our promised Paradise. Its appearance was inviting. A magnificent tree afforded a shade for our largest tent, and more than one fine spring bubbled up at a few yards' distance. Our muleteers had kept their word so far, and were certainly not answerable for the persecution of the desert-wind, which followed us even to this elevation. Its propinquity to the snow was demonstrated by the arrival the next day of a muleload of that article, which, covered with a horse-cloth, afforded us a supply for our water and wine during our stay. All accounts concurred in describing the heat we here endured as without example for the season, and rare at this height in July or August. We were visited here by a Christian chief or prince, of very interesting appearance and handsome mild physiognomy; and, as I was told, of a family whose genealogy is counted back for many centuries. He was superbly mounted, and followed by one attendant and a beautiful greyhound of the long and silky-eared breed, which we call Persian. Stripped of feudal authority by Mehemet Ali, he consoled himself with the sports of the field, which, as the Pacha's disarming measures had not been extended to this neighbourhood, he was still allowed to enjoy. He was just returned from a hunting expedition to the valley of the lake Houlé. He said that his horse had been positively forced back by the hot wind, and that in the night the party had been compelled by it to break up a bivouac, and regain the upper grounds with all speed. The conflux of natives to the Frank strangers' camp, though highly amusing, from the great richness and variety of the costume of the three sects which seem much mingled here, was at times oppressive. Besides the population of the neighbouring village, the parties from Hasbya, who came up and established themselves for the day to stare at us, were numerous, and comprised probably the whole beauty and fashion of that place. The race is a fine one, and there was no lack of the former commodity. One young woman, evidently, by the value of the jewellery she wore, a person of rank, was as lovely a young creature as eye could behold. She had walked up from Hasbya; but had met with some repulse in approaching Lady F.'s tent, and, not having the persevering impudence of many others, was mourning her hard fate apart when I heard of her case, and procured her the introduction she desired and deserved. The Druse young ladies behaved unfairly, pressing noisily and eagerly upon our privacy, but playing every trick of coquettes with their veils whenever we returned their fire. I found the best receipt at last was to sketch them, when they usually giggled and fell back. One, however, stood the shot, holding her horn on high, and seated like a queen on a throne of loose stones, one bare leg protruding from her drapery below, her silver bracelets shining in the sun, and her dark eyes still brighter flashing over the veil she held up —foolish woman!—to her pretty nose. Another Druse lady, who visited Lady F., consented, without difficulty, to disclose the mysteries of the horn, and, removing its veil, showed us the manner in which it was fastened and worn. This visitor, a handsome and stately woman, besides the silver bracelets and other ornaments of that metal commonly worn, wore jewellery and precious stones of some value.

Here is another series of pictures, and they are by a vigorous as well as by a graceful artist:—

A Whirlwind.—Nothing could be more convenient or refreshing than this place; but in the night a change came over the spirit of our dream. Various appearances in the heavens had betokened a sudden alteration in the unusually hot weather. As we were retiring to rest, a whirlwind suddenly came down the ravine with such violence, as soon to make it evident that our large tent could not long stand up against it. The affair, indeed, was so sudden that lady F. had barely time to escape, and her maid was for some time buried in the ruin. One of our small tents was also blown down; and Dr. G., who was sleeping in it, suffered severely afterwards from the chill of the sudden exposure to a temperature of some sixty degrees less than that of Tiberias. Luckily but a few drops of rain accompanied this convulsion. Lady F. took refuge in a house in the village; and the loss of baggage was found in the morning limited to that of an old but only bonnet, long reserved for state occasions, which had been blown over three fields, and was found unfit for further service. After a hard day's journey, however, this interruption of repose was anything but refreshing. This rush of the mountain air into the rarified medium below lasted for about three quarters of an hour, after which it subsided into a chilly but moderate breeze. The villagers were kind and active in their hospitality. We were now to cross one of the highest ridges of Libanus, which rose directly above us. The positive news here first reached us of an extensive insurrection, and that the country we had just left, Rashya, and Hasbya itself were in open revolt. I was alarmed less from implicit belief in this or in any other report than on account of our muleteers, who I foresaw might leave us to return to their families at Rashya; as yet, however, they showed no symptom of such an intention. We climbed the ridge by a picturesque zigzag, amid some rain and mist, in less time than from the appearance I had expected. We had but one patch of snow of a few yards to cross; and however dangerous the sudden transition to such a climate, I enjoyed even the wet blast, which came like a breath from Scotland, and compelled me to coil my lowland plaid about me as though I were sporting in that country. I paid dearly afterwards for the luxury. We met one or two armed and mounted messengers as we advanced, and all the information we could collect confirmed the accounts of the insurrection. In the numerous large villages we passed, however, there was no unusual stir. The views we obtained from commanding points were very magnificent,—the ravines deep, and clothed with fine wood; but I have seen no scenery in Libanus which could bear comparison with that of European mountains. We passed the ruin of a very magnificent palace, formerly the residence of a Druse prince, who long divided the sovereignty of this country with the Emir Beschir, and at length fell in battle with his successful rival. Their neighbourhood was indeed too close for long endurance of simulated amity; for some two leagues further we found ourselves at the gate of Taak el Deen, the mountain palace of the Emir Beschir.

Taak el Deen.—Descriptions of this nest of the old eagle of Libanus are numerous; and M. de Lamartine could hardly in his poetic prose exaggerate the singularity of its fantastic features of position and construction. Its picturesque beauty is somewhat diminished by the rounded forms of the hills, which rise behind and above it. In ordinary times I apprehend that

a train of Frank travellers would hardly have been delayed at the Emir's gate; but on this occasion it was necessary to transmit our credentials to the Emir before it was opened to us, and some ten minutes elapsed. We were then admitted, and shown into a wing of the palace which is usually appropriated to travellers,—a small elevated court, with a circular fountain in the centre, into which open some half dozen rooms with unglazed and grated windows: these we soon furnished. We were informed that our dinner would be provided from the Emir's kitchen. It took some time to prepare, but when it arrived, both in quality and variety, gave us a very agreeable impression of Eastern cookery and hospitality. We found the temperature rather chilly, and one regular shower of rain fell before evening. I suspect that it was here, after enduring heat and fatigue without sensible inconvenience, I laid the foundation of an internal state of disease, which never left me till I escaped from a southern climate at Lyons. Our terrace commanded a view of the long outer court of the palace,—a busy scene of saddled and tethered horses, of messengers riding in and out, and occasionally small armed parties entered to swell the garrison. I suspect that the visit of an English party rather perplexed our entertainer at such a moment. He declined an interview for this evening; and I at one time had reason to think he intended to allow us to depart without one, which I should have regretted, but felt no claim to press for the honour. In the morning, however, he sent us an attendant to show us over the palace. Our cicerone was very proud of some rooms which had been for a long time in progress under the superinspection of some Damascus artists. They were prettily decorated, reminding one a little of the Alhambra; but not, I think, improved by some fresco paintings representing subjects of the chase, which were here considered the triumph of art: a double-barrelled gun was pointed out to me in particular as a chef-d'œuvre; and they were really not ill executed by some Landseer of Damascus. One of the oddest ornaments was the face of a large clock painted in the ceiling, with the name of a London maker on it. We were conducted afterwards to the bath, kitchen, and bakery. The bath was gorgeous; the kitchen, with sixteen cooks at work, much resembled the large vaulted monastic kitchens to be seen in our colleges; and in the bakery we found many men and boys, baking flat barley loaves for the consumption of some 2000 individuals.

We have already made allusion to the troubled state of the country which prevented Lord Francis from prosecuting his travels as intended, the Syrian disturbances being contemporaneous with his visit to Palestine. Our readers, therefore, cannot be but pleased to hear more of the Emir, and they will also follow with interest the philosophy of the passage:—

We were now informed that his highness was prepared to give us an interview. We crossed a handsome inner court, and mounting a stair to a long gallery open to the court, found the Emir Beschir at one end—a venerable figure. The conversation was of no interest: the wily veteran was not likely to make us the depository of his intentions; which, for the present, were a subject of intense interest and busy speculation, the question probably being less whether it was in his power to raise, than to prevent, a general

insurrection. Whether he had any doubt or misgiving of our object as travellers in such a country at such a time, I cannot tell; very likely not. He was well enough acquainted with Englishmen to know our roving propensities, and could hardly imagine that spies or emissaries would travel with so many incumbrances. The subject of the insurrection was never mentioned.

As the venerable-looking old man sat quietly conversing on topics of trifling moment, our recollection was naturally called to the vicissitudes of his long life, soon about to close, perhaps as it had begun, in scenes of blood and danger, or in the exertion to the last of those powers of craft and intrigue which had saved him through many perils, and raised and retained him where we found him. Memory also reverted to many acts of cruelty and violence which deface the page of his history, and which may be collected from the pages of Burckhardt. Reccollections such as these create odd sensations in Europeans when brought into contact with the despots of the East—men of the sabre and the bowstring; and there are probably few travellers who have not felt such when in their presence. I do not mean sensations connected with the circumstance often noticed, that the life of the visitor himself depends upon a nod or other gesture of the cross-legged gentleman on the divan. "If I speak the word," says the Baillie to Rob Roy. "Ay, but you'll never speak that word," replied his Highland cousin; and as matters stands in the countries of which I speak, there is as little chance of any violent proceeding on the part of Pacha or Emir. Neither, as it seems to me, is the interest of the same class and description as that which takes persons of figure and fashion to the cell or scaffold, and procures locks of hair and autographs from Greenacre or Courvoisier. With such we feel nothing in common; for we can no more imagine the circumstances which would lead ourselves to such acts of hazard as well as wickedness, than a sane and prosperous person can realize to himself the feelings of a lunatic or a suicide. In the case of the Eastern despot, sympathy is at work; and we may feel as if in his position our own exercise of power might, like his, have been bloody and capricious. Uncivilized by literature, the barbarian who sits before us has the advantage of his European visitors, in many outward particulars, in grace of attitude, richness of costume, and dignity of manners. He is generally in the latter a personification of mildness, gravity and good-humour. We ask ourselves, why should we not be able, like him, to leap at once the narrow boundary which separates this apparent placidity from the wildest excesses of violence and crime? May not the outward gloss of civilization and humanity adhere as loosely to the Englishman as the Turk? One answer of general application may be given—that we have been nurtured under the Christian dispensation, which embraces in its insensible influence even those who reject its evidences. And yet the time is not long gone by when, in the game of English politics, heads of the statesmen players were the stake. I really know, however, no other security against a sudden orientalization of our habits.

As we departed from the Emir's presence, we were pleased with the spectacle of the procession of two of his sons on their way to their morning visit to their father; which, I was told, they never omitted. There is something always agreeable in these acts of adult respect and attention to age; and I

rather fear we see less of them in England than not only in the East, but in France or elsewhere.

We have said and cited enough to prove that the present small volume is worthy of Lord Francis, and of a place in the library shelf, as well as on the drawing-room table.

ART. III.—*Journal and Letters of Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, &c.* Edited by GEORGE A. WARD. Wiley and Putnam.

THIS volume contains the Journal and Letters of Samuel Curwen, an American merchant and loyalist, of Salem, and a refugee in England from 1775 to 1784; "comprising remarks on the prominent men and manners of that period. To which are added Biographical Notices of many American Loyalists, and other eminent persons." Mr. Curwen was sixty years old when he quitted the rebellious colonies, to seek England for that liberty of opinion which the Independent party in his own country refused; a refusal not only by the Puritans of Massachusetts, but by the Friends of Pennsylvania, as he pretty soon discovered on removing to Philadelphia. He remained in exile for several years, and the book before us has been formed by Mr. Atkinson Ward,—"Member of the New York Historical Society, and Honorary Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society,"— from the diary and letters written in the interval. Curwen was sixty-nine when he went back to the triumphant young republic; returning to Salem, without, of course, resuming his judicial functions, where, however, he died unmolested, at the age of eighty-six.

Taken as a picture of the men and manners of an interesting class, at a most remarkable and excited period, the Journal and Letters were deserving of publication; although it be a book which is likely to be more appreciated and to inspire greater interest in England than in America, where it is published. Mr. Ward, indeed, appears to have shrewdly guessed as much, when he dedicated it to Lord Lyndhurst, the son of Curwen's friend and fellow-loyalist. To English readers the view here presented of the American loyalists is clearer and fuller than we have ever before obtained; while the revolutionary party, even after making due allowance for the Refugee's partialities and antipathies, appears to have been far from being entirely constituted of patriots and heroes. On the contrary, a large portion of the loudest and most strenuous of them must have been guided by the very reverse of pure and lofty motives—self-seekers and oppressors. And lastly, to note the uses of the book; it furnishes not only sketches by a fair and gentlemanly man of the London characters and scenes, but of life and country in various parts of the kingdom seventy years ago.

Mr. Curwen gives many proofs that he was an accomplished and respectable man, without, however, any very shining parts or profound views. Indeed, he and the other American refugees come out in an agreeable manner in these pages, evincing far more moderation than might have been looked for from persons in their condition. Tolerance and firmness appear to have been blended according to sound principles in the minds of most of these men. It may perhaps be objected to Curwen, that if his opinions did not vacillate with his fortunes, they were yet so much under the influence of circumstances, that he yielded when success crowned the treason; so that having all along held that it was impossible to conquer America by arms, there was no very strong or consistent reason for his not having sooner yielded and saved himself the trouble of seeking a temporary refuge in England. Still, this much may be advanced in his defence, —he was a lover of order and peace, and would, it seems, have preferred these even to the vanquishment of the republicans, or the supremacy of the mother country by mere dint of arms, and an indefinite prolongation of the war; so that he might return to his native land and become an acquiescent citizen, when everything there was settling down in an amicable manner and was giving promise of serenity and prosperity, without compromising his principles. On the other hand, a stern inquirer into human motives might, perhaps, question the Refugee's honesty as well as his sagacity, and allege that the adhesion in this man's case was close and strong in proportion to its actual power and prospect of permanency; for his fears of the approaching downfall of Great Britain, and which gathered strength as the war proceeded, may have suggested measures of prudence on his part, so as to hasten a change of opinion, and moderate dislike.

Our own conviction is that Curwen was a man superior in very many respects to the public American character of the present day;— better educated; more courteous in manners; far less prejudiced and violent; and fully as honest as any of the living Transatlantic statesmen. But we can never allow that the Journal and Letters give evidence of one made of the stuff which builds up a martyr, nor even that he was a person of singularly lucid judgment. With more than an average amount of knowledge, he yet cannot be said to have been imbued with wisdom. Neither his politics nor his religion evinced a highly discriminating sense. Indeed, while professing Unitarian principles, he had most of the latitudinarian about him, being always ready to hear any attractive preacher, just as he was to visit all places of gay amusement.

As soon as Mr. Curwen sets foot upon English soil he begins his journal. A day afterwards he is in a London coffee-house; and thus actively did he move about, living at first upon the wreck of his fortune; and when this was all but exhausted, government granted him a donation of 100*l.*, and a pension of 100*l.* a year. So long as

he sojourned in England, he manifested the locomotive and inquisitiveness of his countrymen. His eye was anxiously directed to the state of public opinion, and still more to the events of the war; and his character and standing afforded him the means not only of ascertaining the views of his fellow-exiles, but of meeting with Englishmen of condition, and persons of considerable influence amongst ourselves. He appears to have been very fond of fashionable entertainments; and criticised or admired a Garrick or a Macklin with as much *gout* as he listened to a Chatham or a Whitfield; the most interesting as well as most agreeable points of the book being those to which we have just now referred, rather than the graver matters, where the handling is less distinct and satisfactory.

The volume being one which is better calculated to interest the English than the American reader, is a circumstance which entitles us to glean freely from its pages; and our extracts shall be taken from both kinds of the contents,—the political, or that which belongs to the great movement in America, and the lighter and more sketchy class.

Mr. Curwen having been driven from his native town of Salem, he counted on finding a safe retreat among "Friends" in Philadelphia, with what accuracy our first-quoted passage will illustrate.

I left my late peaceful home, in my sixtieth year, in search of personal security and those rights which by the laws of God I ought to have enjoyed undisturbed there; and embarked at Beverly, on board the schooner Lively, Captain Johnson, bound hither, on Sunday the 23rd ultimo, and have just arrived. Hoping to find an asylum among Quakers and Dutchmen, who, I presume from former experience, have too great a regard for ease and property to sacrifice either at this time of doubtful disputation on the altar of an unknown goddess, or rather doubtful divinity.

My fellow-passengers were Andrew Cabot, his wife and child, and Andrew Dodge. My townsman, Benjamin Goodhue, was kind enough to come on board; and having made my kinsman and correspondent, Samuel Smith, acquainted with my arrival, he was pleased to come on board also; and his first salutation, "We will protect you, though a Tory," embarrassed me not a little: but soon recovering my surprise, we fell into a friendly conversation; and he, taking me to his house, I dined with his family and their minister, Mr. Sproat, suffering some mortification in the cause of truth. After an invitation to make his house my home during my stay here, which I did not accept, I took leave, and went in pursuit of lodgings; and on inquiring at several houses, ascertained they were full, or for particular reasons would not take me; and so many refused as made it fearful whether, like Cain, I had not a discouraging mark upon me, or a strong feature of Toryism. The whole city appears to be deep in Congressional principles, and inveterate against "Hutchinsonian Addresses."

May 5, 1775.—I find drums beating, colours flying, and detachments of newly-raised militia parading the streets; the whole country appears determined to assume a military character; and this city, throwing off her pacific

aspect, is forming military companies, a plan being laid for thirty-three: composed of all ranks and nations, uniting shoulder to shoulder, they form so many patriotic bands to oppose, like the invincible Macedonian phalanx, the progress and increase of parliamentary authority. The Quakers, not to be behind in manifesting their aversion, have obtained permission of the city committee to make up two companies of Friends exclusively; and they are to be commanded by Samuel Marshall and Thomas Miffin, both of that persuasion.

When he arrived in England, he found the state of political feeling here creditable to the people. He not only observed that the upper ranks were for enforcing supremacy of parliament over the colonies, but that from the middle ranks down an opposite view was taken. He adds, "it is unfashionable, and even disreputable, to look askew on one another for difference of opinion in political matters; the doctrine of toleration, if not better understood, is, thank God, better practised here than in America; otherwise there would not be such numbers of unhappy exiles suffering every disadvantage."

The American "Sons of Liberty" dealt in a hard fashion with the loyalists. Some of the latter were hunted and persecuted like felons, and if they escaped death, the Simsbury mines was their doom. Others were ruined in estate, being driven to sell house and land for the benefit of the public service, or rather of the rapacious "patriots," to the destruction of very many of the gentry, if not by banishment, by loss of property. Those of the aristocracy who remained and flourished were the ambitious and daring, and probably from them a considerable share of the intemperate heat and violent contests which now characterise the public men of the States may be traced. Even the entire frame of society is represented, by all travellers in the Union, to be agitated and broken into divisions by one conflict or another; and hence the tyranny of the greater number on any question is the thing feared and the power wielded, instead of calm superiority and the moderate use of right reason. Here is an account of prices, plunder, and persons:

From him and young Gardner, only son of Jonathan Gardner junior, I have obtained the annexed list of prices; which, instead of a score of arguments, may prove the low condition of Congressional credit, and show the exorbitant rate of the useful articles of life, and perhaps their scarcity. It is a melancholy truth, that while some are wallowing in undeserved wealth that plunder and rapine have thrown into their hands, the wisest, most peaceable, and most deserving, such as you and I know, are now suffering want, accompanied by many indignities that a licentious, lawless people can pour forth upon them.

Those who five years ago were the "meaner people," are now, by a strange revolution, become almost the only men of power, riches, and influence; those who, on the contrary, were leaders, and in the highest line of life, are glad at this time to be unknown and unnoticed, to escape insult and plunder

—the wretched condition of all who are not violent, and adopters of Republican principles. The Cabots of Beverly who, you know, had but five years ago a very moderate share of property, are now said to be by far the most wealthy in New England; Hesketh Derby claims the second place in the list, and —— puts in for a place among the first three; Mr. Goodale, by agency concerns in privateers and buying shares, counts almost as many pounds as most of his neighbours. The following are persons of the most eminence for business in Salem, as far as my memory serves; viz. Hasket Derby, William Pickman, George Crowinsheild, William Vans, Captain Haraden a brave and notable privateer captain, Joseph Henfield, Captain Silsbee, Samuel Gardner, Joseph and Joshua Grafton's sons, Francis Clarke, Captain George Dodge's youngest sons, Joseph Orne. E. H. Derby's province tax is 11,000*l.*, and his neighbours complain that he is not half taxed. The immensely large nominal sums which some are said to be worth, shrink into diminutive bulk when measured by the European standard of gold and silver. In New England, a dollar-bill is worth only 2¾ of an English halfpenny. Pins at 1*s.* a-peace, needles at 2*s.*, beef 2*s.* 6*d.*, veal 2*s.*, mutton and lamb 1*s.* 6*d.*, butter 6*s.* per pound; rum 8 dollars per gallon, molasses 2 dollars, brown sugar 10*s.* per pound, loaf sugar 15*s.*, Bohea tea 7 dollars per pound, coffee 5 dollars, Irish pork 60 dollars per barrel, lemons 3*s.* a-piece, wood 20 dollars a cord, ordinary French cloth 22 dollars a yard, hose 9 dollars a pair. A suit of clothes, which cost five guineas here, [in England,] would cost 500 dollars in Boston.

But let us return to England. This is the state of the country in 1776, as given by the Refugee:

It is surprising what little seeming effect the loss of American orders has on the manufactories; they have been in full employ ever since the dispute arose; stocks are not one jot lessened; the people in general little moved by it; business and amusements so totally engross all ranks and orders here that administration finds no difficulty on that score to pursue their plans. The general disapprobation of that folly of independence which America now evidently aims at, makes it a difficult part for her friends to act * * * *

It is my earnest wish the despised Americans may convince these conceited islanders, that without regular standing armies our continent can furnish brave soldiers and judicious and expert commanders, by some knock-down, irrefragable argument; for then, and not till then, may we expect generous or fair treatment. It piques my pride, I confess, to hear us called "our colonies—our plantations"—in such terms and with such airs as if our property and persons were absolutely theirs, like the "villains" and their cottages in the old feudal system, so long since abolished, though the spirit or leaven is not totally gone, it seems.

Rapid extension of London more than sixty years ago:

The different views and appearances that are daily arising in and about London, are as great and almost as frequent as the different phases of the moon in one of its revolutions, and render many spots and places a mere *terra incognita*, that to those who have been absent a few years were well known. For, having about ten days since wandered to the further end of

Mary le Bone, being designed to a distant quarter, on finding myself there, I inquired for the Gardens, which you remember to have been resorted to by company, and where fireworks were exhibited: to my surprise, the whole ground is laid out in streets, and covered with grand and elegant houses, and even beyond it. In this ramble accident revealed a secret that has puzzled you and the wise men of Cowbridge, that probably I should otherwise never have possessed. Some months since, a letter was addressed to me by James Russell, dated Manchester Square, the location of which was beyond the reach of my knowledge, or any of those I had consulted, having never before heard of it: chance, however, in this ramble directing my steps among rows of new buildings, and directing also my eye to a corner-house in an unfinished square of noble structures inscribed, "Manchester Square," this unimportant secret was thereby revealed.

Manchester in 1777.

The centre of this town of Manchester consists principally of old buildings; its streets narrow, irregularly built, with many capital houses interspersed. By act of Parliament old buildings are taken down to enlarge the streets. It has a few good ones; King Street is the best-built, is long, and sufficiently wide; most of its houses noble. Great additions of buildings and streets are daily making, and of a larger size than at Birmingham; nor have all the new ones so dusky a face as in that town, and in that respect are fairer and better; for extent of ground whereon it stands, nor number of inhabitants, does the latter exceed, or, in my opinion, come up to it. The disposition and manners of this people, as given by themselves, are inhospitable and boorish. I have seen nothing to contradict this assertion, though my slender acquaintance will not justify me in giving that character. In all the manufacturing towns there is a jealousy and suspicion of strangers; an acquuintance with one manufacturer effectually debars one from connexion with a second in the same business. It is with difficulty one is admitted to see their works, and in many cases it is impracticable, express prohibitions been given by the masters. The Dissenters are some of the most wealthy merchants and manufacturers here, but mortally abhorred by the Jacobites. The dress of the people here savours not much of the London mode in general: the people are remarkable for coarseness of feature, and the language is unintelligible.

Sunday evening amusements in 1780:

After tea, called on Mr. Dalglish; whom, with his friend, I accompanied in a coach to "Carlisle House," at a Sunday evening entertainment, called the Promenade, instituted in lieu of public amusement; and to compensate for twelve tedious hours interval laid under an interdict by the laws of the country, yet unrepealed formerly by the Legislature, though effectually so in the houses of the great and wealthy, from whence religion and charity are but too generally banished. The employment of the company is simply walking through the rooms; being allowed tea, coffee, chocolate, lemonade, orgeat, negus, mllk, &c.; admission by ticket, cost, 3*s.*; dress, decent, full not required: some in boots; one carelessly in spurs happening to catch a lady's flounce, he was obliged to apologise and take them off. The ladies were rigged out in gaudy attire, attended by bucks, bloods, and macaronies, though

it is also resorted to by persons of irreproachable character: among the wheat will be tares. * * *

So far for my imperfect description of this house, wherein the well-known Mrs. Cornelly used to accommodate the nobility, &c. with masquerades and coteries. Dress of the ladies differed widely; one part swept their track by long trails, the other by an enormous size of hoops and petticoats. The company usually resorting there about seven hundred, as the ticket-receiver told me; this evening the house was thronged with a good thousand. The rooms were filled, so that we could scarce pass without jostling, interfering, and elbowing: for my own part, being old, small, and infirm, I received more than a score of full-butt rencounters with females: whether provision was not made for so large a company, or whatever the cause may be, it was full two hours before I could procure a dish of tea, after fifteen vain attempts; nor was I singular; and when served, it was in a slovenly manner on a dirty tea-stand. I never saw a place of public resort where the company was treated with so little respect by servants; even common tea-houses, whose character is far humbler, as "Bagnigge Wells," "White Conduit House," "Dog and Duck," &c., are in this respect preferable. It would be treating "Ranelagh" with great indignity to bring it into comparison with this, which is designed to supply its place during the long vacation of that fashionable resort; nor are Vauxhall Gardens less than a thousand times beyond this in every eligible circumstance, unless I saw it under peculiar disadvantages.

Met Peter Frye and young William Eppes there; also saw the Duke of Queensbury; who, I was told, is a never-failing attendant on places of dissipation: which his seeming age should, one might think, restrain him from such juvenile amusements; but old habits are strong, and too powerful to be resisted when long indulged.

English characters of great celebrity:

Mansfield.—At Common Pleas saw Judge Blackstone and Serjeant Glynn; and the King's Bench, Lord Mansfield and Mr. Serjeant Wedderburne. Lord Mansfield's manner is like the late Judge Dudley's of Massachusetts. His *peering eyes* denote a penetration and comprehension peculiarly his own.

Garrick in Hamlet.—Saw Mr. Garrick in Hamlet at Drury Lane. In my eye more perfect in the expression of his face than in the accent and pronunciation of his voice, which, however, was much beyond the standard of his fellow actors.

Dr. Dodd in the Pulpit.—To Magdalen Hospital: heard the Rev. Dr. Dodd preach from John xv. 17, "These things I command you, that ye love one another." A most elegant, sensible, serious, and pathetic discourse, enough to have warmed a heart not callous to the impressions of piety. I own my eyes flowed with tears of compassion.

Dr. Dodd in Prison.—A reverend, known by the name of the Macaroni Doctor, is in Poultry Compter for forgery, and has confessed to the sum of 4,200*l.* sterling: his real name Dodd: he figures in the tête-à-têtes in the magazines, and unless defamed, is a worthless character, though noted for some serious publications in the common routine. He has two chapels and the Magdalen under his care.

Bishop Watson.—Attended service at Limehouse Church: Dr. Watson,

Bishop of Llandaff, preached a most excellent charity-sermon to a crowded assembly. Bidding prayer was long, catholic, and charmingly delivered; concluding sentence was, "Now to the King eternal," &c., instead of the usual one, "Now to God the Father, God the Son," &c. His enunciation is loud, sonorous, and manly; his person robust and tall.

Mrs. Cowley: November 22.—Mrs. Cowley, a celebrated playwright, dined with us; she is a small, sprightly body. Evening at a new play called "Generous Impostor."

The hypocrisy of George the Third:

December 5.—The King delivered his speech from the throne. I went to see him robe and sit on the throne in the House of Lords: he was clothed in green laced with gold when he came, and when he went in red lace; it being the custom to change his garments. The tail of his wig was in a broad, flowing, loose manner, called the coronation-tail. His abode in the Lords' Chamber scarce exceeded half an hour, in which he read his speech of eleven pages.

As one proof among many that might be given of the restraint and disguise of real sentiments on the part of courtiers, from the highest character in the presence-chamber to the lowest lounger and attendant of ministerial levees, take the following: When the King found himself obliged to take new Ministers and give up Lord North and his associates, it is notorious that it was abhorrent to the Royal mind; and being naturally of a pertinacious, obstinate temper, was with the utmost difficulty brought to yield a reluctant consent. On the first court-day after the appointment, when he was in a manner forced out of his closet into the room of audience, he received his new servants with a smile, and transacted business with them afterwards with as much seeming cordiality and openness as if they had been in his favour and in his most intimate conceits: so seemingly satisfied and so serene was the Royal countenance, that all the newspapers sounded forth the gracious Monarch's obliging, condescending goodness to the public wishes, though nothing was farther from his heart, had not the necessity of his affairs impelled him thereto. At the same time, coming up to Mr. Wilkes, he said he was glad of the opportunity to thank him for his very proper and laudable behaviour in the late riot; took notice of his looks, which indicated a want of health, advised him to a country air and exercise, which, said his Majesty, I find by experience an excellent expedient to procure and preserve health: all this with the same apparent sincerity as if they had been in a continued course of paying and receiving compliments, congratulations, and acknowledgments for mutual kindnesses and good offices; though all the world knows there was not a man in the Three Kingdoms more thoroughly hated, nor whom he had taken more foolish and unnecessary pains to ruin. The above-mentioned interview being told of in company, Mr. Wilkes took occasion to remark in the following words:—"To have heard the king: one would have thought I was consulting a quack on the score of my health."

If true, how mad!

December 4.—Called on Mr. Heard at Herald's Office: there learned, in a conversation with a Mr. Webb, of seeming great political knowledge, that

at the time the House of Commons left the late Administration in a minority, or in other words refused to support Lord North's measures, the King took it to heart, and resented it so far as to declare he would leave them (as he expressed it) to themselves, and go over to Hanover, from whence his family came; and proceeded so far as to order the Administration to provide two yachts to transport himself there; whereupon the Queen interfered, and remonstrated against such a desperate measure, so fatal to her and his family, as well as his own personal interest. Others, too, represented the distressful condition to which the nation would be reduced by the absence and want of royal authority; though it seemed to little effect, so sadly chagrined and provoked was he.

Lord Rockingham also joined the remonstrants, and showed the necessity of a change of men and measures, with no better success: so naturally obstinate and pertinaciously bent was he on his favourite plan of subjugating his (here called) rebellious subjects in America, and bringing them to his feet, till he was told, that as sure as he set his foot out of the kingdom, the Parliament would declare the crown abdicated and the throne vacant, nor would he ever be permitted to re-enter the kingdom again; which argument, it seems, brought him to a more cool and juster sight of the folly of such a step, and the absolute necessity of stooping to a compliance with the requisitions of the public.

The King and his family at Windsor:

The King was dressed in blue fly, cuffs small, open, and turned up with red velvet, cape of same, buttons white, breeches and waistcoat of white cotton, an ordinary white wig with a tail ribbon, a round black chip hat, small, as used in riding. He is tall, square over the shoulders, large ugly mouth, talks a great deal, and shows his teeth too much: his countenance heavy and lifeless, with white eyebrows. Queen of the middle size and bulk, height five feet and a half,—though far removed from beautiful, she has an open placid aspect, mouth large, foot splay:—at prayers their voices often heard, and they appeared devout. They take no state upon them, walk freely about the town, with only a lord in waiting. At seven, every evening after tea, the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, Princess Royal, Princesses Sophia and Elizabeth, walk for an hour on a terrace half a mile long, amidst two or three thousand people of all ranks. The Prince of Wales appears a likely agreeable person, far more graceful than his father, who is ungainly. The Prince affects much the "*Jemmy*" dress and air; age will doubtless soften down the juvenile taste and affectation. The Queen's dress, a riding-habit, same colour and facings as the King's—a small bonnet with a blue feather.

One extract more: Lord Lyndhurst's father:

In passing through Leicester-square, I called in at Mr. Copley's to see Mr. Clarke and the family, who kindly pressed my staying to tea; and in the meantime amused myself by seeing his performances in painting. He was then at work on a family piece containing himself, Mr. Clarke, his wife and four children, all of whom I observed a very striking likeness. At tea was present Mr. West, a Philadelphian, a most masterly hand in historic painting; author of the well-known and applauded piece, now in print, called

"West's Death of Wolfe," and taken from his painting. He is now at work on a piece called the "Death of Stephen," for the king, and for which he is to have one thousand pounds.

Dec. 19, 1780.—Called on Mr. R. Clarke, in company with Colonel Brown; we were invited to Mr. Copley's picture-room, wherein were two exhibition pieces; viz., Brooke Watson's wonderful deliverance from a great shark that had twice seized him, and had bitten off one leg. The other piece, Copley's own family, comprising himself, wife, and three children, and his father-in-law, Mr. Clark. Here is also a large piece representing the House of Lords, when Lord Chatham, in the height of his patriotic zeal, was seized with a fit which proved fatal; the piece represents the moment of his being raised from the floor on which he had fallen, and was lying in the arms and lap of the Duke of Cumberland, his son-in-law; number of lords sixty, in their dresses, attitudes, &c., either as they then stood, or as the painter fancied they might, faces taken from life as they successively sat for this purpose. It is to be engraved for a print, deliverable next August twelvemonth, at three guineas each. Mrs. Hay appeared in view so very like, that the first glance announced for whom it was intended. After amusing ourselves for some time, took leave and separated at door.

ART. IV.—*The Xanthian Marbles; their Acquisition and Transmission to England.* Murray.

THIS is the account by Mr. Fellowes of the circumstances attending the discovery, removal, and shipment of the sculptured marbles which have lately been added to the collection in the British Museum. The narrative had been intended and drawn up as a mere register of facts, to be deposited among the records of the institution which the relics now enrich. But a number of erroneous and vague reports having obtained currency, the author of the document has thought proper to give it to the public. We shall first place before our readers some of the circumstances out of which the enterprise of removal arose, followed by passages taken from the account of the actual operations in the business, and conclude with a few such strictures as the facts and events put before us appear to justify.

The readers of the MONTHLY REVIEW are aware that Mr. Fellowes has recently proved himself to be one of the most enlightened and successful travellers that have ever explored countries of classical renown; parts of Asia Minor having been the field of his researches and discoveries. His first publication on ancient Lycia is now too well known to require any particular mention in our pages. In fact, its notices of architectural ruins in that region, and the interesting archæological subjects to which it pointed attention, moved the trustees of the British Museum; so that application was made at their request by our government to the Sultan for a firman, soliciting to be permitted to have some of the newly-discovered works conveyed

to England. Provoking delay, however, awaited the apparently simple and very practicable affair; and Mr. Fellowes resumed his Lycian researches in the course of a second journey; taking with him an artist, to ensure accurate drawings. A subsequent publication gave evidence that he had been still more fortunate than on the first occasion. At length, in October 1841, information was received in England that the firman had been obtained, and was in the possession of the consul at Smyrna; and government ere long despatched a vessel for the removal of the antiquities; Mr. Fellowes, who had been applied to for instructions, accompanying the expedition without remuneration, at his own suggestion. Capt. Graves, of the *Beacon*, was selected for the service. Mr. Fellowes joined the vessel at Port Naussa, when he was shown plans of the ruins of the city of Xanthus, and a map of the valley, made by Mr. Hoskyn, master of the Beacon, who had chanced to have been engaged in the survey and examination of the district during the previous summer. But disappointments and obstacles immediately presented themselves to the enthusiastic and generous author of Travels in Lycia; for, on witnessing the opening of the dispatches to Captain Graves, it was found that no funds were provided for the expedition, nor was the subject at all referred to in any of the papers.

The orders to the captain were simply to this effect:—"To sail to Smyrna for the firman, and thence to the nearest safe anchorage to the mouth of the river Xanthus, and there to put on board and bring away to Malta such objects as should be pointed out by Mr. Fellowes." This omission of placing funds in the hands of the captain of the expedition was the first impediment I encountered; but knowing that the necessary expenses would be small, being merely for tools, trifling presents to the peasantry, or the occasional hire of their cattle, I offered to provide the funds required, feeling sure that the trustees of the Museum had inadvertently omitted the supplies, but would gladly repay any sums advanced. We arrived at Smyrna on the 15th of November; a heavier cloud here hung over the expedition. The documents left with the consul, and represented in an accompanying letter from our ambassador to him, as well as to the government at home, as "the necessary firman," and on which representation I had left England, were found to be only letters dated long before, and proposing that inquiry should be made as to what was desired by England, and to wait a report from the local authorities as to the practicability of granting the request.

But Mr. Fellowes at least was not to be baulked by these remarkable encounters; for having proceeded with the captain to Constantinople, they procured the firman; the author of the account of the "Acquisition and Transmission" procuring the necessary tools. They now sailed for Kalamaky Bay; but here surprises were also to meet the traveller; for the captain stated, "that neither he nor any of his surveying officers were to be of the expedition, and that the whole was to be left to his first lieutenant, who was a stranger to

the country and had recently joined the ship. I urged the necessity for all the engineering skill the captain could spare, to which he replied, that they could not leave the chart, but perhaps he might come down to see us." Mr. Fellowes then goes on to give the particulars with regard to the exploring party, their reception by the natives, and the results of their efforts.

I was landed with the first party in order to seek the mouth of the river, which was not laid down in the charts. After a walk of two or three miles we found it, and made signals for the other boats. The party landed consisted of fifteen working-men, a boy, the lieutenant, the gunner, the cavasses (police officers), a youth, the son of Mr. Wilkinson, our Consul at Rhodes, and myself. Our five tents were soon pitched, fires lighted, and our cutter, galley, and dingy boats secured within the river. High sand-hills arose for miles around us, and no signs of life were visible but the footsteps of the wolves, jackals, and hares. Huge trunks of decayed trees, washed down during past ages, afforded plenty of fuel for our fires, which vied with the full moon in illuminating our encampment, and must have served as a beacon to our ship, which had sailed afar to the northward. The river Xanthus is one of the most powerful, wild, and unmanageable streams I ever saw; the volume of water is very great, far exceeding that of the Thames at Richmond; the stream rushes probably at the rate of five miles an hour. For the first three miles from its mouth, where it winds through the high range of sand-hills, I had never before seen it, but above this had traced it to its source in the Yeeilassies of the high mountains of the Taurus, probably a course of nearly two hundred miles. Our boats drew two feet and a half of water, and had great difficulty in making head against the heaviest part of the stream, which marked the deepest channel through the bar of sand formed at the entrance to the river. Once within this, to accomplish which cost us much labour and risk, the men having to jump overboard to keep the boats in their course, the waters were deep and comparatively tranquil.

The party soon discovered that the people were as hospitable and kind as he had before described the inhabitants of Lycia. He tells us—

Our encampment soon attracted the attention of the peasants, whose invisible tents and huts were sheltered with their flocks amongst the bushes: their astonishment at everything they saw was evinced by groups collected on every hillock around us; and I soon found that the hospitality and kindness which I had before experienced was with this people a custom: eggs, poultry, fruit, and milk were brought to us, and every attention afforded; they acted as pilots, by wading over the shallows and pointing out our best course for the boats.

Again,

For the officers and myself, I induced a family, consisting of a mother, two daughters, and a son, to leave us their hut, which was admirably situated for our works. I found, as on my former visits to these people, that money

was not the powerful inducement; all offers were ineffectual to persuade them to remove, until we represented the extreme damp and inconvenience we felt from the low ground and from remaining in our tents. They then agreed to move their family to about half a mile distant, and we white-washed and entered our picturesque abode on the 2d of Jan.

Numerous are the proofs afforded in the writings of our traveller of the simple habits, the contentedness, and the integrity of this people. We cite one or two more of his testimonies.

Mahomet, a youth of eighteen, the son of our landlady, received each week the amount of our rent, which was generally acknowledged by presents of cream, fruit, or game. I asked what his mother would do with the money we had paid to her, and suggested that they should increase their stock of cattle; but he said why should they? they had enough. I then proposed that they should cultivate more land for corn. His reply was to the same effect, "their stock of corn always lasted until the return of the harvest." He then said that the money would make a dowry for his sisters.

A still more striking instance—one the result of grave deliberation—may be quoted, when the stones and sculptures intended for transportation had to be dragged over a very considerable extent of young growing corn.

This damage could not be avoided, but as soon as we had finished, I had the fences restored, and sent to the owner to request that he would state the injury done, that I might repay him. He said that he would call the head men of the neighbouring villages together, and they should decide. On the following Friday (their Sunday), a party of eight or nine Turks walked thoughtfully over the land, stooping and examining the corn; in the course of an hour they gave their report, that "trampling the corn down and the cutting off the blade with the sledge had not destroyed the seed, and that if God sent rain it would spring up again, and that no damage was done." I was sorry for this decision, as I did not wish to have it said that we had not repaid them something; I therefore drew their attention to the furrow ploughed up by dragging a stick of timber over the ground; after re-consideration they assessed this damage at five piastres, about thirteen pence. I paid the owner three times that amount, and all were satisfied.

Not only were the means furnished for making discoveries most inadequate, but the functions and purposes of the expedition were very limited; certain visible objects being alone specified. Nor when Captain Graves, with some of his surveying officers, visited the explorers, was there tendered or granted that assistance or countenance which one would think would have been with alacrity and delight proffered by any man having ordinary curiosity, not to say a liberal education. The earth in many places seemed to heave with relics, and the ruins to hide the most precious specimens of art.

Captain Graves spent the whole of Monday, the 10th, amidst the ruins, and I am glad that he witnessed the commencement of our discoveries. He saw the seven first stones which we found; upwards of seventy were afterwards discovered, but these he has never seen. I mentioned my plans for taking down the tombs to Mr. Hoskyn, but the captain left orders that neither of them were to be touched, as we had not the requisite machinery. At Malta I had stated to the admiral that flat-bottomed boats would be indispensable for removing the stones down the river: he replied, that if timber was to be had, the ship's carpenters would construct them. I mentioned this want to Capt. Graves at Smyrna and at the mouth of the river. I now again urged the necessity for them, when he said that he would not have any of the stones taken down the river, and that proper stores must be obtained from Malta; that he should bring his ship off the mouth of the river on the 1st of March to take all hands away. I urged that he should sail at once, or communicate by the post to the admiral requesting more assistance; but he replied that he would write to Capt. Beaufort to know if he should proceed with his duty or go on with the survey, and that the answer could not be at Malta until March. I represented the loss of the season, and my necessary return to England before the necessary completion of the expedition; but the order was given, and the captain, with both of his surveying officers, continued their tour on the morning of the 11th of Jan.

How tantalising must all this have proved to Mr. Fellowes, at a time too when, as he states, there lay before him a mine of treasure just opened, "and all, whatever the extent, at our disposal."

I had an excellent set of willing working men, the best season in the year, ample authority from our own as well as the government of the Sultan, and no difficulties or wants but to communicate with Malta for the simple boats and machinery required. This was refused: whatever we found must be left behind until other ships were sent; and, by the delay of our returning to Malta, the expedition would probably be too late for this season, on account of the heat of the weather and scarcity of water in the river. A year might pass over before the treasures would be safe in English custody; ignorance of the peasantry, the curiosity or wantonness of travellers, might do them injury, or political changes might check the expedition.

Great exertions were used for the purpose of constructing cases for securing the relics discovered and that were removable; but a very few days sufficed to teach the party that it would take up the half of their labour to bring in the timber necessary for the protecting scheme. And then how rapidly did the hidden riches and wonders come to light! On the removal of some stones at one place, to give an instance, between thirty and forty pieces of sculptured frieze, amounting to about two hundred and twenty feet of this kind of work, and eleven statues, came to light. But "as it was tantalising to seek about for objects which we should not be able to dig out or remove, I now confined myself for some time to re-copying, collating, and taking impress casts on paper of the whole of the inscriptions

in the Lycian language on the stele noticed in my former journals." At length the party re-embarked, and in due course of time reached England with seventy-eight packages containing marbles, which now enrich the British Museum with a most valuable addition to its collection of antique sculpture, consisting of numerous fragments of friezes with bas-reliefs, several statues, and a curiously-sculptured tomb.

The object of Captain Graves's expedition was to bring away the bas-reliefs representing the legend of the daughters of King Pindarus, "which were around a *stele*, or high square monument which we called the 'Harpy Tomb;' the beautiful Gothic-shaped tomb having chariots and horses sculptured upon its top, which we called the 'Horse Tomb;' and some three or four fragments of sculpture built into the walls." These interesting remains of ancient art were discovered by Mr. Fellowes among the ruins of the city of Xanthus, the capital of ancient Lycia. But he expected to find many more on returning to the locality, and was not mistaken.

The blocks of marble of which the "Horse Tomb" consisted were so ponderous, that without sawing them asunder it would be inconvenient to remove them. The stone-sawyers, however, from Malta, arrived so late in the warm season that malaria rendered it impossible for the sailors to remain in the country; so that this monument, which, Mr. Fellowes says, was one of "striking beauty," was left behind. But the bas-reliefs of the "Harpy Tomb" were less unmanageable, and were brought away as they were found, forming the most curious and most ancient portion of the collection. This relic is of a very extraordinary character, and is thus described:—

The Harpy Tomb consisted of a square shaft in one block, weighing about eighty tons; its height seventeen feet; placed upon a base rising on one side six feet from the ground, on the other but little above the present level of the earth. Around the sides of the top of the shaft were ranged the bas-reliefs in white marble, about three feet three inches high: upon these rested a capstone, apparently a series of stones, one projecting over the other; but these are cut in one block, probably fifteen to twenty tons in weight. Within the top of the shaft was hollowed out a chamber, which, with the bas-relief sides, was seven feet six inches high, and seven feet square. This singular chamber had been probably in the early ages of Christianity the cell of an anchoret, perhaps a disciple of Simeon Stylites, whose name he derived from his habitation, which I believe we have generally translated as meaning a column; but the form now in question is undoubtedly a *stele*, as a similar monument close by is so called in its inscription. The traces of the religious paintings and monograms of this holy man still remain upon the backs of the marble of the bas-reliefs.

This most interesting marble is completely covered with sculptures, excepting a square aperture, through which, it is probable, the bodies

were consigned to the sarcophagus. A harpy, bearing in her claws one of the four infant daughters of King Pindarus, appears at each corner, who, as the legend runs, were carried away; a fifth being left behind. Jupiter, Juno, Venus, the three Graces, and other divinities, as manifested by their accompaniments and attributes, figure on the sides. They are in profile, and the feet, which are close together, are shod with Persian slippers; so that the character of the sculpture has been designated the Græco-Persian. They are undoubtedly among the earlier works of Grecian art, most of them being only inferior to the sculptures of the Parthenon; and they have this important character in the history of art, that they prove Grecian art not only to have reached its highest displays by gradual steps, but that it had its origin in Asia Minor; so that the connexion is close between the Athenian and Persian developments.

The date assigned to this monument is 740 B.C., and the style of its sculptures not only indicates that their date is remote, but that they were the germ of the grace, the beauty, and dignity of the most celebrated Greek works. Several of the marble fragments, most probably belong to a still more distant period, for they present both in costume and character, drapery and action, decidedly primitive Asiatic features.

With regard to the localities where these marbles were found, and the difference of style which characterizes the specimens of Lycian art, as compared with those executed by the Greeks, after their conquest of Xanthus, we have the following account and remarks:

On the Acropolis, which must have formed the city of the earliest inhabitants, were found all the works of a peculiar eastern character,—the works of the Troes and of the Tramelæ. The cemeteries of these people are marked as theirs, by their formation, by being generally cut in the rock, by their sculpture, and the characters of the inscriptions; these tombs are principally in the rocky cliffs to the south-east. The city, built in the manner of the Grecks, seems to have been added to that of the early people, but its style of building does not appear to have extended over the old Acropolis. In this Greek-built district the sculpture and inscriptions are Greek; and, from the subjects of the bas-reliefs, the place must have contained buildings with friezes, representing the capture of the early city—so accurately illustrating the description given in Herodotus, that I could almost fancy that the neighbouring historian had written his history from this frieze, commemorating an event which happened about a century before his era. The cemeteries of this people are very extensive, spreading for two miles towards the south-east of the city, and also on the western side of the river. All these are sarcophagi, bearing Greek inscriptions. These cities, we read, were conquered by Brutus, and the description of the capture is fully borne out by the present position of the walls. The Roman conqueror appears to have destroyed most of the buildings of the city, which must have been crowded with temples and public edifices. The materials of these, with reversed capitals, cornices, inscriptions, and even statues, now form walls of

fortification to all the surrounding heights, and mostly built with cement: these range over an extent of some miles in circuit. I have found no Roman tombs or inscriptions, nor have I seen any sculpture or art of that people, excepting the piling together of walls. The next conquest appears to have been the effort of nature; evident marks of destruction and disjointing by the shocks of earthquakes are visible. This was probably either at the period of the destruction of the Colossus of Rhodes (B.C. 214), or at the time mentioned by Tacitus (A.D. 17), since which period I see no reason to believe that any but a solitary hermit has inhabited this city. A Turkish khan, probably used half a century ago, has been constructed amidst the ruins: it has fallen to decay, and the present inhabitants of the district live in huts and tents scattered around, but not amidst the ruins of the ancient city.

The frieze, commemorating an event about a century before the era of Herodotus, is remarkable both as a picture and a history, conveying in the most graphic manner a distinct idea of the capture of the city. Then with regard to the artistic composition and execution, these merit high praise. The groupings in almost every instance tell their own story; and the way in which the conception is developed manifests great skill of the hand and in the use of the chisel; for while the figures bound with life and are in striking accordance with nature, so free yet delicate and careful is the touch and the finish, that the minutest points of contour and of drapery are well brought out.

Some of the bas-reliefs,—those representing processions of men,—exhibit figures about a foot and a half high; while others with horses and chariots, are nearly double this dimension. The horses in some instances, are thought by judges to excel those in the sculptures of the Parthenon; being more natural and more delicately finished. The expression as well as the action of several of the figures is the admiration of sculptors. The statues are much mutilated, but enough remains of them to evidence that a bold taste dictated the conception of them, and surprising skill the details, even to the fluttering lightness of the apparel in the case of certain female figures.

The sculptures are for the most part of Parian marble, and they also mostly, although mutilated, present a freshness and finish as if the chisel had recently elaborated the surface. This extreme degree of preservation, of course, chiefly characterises the specimens which had not been exposed to the weather, but buried among the ruins. With regard to the disposal of the marbles in the British Museum, we can only at present state that the tomb, a few of the more perfect statues, and several fragments of the friezes, are placed in the vestibule which leads to the Elgin gallery. The rest are to be brought from the vaults below, cleaned, and put together, as soon as can conveniently be accomplished; when there will be ample opportunity

for artists and amateurs to appreciate the merits and value of the collection, as well as for the public to have their minds opened and improved by the creations of art. Then too will the archæologist be supplied with data upon which to speculate, perhaps to the correction and amplification of our knowledge of the most civilized nations of antiquity. Nor must we fail to predict, and with perfect assurance, that ere long the country will come to a sense of the value of Mr. Fellowes's services, to whose knowledge, enthusiasm, and perseverance the Museum is indebted for the possession of these great treasures. Contrast this grateful sentiment with the indignation with which certain officials and persons in power will be visited, when it is known, that in consequence of their vandalism the country not only has been prevented from obtaining, all but gratuitously, and at the most trifling expense, such a collection of inestimable antique sculptures as would alone have filled a grand museum, but that those which have at length been deposited in our national repository, though but a handful, comparatively speaking, would never, it is probable, have reached our shores. Our extracts from the narrative of Mr. Fellowes can require no comment, nor any very pointed allusions on our part to individuals. That account, though incidentally and as delicately as duty could allow, will lastingly expose the indifference and perverseness of sundry persons and boards from which other things might have been looked for. But it may vex and exasperate our readers still farther, when it is distinctly stated that not merely is much wanted to complete the pieces which have been removed, but that the specimens, of which we are now enabled to form a pretty accurate estimate, were merely a few of such as lie on the surface; that they were found in one spot, about a quarter of a mile in extent; that while but a scanty sample of those of Xanthus was removed, Mr. Fellowes has discovered thirteen other ruined cities, each containing works of art; and that only a few days were devoted in the present instance to the business of discovery, with all the other inadequacies and apathies already pointed to. But we have not yet mentioned what has been done, nor what may be the gatherings-in of future explorers. Enough has been discovered and performed to show to other nations where, for the asking, fifty-fold more might have been got; sufficient have been the riches gathered on the top of the ruins to tempt other countries to dig to the bottom.

We have not patience to proceed farther with the expression of regrets at opportunities lost; nor can we trust ourselves to speak of the inexplicable conduct of Captain Graves, or any of the other positive hindrances which Mr. Fellowes had to encounter. The negative were sufficiently provoking; but why should apparently deliberate obstacles have been thrown in the way? Why should so much diplomacy and time have been wasted, when only about eighty tons of stone were brought away?

A few facts more, and we have done for the present. One of the rarest monuments, ready for exportation, was left behind; the sculptnres, which had been carefully packed in cases, were opened at Malta, and pitched down into the hold of the vessel that brought them to England like so much ballast; the marks of abrasion and stains of dirt are yet visible on many of them; and in one instance a Grecian hero bears on his shield the initials of some British tar scratched with a knife.

ART. V.—*A Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland and the Isles.* By JAMES WILSON. 2 vols. Edinburgh. Black.

YACHTING in the Mediterranean and along the shores of classic lands bids fair to become a fashion with our aristocracy; and it is one to be applauded. It is in keeping with the grandest features in our history, and departed will be our might when at the thoughts of the sea Britons turn sick; it is worthy of the people of an ocean-girt isle; and never, while our daintily-bred dames brave the deep in quest of novelties, shall the effeminacy of town-life or the luxuries which opulence can always command, be able to charm away the manhood of the nation. But we would not have our pleasure-voyagers forget home and Albion's coasts, where our jolly tars are bred, where nature has been wondrously prodigal of beauty and varied magnificence; and where, too, story is ever ready to serve you with the most soul-stirring and romantic passages. We therefore would with heartiest welcome have received Mr. Wilson's volumes, even although there had been in them but one-half of the entertainment and novelty which they offer; nor are we without the trustful feeling that his book will wile to the strands and to many a creek of our domestic territory, ere another summer has fled, some from among the upper walks of our unaffected lovers of the picturesque, some of the wise and the good, who cherish a generous curiosity,—a sentiment which we hold to be in beautiful harmony with real beneficence in whatever sphere for action its exercise can have scope.

Mr. Wilson's volumes are the production of a richly-furnished mind, and of an enthusiast. They abound with ornate descriptions; with anecdotes and stories characteristic of the parts and of the people visited; with scientific and antiquarian notices;—a genial and manly sentiment in every passage giving a most acceptable flavour to the whole. In a word it is the production of the fittest sort of Scotchman to do justice to the ways of Scotland. Hearty and happy, observant and informed, hospitably entertained wherever he went, and as true an appreciator of the fire-side comforts, whether lowland or highland, as he is warm in his admiration of nature, or of the sim-

plicities and unsophistications in any shape, his volumes afford reading of a useful as well as a highly attractive class. Our only objections are hardly of such a nature in respect of a work of this kind, as to affect its merits; for they mainly relate to externals, and that slightly:—Mr. Wilson's style is over-polished and dressed, and therefore too fine to be always equal to the needs and character of his subjects; and what is somewhat worse, his humour has oft the appearance of pains-taking search, rather than of spontaneous and irrepressible burst; the ornamental elaborated language in these cases particularly having far less the character of coy or quaint beauty than of forced fancy.

Mr. Wilson enjoyed a rare opportunity for making his voyage, and such indeed as hardly any single individual, unless master of a yacht, can look forward to; for it was in the Princess Royal, a Government cutter of 103 tons, built for the fishery service, and in company with the Secretary of the Commissioners of that board, that he sailed; starting from Greenock on the 17th June, 1841. We now must cite a few passages, and without regard to connexion of incident, reminiscence, character, or scenery, unless the inherent matter be considered alone; for in this respect there are many specific as well as generic kinships. And yet while touching at island after neighbouring island, and in such out-of-the-world ways as among the islands and the deeply indented coasts of Scotland, there is sufficient diversity, at the same time that our author's sympathies are adequately enlarged and his fancy amply luxuriant, to furnish on each occasion agreeable fare. One word more,—persons who may imagine that the bleak shores of the main land of Scotland, and still more that the small islands, scattered like sentinels in the adjacent waters, must be barren of points for the tourist's attention, or if not entirely so, that these characteristics have been often enough described to forbid much fresh entertainment now, will find themselves mistaken on a perusal of this book. It is true a number of years may elapse before any considerable change is manifested by the people of such unfrequented spots; and there may be few things over which the spirit of innovation can ever exercise a sway. But then these very simplicities and singlenesses afford to the observant and accurate mind, topics that must necessarily elicit distinct views and portraitures, so as to become illustrative of classes of truths that are universal; at the same time that we naturally take a special interest in the primitive, the strikingly indicative, and whatever may seem destined to undergo a vast change, such as steam must work in the regions under notice.

But there are many novelties to the great majority of mankind to be observed, and that must also awaken speculation as well as reflection, both profitable and amusing, in the character, the aspect, and the annals of a Scottish islet dropt as if at random and to be un-

cared for amid the waves of the mighty main and raging sea. When we come, for example, to St. Kilda, that has been not only so stationary during the rapid march of mind and manners, and which offers comparatively so few susceptibilities for revolution or alternation, the reader will yet find that the limited sphere has points for contemplation which are strongly attractive, and that will not soon loose hold of his sympathy.

Rusticity if it amount not to rudeness, and backwardness if it have the element of primitive life rather than of irremovable stupidity, will always interest, will ever be within the scope of the picturesque. For instance, when we are informed that in fishing for crabs, the men poke them behind, as soon as seen crawling along below, with their long staves; that these crustaceans, the moment they feel themselves thus molested, turn round to revenge the indignity, which indignity is extended by a slight shaking of the pole, as if the fisherman were in pain or terror, and that the angry creatures clinging all the closer are thus rapidly hoisted into the boat,—we meet with an illustration of simplicity that is agreeable to the imagination, proving at the same time that the person who first practised this method must have been an experimenter as well as an observer. One must also suppose that the disciples of such a discoverer are led by their practice to trains of reflection of a proper and instructive kind; one of these trains perhaps being similar to that which guided the author to this moral, "that neither crab nor Christian should ever lose his temper."

It would afford no information, and therefore no interest, were we merely to name the places and points at which our Voyager touched, or were we only to catch at some specific notice or peculiarity. It will be more satisfactory to give samples, both as regards subject and mode of treatment; having our eye to a few of the passages that appear to present things the least familiar to the generality of people. We first of all land at Canna, and have along with an account of, to most *Englishers*, an unheard-of island, that of a spot in the deep to which a *knowing* few steadily direct their course.

Canna, though small in itself, may be regarded as a central point among our Hebrides. It is exactly half way between the Mull of O'e, the most southern part of Islay, and the Butt of Lewis, the most northern portion of the western isles; and it is also nearly equidistant from South Uist upon its western, and the coast of Inverness-shire on its eastern side. Our friends could therefore behold a vast tract of Skye and the Outer Hebrides, of Mull and the Mainland, with Coll, Tiree, and countless other islands. * *

The proprietor of Canna keeps eighty milk cows, and so must be rather well off both for cream and butter. He has also, of course, other stock in the way of cattle, besides 300 sheep, and never houses his beasts, with the exception of cows about to calve. He was formerly tenant of the island, but being successful in farming and other things (Canna lies a long

way from the Custom House), he was enabled to make the purchase for himself. The want of a regular mode of conveyance must be of disadvantage, but we understand that dealers make their way here from all quarters of the country notwithstanding. About fifty years ago a fat cow sold for 2l., and now he obtains 7l. for two-year-old stots and heifers. When a calf dies, the people are in use to take off its skin and lay it loosely on another calf, and so the cow allows the latter to suck her, and herself to be milked, which she would not otherwise do but for this device—which, however, is probably known to the pastoral experience of other districts. Mr. M'Neill has a couple of large farms on the other side of the island, which are let. The population, by the recent census, we understand to have been 260. The Canna-nites are a peculiar people (for these parts) in their religious persuasion, being all Roman Catholics, except the laird's and one other family. Both parties, however, are upon an equality in this respect, that there is a church—for neither. But once a month the minister from Eig, and the priest from that island, come over in separate boats (we could scarcely expect rivals to row in the same) on Saturday evening, to officiate on the ensuing day—the former in the "Muckle hoose," as the laird's is called, and the other in some smaller, or, at least, less favoured dwelling. * * At a short distance from the landing-place are the remains of an old chapel, and a stone cross carved with the figure of a man on horseback. The people of Canna fish a good deal with the long line, and both catch and cure ling.

We next alight upon certain fishing-ground at Loch Ainort:—

Having run into Scalpa Sound, Loch Ainort opened on us. Outside its mouth were several curing vessels, lying, as we thought, too close upon the fishing-ground; so, in order that we might neither show nor imitate a bad example, we came to anchor at some distance within the Sound. Large shoals of herrings had been ascertained to be in this quarter, and numerous fishing-boats were lying along shore on both sides, their nets drying on the beaches, and little tent-like habitations, made of sails, erected here and there, for the accommodation of those who had arrived from a distance. From some of these ascended diagonally streaming wreaths of pale blue smoke, but ere long, as the evening shadows fell around us, the fires seemed extinguished, and the various boats were seen shooting out from every creek and bay towards the fishing-grounds. They are not allowed to place their nets either before sunset or after sunrise, lest the shoals should take alarm. As this was the first fishery of any importance we had as yet fallen in with, we felt anxious to witness the proceedings, so retiring to bed soon after twelve, we rose again before two, and taking our small boat, were in the midst of the herring fleet just as they had begun to draw. Several were unsuccessful, some only partially so, while others, which we came along-side of higher up Loch Ainort, were hauling in the treasures of the deep like countless wedges of pure silver. Their drifts were shot across the Loch, some boats having five or six barrels of nets, others as many as eight or nine. A barrel measure extends about a hundred yards, the nets are attached together, the whole forming what is called the *drift*, which, being shot in a straight line, is anchored at either end with heavy stones, and supported immediately by corks and buoys. The breadth of the net is four or five fathoms, and it

hangs in the water perpendicularly, its lower edge being kept down by pieces of lead. It was a curious sight to see the busy brawny-armed boatmen hauling up these great black bundles of meshes, with the brilliant fishes sticking to them by the gills, and forming spots and stripes of silver. The net, as it uprose from the deep, might have been almost likened to a portion of the heavens above, so varied was the grouping of its constellations. Sometimes a black extent of pitchy darkness, then a solitary twinkling star, next "shining out by twos and threes," anon a blaze of light, followed by glittering though more scattered gems, a spangle here and there, with dimmer "plæiads" intermingled. Many of these marine celestials were cunning enough, however, to enact a kind of Highland fling with their tails, the moment they found themselves drawn upwards, and so succeeded in tumbling into the water. These, we fear, were "lost plæiads." The *take* was not, upon the whole, a great one, but sufficient to show us the usual style and mode of working, one man managing the ground-line, and another that by which the nets are suspended, and so massing the depth together, and bundling the whole inwards over the gunwale of the boat. In one or two of the nets the herrings were very equally distributed among the higher and lower meshes, but in others, which had been among the least successful, it was only to the latter that any fish were found adhering. We infer from this, either that the shoal in partial spots had taken alarm, and sunk into deeper water, or that particular nets had been suspended too near the surface. Every thing, however, was conducted with great propriety; and although many boats had both to cast and haul in the immediate vicinity of each other, there was no squabbling nor quarrelling among the crews. Possibly the august presence of the Princess Royal may have exercised a benign influence on their sometimes contentious spirits.

The parish of Loch Broom supplies some good anecdotes,—Braon, or Braom, signifying a shower of drizzle. This parish, it is related, possessed a very *powerful* preacher in the troublous times of 1745, of the name of Robertson, although he was usually distinguished by the name of the "Strong Minister," a title, according to the following particulars, which he certainly merited:—

While present one day during divine service in the church of Fearn, a Gothic kind of building, covered with immense grey flags in place of slates, the roof came suddenly down upon the congregation. Mr. Robertson remained upright, and making his way to the principal door, perceived that the lintel was giving way at one end; he instantly placed his shoulder beneath it, and stood in that supporting position till those who belonged to the movement party made their escape. He then re-entered among the crumbling ruins, and extricated his clerical friend from beneath the sounding-board of the pulpit, under which he lay ensconced, with the addition of stones and rubbish. Having afterwards gone to London on business connected with the politics of the period, he was introduced to the Duke of Newcastle, who gave him a fair promise of pardon to one Hector Mackenzie, a condemned retainer of the Earl of Cromarty. The Duke, on his departing, proffered him his hand, which the Ministeir làidir squeezed with such energy

that his Grace reiterated his promise twice over, and the man was saved. He (the Minister, not of State, but of Loch Broom) was once attacked in his own parish by two strong ruffians, to the child of one of whom he had refused baptism, on the score of the parent's unsuitable character and qualifications. Finding him at some distance from the manse, they threateningly renewed their application for the ordinance, which was as resolutely refused, upon which the fellows laid violent hands upon their pastor, swearing they would never let him go till he complied. "A desperate struggle ensued, and Donald, perceiving that the minister was stronger than himself and his neighbour, drew his dirk, and inflicted a deep wound on Mr. Robertson's right arm; notwithstanding which he beat them both, and sent Donald home again to study his catechism!" It happened curiously enough, at an after period, that while crossing the Thames in a boat, Mr. Robertson was assailed by a stentorian voice from one of the hulks in the river—"O! a Mhaisteir Seumas, am bheil thu' g'am fhàgails' an so?"—Oh! Mr. James, are you going to leave me here? Recognising instantly the speaker's voice, he answered, "Ah! a Dhònuil, bhiel cuimhn agad air l'a na biodaig?" —"Ah! Donald, do you remember the day of the dirk?" This was rather a home-thrust, which the despairing convict tried to parry with, "Och a Mhaisteir Seumas, is olc an t-áite cuimhnachan *so*,"—Oh! Mr. James, bad place for remembrance is *this*. And here the conversation ceased, but the minister, in the true spirit of his holy calling, lost no time in employing his influence, which was considerable (he had from the first espoused the Hanoverian cause, and been personally serviceable to Lord Loudon and President Forbes, on their retreat from Inverness to the Western Islands, on the return of the then victorious clansmen from the battle of Falkirk), and succeeded in obtaining a pardon for his enemy. The reader will be glad to learn, that after the culprit's return to his native country, he commenced and continued one of the most attached and grateful of his reverend benefactor's parishioners.

We now scud to Mr. Wilson's second volume; and shall occupy our readers to the end of our paper with one locality, viz., St. Kilda; which, in the Voyager's papers, is neither barren of facts, nor of forcible suggestiveness. Here fishing, and almost everything which relates to Mr. McNiell's Canna, in the shape of grazing or husbandry of any sort, are nearly unknown; the St. Kildeans being perhaps the most primitive community in the British islands; and also, in spite of their slow changes, one of the most interesting.

In 1698, St. Kilda was hardly ever thought of, and scarcely even known to exist beyond its neighbouring islets. At that period, however, Martin's Voyage communicated some notices of the place and of its people. The inhabitants, according to his report, were in number one hundred and eighty. At present, however, the census gives us but one hundred and five; there appearing to have been in the interval considerable vibrations between these two extremes. In regard to habits, occupation, and character, there seems to have been marvellously little alteration. They are fowlers and harriers; but

after the strangest and most daring fashion; contrasting greatly with their otherwise social manners,—almost their only employment and means of existence being, while dangling in the air among their fearful cliffs, to catch the wild birds that nestle in the precipitous rocks. That they are not fishermen is clear from this, that "they have neither nets nor long lines;" and they are equally destitute in respect of sea-going craft.

We have mentioned that there is only a single boat in St. Kilda, and the same seems to have been the case in Mr. Macaulay's time. One cannot help feeling surprised at this, considering the risk of accident to their single craft, and the frequency with which the cragsmen are intentionally left for several days on the detached islands, while collecting birds and eggs. An accident of the kind alluded to, occurred some time after Mr. Macaulay's visit; that is, in the year 1759. In the beginning of October of that year, nineteen men put to sea from the main island, bound for Borrear; ten of these landed there, while the remaining nine returned towards St. Kilda; but for three successive days the wind blew with such fury, that there was no possibility of landing. The crew sheltered themselves under the lee side of a lofty rock, being nearly starved through cold and hunger. On the fourth day they made for the Bay, though with little hope of safety, and steering for the sandy portion of the beach, they attempted a landing, during which three men were washed away, the six others being thrown upon the beach. The boat was broken to pieces. The unhappy men left at Borrear soon became aware of their own disconsolate situation. They immediately began to collect a store of sea-fowl, probably by that time just upon the wing for southern regions. There was also a small stock of sheep upon the island, and Stallir's subterranean dwelling before mentioned. There they slept securely during night, and loitered away the winter as they best could. On the return of the sea-fowl, in March, they resumed their accustomed occupation, and laid in a large store of birds, sufficient, besides supplying their own necessities, to load the Steward's eight-oared boat. Left on that lonely rock in October, they were not relieved till June. By that time, most of them were clad in sheep-skin, or the feathered garments of the larger sea-fowl tacked together.

The primitive and attractive character of the St. Kildeans cannot be better illustrated than by selecting a representative, and this their head and guardian in temporal as well as spiritual concerns, viz., the Rev. Alexander Buchan, who was the first minister that resided amongst them. He is said to have "introduced the alphabet into the island." This extremely simple and very worthy man published a few notes of passages in his history, one of the most adventurous and prominent of these being a voyage to Glasgow:—

He never imagined that such big houses of stone were made with hands; and for the pavements of the streets, he thought it must needs be altogether natural, for he could not believe that men would be at pains to beat stones into the ground to walk upon. He stood dumb at the door of his lodging with the greatest admiration, and when he saw a coach and two horses, he

thought it to be a little house that they were drawing at their tail, with men in it; but he condemned the coachman for a fool, to sit so uneasy, for he thought it safer on the back of one of the horses. When he went through the streets, he desired to have one to lead him by the hand. Thomas Ross, a merchant, and others, that took the diversion to carry him through the town, asked his opinion of the High Church. He answered that it was a large rock, that there were some in St. Kilda much higher, but that these were the best coves he ever saw; for that was the idea he conceived of the pillars and arches upon which the church stands. When they carried him into the church, he was yet more surprised, and held up his hands with admiration, wondering how it was possible for men to build such a prodigious fabric, which he supposed to be the largest in the universe. He did not think there had been so many people in the world, as in the city of Glasgow; and it was a great mystery to him to think what they could all design by living so many in one place. He wondered how they could all be furnished with provisions; and when he saw big loaves, he could not tell whether they were bread, stone, or wood. He was amazed to think how they could be provided with ale, for he never saw any there that drank water (they have no ale, beer, nor other liquors in St. Kilda). When he observed horses with shoes on their feet, and fastened with iron nails, he could not forbear laughing, and thought it the most ridiculous thing that fell under his observation. He longed to see his native country again, and passionately wished it were blessed with ale, brandy, and tobacco (of which last they are great lovers), and iron, as Glasgow was.

Now, when we say that the present inhabitants of St. Kilda have advanced in the knowledge of the insincere the turmoiled, and the unhappy world, but a few paces beyond the points attained in good Mr. Buchan's time, they must be anxious to learn something more of such a singular people, from the pen of our delightful and delighted voyager:—

On a near approach to the principal island, the first and most conspicuous object which presents itself is a long rugged promontory, called the Dun. This is, in fact, an island, being separated from St. Kilda by a narrow strait, nearly dry at low water, though its general aspect and actual character are those of a sheltering horn of the adjoining bay. It forms the left hand barrier of this bay, as you sail inwards toward the village, and from either side exhibits an extraordinary and striking appearance, from the irregular and almost fantastic form of its upper outline, which seems to present congregated groups of gigantic faces and fantastic forms. This peculiar effect is no doubt owing to portions of the rocky mass having decayed, or been worn away by the moist and wintry winds, while other harder and more enduring portions have withstood their power.

The Rev. Niel Mackenzie, Mr. Buchan's suitable successor in every department, secular as well as holy, welcomed the voyagers:—

We then proceeded onwards to the so-called village, by a narrow road or footpath. The houses, or at least the front ones, form a pretty regular line,

though some are placed farther back or behind the others, so, as in these parts, to make the line double. They run rather inwards and upwards than along the Bay, and have the appearance of being detached from each other, though sometimes two small dwellings join together. As stones are plenty in the island, the walls are of great thickness, or, rather, each wall is double, there being built, first of all, a couple of very strong dykes, within a foot or two of each other, and then the intermediate space is crammed with earth, which fills up all the interstices, and produces a comfortable dwelling. The doorway is very low, and the great thickness of these double walls produces a space as you enter, which may be called a passage. There are generally two rooms together, each apartment being covered by a separate roof, although there are smaller single tenements for widow women and old maids.

Say not that there are no changes of season or vicissitudes of life with these people,—that they have only one uniform contentment analogous to their simplicity and innocence, and pass to their graves unknowing and unknown with a deadening monotony. "Instead of talking of flowers and plants, and the 'leafy umbrage' of the forest, as signs of summer, and of dry and desolate trees as winter's emblems, Mr. Mackenzie spoke of the *cheering influence* of the first arrival of solan geese in spring, and of the dull and gloomy aspect of the rocks in winter, when they are left 'with scarcely a single bird.'" The minister's year book said of November, that "This is the deadest month of the year. The bulk of the fowls having deserted our coast, leaves the rocks so bleak and dead. There is pleasure in seeing anything move in this more than solitary place. Our minds seem to be revived by seeing a few wild fowls, such as swans, geese, woodcocks, and snipes, though the most of them pay us but a short visit on their way, no doubt, to more hospitable climes."

The agriculture of the Kildeans is extremely limited. the little that is done in the way of corn crops as well as the pasture, presenting a system that may be called one of all things being in common. Mr. Mackenzie has induced his flock to adopt some improvements, and to render the use of a few proper tools available. A bribe of a pound and a half of tobacco effected wonders in the way of draining. Several other illustrative particulars occur in the passage we now quote:—

Two or three small horses still exist upon the island (originally imported to carry turf), but they are found to be of no use, and therefore no charge is made for their pasture, and we believe the people would willingly part with them to any person who would carry them away. So whoever desires a cheap horse, we recommend him to proceed forthwith to St Kilda. There are, in all, about fifty cows upon the island, of small size, but yielding a delicious milk, which in the making of cheese, is mingled with that of ewes. There are about 2000 sheep, including those of Borrera and Soa. The Soa sheep are chiefly of the Danish breed, with brown and black wool, and one or two more horns than the usual complement. But the great product of

St. Kilda is feathers, collected, as we have said, by the general population: every working man doing what he can to fill the boat during each excursion to the rocks of neighbouring islands, until the requisite supply has been obtained and stored away. In this way old age and sickness are of no disadvantage to the individual, beyond the physical sufferings which they may entail, for his house; grazing, and fuel privileges belong to him as a member of the community, and the feathers are collected by the able-bodied, who also distribute a due proportion of the general stock of solan goose-flesh, fulmars, and other delicacies, to the feeble and inefficient. Of course, your widow woman and others, who have no husbands to work for the general benefit, are expected, when in health, to do what they can to contribute, in some measure, to their own support, by snaring puffins and other poultry at their convenience; but no one who is really unable to work need fear want, as he is sure of his share from the general stock.

The gardens and garden stuffs are on a very scanty scale in the island inhabited by this small and almost pure republic. But it is gratifying to hear that they cultivate the charities in a praiseworthy manner; and that although the community be slow to depart from any old method—there being a peculiar jealousy if any one differs from, or goes in advance of, his neighbour; always, however, with the exception of the minister,—they are a people who observe the moral law, and many kind and Christian features are engrafted on their system, "such as widows and orphans, or others unable to maintain themselves, being supported by the community in equal proportions;" and this, remember, when the poverty of the whole is great and permanent.

That the inhabitants are not unsusceptible of improvement; that their capacities, if their wills concur, are good, and that to the philanthropist they offer a very interesting and distinct field for the exercise of considerate benevolence, are points rendered manifest in Mr. Wilsons pages. There have resulted from measures of the humane kind alluded to, proofs that cannot be mistaken. The passage we now quote is deserving of circulation, not merely as regards the recipients but the giver:—

Some years ago an accomplished and liberal English gentleman of fortune, Sir Thomas Dyke Ackland, visited St. Kilda, in his yacht, and being much interested by the natives, and distressed by an inspection of their incommodious, and, as he thought, unhealthy dwellings, he left a premium of twenty guineas with the minister, to be given to the first person or persons who should demolish their old house and erect a new one on a more proper and convenient plan. This was certainly a handsome donation on the part of the English baronet, though as small a sum as ever before sufficed to lay the foundation of a modern city. We formerly mentioned, that a characteristic feature in the mental constitution or social polity of the St. Kildeans consisted in their tenacious adherence to uniformity, no man being allowed or at least encouraged, to outstrip his neighbours in any thing leading rather to his own advantage than to the public weal. From this cause it

was some time before any one was bold enough to advance beyond the habits of his ancestors and contemporaries, although, at last, a spirit bolder than the rest made up his mind to proceed in accordance with the plan prescribed. Every obstacle, however, was thrown in his way by his more indolent or aspiring neighbours; and it is probably one disadvantageous result of an otherwise amiable and interesting system almost of community of goods, that it tends to check the exertions of individuals to raise themselves above their neighbours, as the active and intelligent are scarcely in any way better off than the lazy or less enlightened. However, at length the individual alluded to proceeded to the work of demolition and reconstruction, and was followed almost simultaneously by about half a dozen others. A general masonic movement then took place, after which the worthy clergyman, who may be regarded, under the Divine Master, whom he serves so faithfully, as the presiding genius of the island, contrived to prevent undue haste, and that incompleteness of work which might result from hurried labour; and as it was now obvious, that whoever might have had the merit of commencing, all were likely to come to a quick conclusion at one and the same time, it was arranged that the great prize should be shared in equal portions by the heads of houses in the whole community. Thus the ancient city of St. Kilda was razed to its foundations, and one of modern structure erected in its place. * * In speaking of the modern city of St. Kilda, it need not be supposed that the improvements produced were of a very striking or impressive character, or that any signal amelioration of the domestic condition of the people was instantaneously effected. But Mr. Mackenzie endeavoured, while he could not essentially deviate from the old plan, to free it from its greatest vices. He expended the twenty guineas chiefly in small square four-paned windows, so that each dwelling is now pervaded by at least a portion of the light of day.

But before leaving the simple community, and closing the Voyager's volumes, let us behold the minister as well as his flock of fowlers, in some of their more characteristic relations. First, with regard to Mackenzie, who was a more than ordinarily welcome guest in the cutter:—

He ate heartily of several unaccustomed articles, and with an undisguised and almost youthful relish, which it was delightful to look upon. The curry soup and pancakes were thought *surprising*—the malt was swallowed, though deliberately—the wine and liquers were almost entirely avoided. He said he had long led so abstemious a life from necessity (for the pride of the ascetic was far from him, and he knew the lawfulness of the moderate use of all the "creatures of God"), that he had now almost lost the remembrance of these more exciting beverages; and that, as in such forgetfulness they were least missed, he had no desire for any partial renewal of enjoyments which might make him covet what he could never hope to obtain. When pressed after dinner to take another glass of wine, he said, "If you please, I would rather just speak a little more," meaning thereby to express his pleasure in conversing about many things, which were, of course, as dead letters to those among whom he had sojourned for nearly twelve long years.

But while Mr. Mackenzie was enjoying himself on board, and reciprocating civilities, his people had some fears for his fate, imagining that he might be carried away, perhaps to America; in which event they desired to have due intimation, as they were all ready to accompany him were it to the ends of the earth. We now conclude; and do so with a scene illustrative of the principal employment of the men of St. Kilda, the display being at the minister's suggestion. He rose and waved his hat to the people on the cliffs.

Suddenly we could hear in the air above us a faint huzzaing sound, and at the same instant three or four men, from different parts of the cliff, threw themselves into the air, and darted some distance downwards, just as spiders drop from the top of a wall. They then swung and capered along the face of the precipice, bounding off at intervals by striking their feet against it, and springing from side to side with as much fearless ease and agility, as if they were so many school-boys exercising in a swing a few feet over a soft and balmy clover field. Now, they were probably not less that seven hundred feet above the sea, and the cliff was not only perfectly perpendicular in its upper portion, but as it descended it curved backwards, as it were, forming a huge rugged hollow portion, eaten into by the angry lashing of the almost ceaseless waves. In this manner, shouting and dancing, they descended a long way towards us, though still suspended at a vast height in the air, for it would probably have taken all their cordage joined together to have reached the sea. A great mass of the central portion of the precipice was smoother than the wall of a well-built house, and it was this portion especially, which was not only perpendicular, but had its basement arched inwards into an enormous wave-worn grotto, so that any one falling from the summit, would drop at once sheer into the sea. It was on this, the smoother portion of the perpendicular mountain, that one or two of the cragsmen chiefly displayed their extraordinary powers, because, as there was nothing to interrupt either the rapid descent of the rope, or its lateral movement, or their own outward bounds, we could see them sometimes swinging to and fro, after the manner of a pendulum, or dancing in the air with a convulsive motion of the legs and arms (presenting a painful resemblance to men hanging in the agonies of death), or tripping a more light fantastic toe, by means of a rapid and vigorous action of the feet against the perpendicular surface of the rock. These men merely capered for our amusement, but caught no birds, for such was, in fact, the adamantine smoothness of the surface that not even a winged inhabitant of the air could have found rest for the sole of its foot. But on either side, the precipice, though equally steep, was more rugged, and there we could perceive that the cragsmen, having each a rope securely looped beneath his arms, rested occasionally upon his toes, or even crawled, with a spider-like motion, along projecting ledges, and ever and anon we could see them waving a small white fluttering object, which we might have taken for a pocket handkerchief, had we not been told it was a feathery fulmar. They twisted their necks, and then looped their heads into a little nooze or bight of the rope above them, and by the time the men were drawn again to the top of the rock, each carried up a good bundle of birds along with him.

ART. VI.— *The Miscellany of the Spalding Club.* Vol. II. Aberdeen, Printed for the Club.

THE Spalding Club is doing good antiquarian service, by the industry, talent, and judgment which it displays in collecting, editing, and publishing, those historical, ecclesiastical, genealogical, topographical, and literary remains of the north-eastern counties of Scotland, which it was the professed object of the Society to rescue from oblivion and destruction. The papers in the present volume are intrinsically valuable, they offer much variety, and they are excellently set before the reader by the editors, Mr. Stuart and Mr. Robertson. These papers may be divided into two classes, some of them relating to single topics and forming a single document, others consisting of collections from muniment chests, and being named after the family from whom they have been derived. Of the former class we may mention the "Memoir of John second Earl of Perth;" of the latter, "Papers from the Charter-chest of Monymusk."

The collection taken altogether extends over a large space, even from the close of the twelfth century to the middle of the eighteenth, the greater number, however, and the most important in themselves as well as the most illustrative, belonging to the last-named century and the two centuries immediately preceding it; the whole of them, we must repeat, having been edited in a very complete and satisfying manner, whether criticism or illustration be considered.

The original contents of this single volume, arranged and elucidated as these have been by Messrs. Stuart and Robertson, are highly valuable as well as interesting; and this may be safely pronounced of them, regarded in any one of several ways. Unquestionably many of these documents shed a clear and steady light upon the affairs of Scotland, evidencing the manner in which public business was conducted, and even affording glimpses of personal character among the great men of the nation. Again, the state of the country, the social modes, and the manners of the people, are frequently brought out in a striking style. And again, the careful and competent reader cannot but trace the progress of language among the Scotch, as well as the course they took and the advancement they made from a state of semi-barbarism and feudal oppression, towards one of civilization and mental development not now to be surpassed by any people in Europe.

Some of the papers, frequently a single record or communication, nay, an incidental passage, will convey a very full light, such as the historian would fondly welcome as a beacon, whatever might be the country or era upon which he had thrown himself, in order to inform and guide the many. How boundless, for example, were the powers of the crown and council during the earlier portion of the period

illustrated by these papers; and how terrible, resistless, and unmitigated were the extremes to which supreme authority at times carried its measures! All this is known in a general way by every reader of history, and will receive an echoing exclamation. But in order to bring home to the mind a distinct conception of the measureless and remorseless lengths to which the despotism of a rude government would carry its punishments and political tyranny, we shall cite one of the king's letters of "Fire and Sword," in 1528, adressed to the Earl of Murray, to "pass upon the Clan Hatton and Bayenacht" "for to destroy thame alvtherlie."

Forsamekill as Johne M'Kinla, Thomas Makkinla, Ferquhar M'Kinla, brethir, Donald Glass, Anguss Williamsone, his bruthir William, Lauchlane M'Kintoschis son, throcht assistance, and fortifying of all the kin of Clanqubattane, duelland within Baienach, Petty Brauchly, Strathnarne, and vther parties thairabout, committis daly rasing of fire, slauchtir, murthur, heirschippis, [plundering,] and waisting of the cuntre, sa that oure trew liegis in thair partis about thaim may nocht lief in peace, and mak ws seruice. And in speciale, the saidis personis and thair complices hes cumm laitlie to the landis pertening to James Dunbar of Tarbert, in the Bray of Murray, and thair hes rasit fire, sland, and murtharit vj men and twa wemen, and mutilate vther v men, and maid plane heirschip of nolt, scheip, hors, gait, swyne, cornis, and jnsycht, gudis, layand and the land waist, and makand depopulation of the cuntre, and tendis contemption of oure autorite to ourthraw all landis about thaim with thair maisterfull oppressioun, heirschippis, and destruction, and suffir na man to brouk landis that thai may wyn to, and will na wayis obey to oure lawis. And we and our consale avisitlie considerand the grete harmys and contemptionis done be the said kin of Clanquhattane, and thair assistaris, aganis the common wele, hes concludit and determit to mak vtir exterminatioun and destructioun of all that kin, thair assistrais, and parte takaris. And thairfore it is our will, and we charge straitlie and commandis yow, our said lieutenant, and shirreffis foirsaidis, add your deputis, and vtheris, our shirreffis in that part aboue exprimit, that incontinent thir our lettres sene, ye pass all at anys, or as he may cum to, as salbe ordourit be yow, our said lieutenant, with all your prowaris and convocatioun of our liegis in thai partis, in feir of weir, [warlike array,] vpon the said Clanquhattane, and invaid thame to thair vter destructioun, be slauchtir, byrning, drowning, and vthir wayis; and leif na creatur levand of that clann, except preistis, wemen, and barnis. And that ye tak to yourself, for your laubouris, all thair gudis that may be apprehendit, and hald the samyn to your avne vse; and thair attour ye shall haue reward of ws for your gude seruice in the premissis. And gif ony prsonis assistis to thame, that is nochte of thair kin, or takis thair parte, that ye invaid thai assistaris, in lykenwyse as the principale, to thair vtir destructioun. For the quhikis inuasionis, slauchteris, birningis, taking of gudis, or vthir skathis, done or to be done vpon the said Clanquhattane, or thair assisteris, thair sall neuir actioun nor cryme be impute to you, ner vtheris, our trew liegis, doaris, or committaris thairof; nor accusatioun, nor restitutioun follow thairupon in the law, nor by the law, in tyme to cum. Bot all schairpnes done and to be done upon thame salbe

haldin and repute lauchfull, and richtuuslie done, be command of ws and oure consale, for the common wele of oure realme; and als that he tak the wemen and barnis of the said clan to sum partis of the sey, nerrest land, quhair schippis salbe forsene on our expenssis, to saill with thame furth of our realme, and land with them in Jesland, Zesland, or Norway; becaus it wer inhumanite to put handis in the blude of women and barnis. This ye do, and ilkane of yow for your owne parte, as ye lufe the common wele of our realme, and will haue thank of ws thairfore and ansuier to ws thairvpoun. The quhilk to do we committ to yow, coniunctlie and seueralie, our full powar be thir our lettres,

What chance in those days if a family became obnoxious to the crown and council? What if a vassal fell under the displeasure of his chief, especially where that feudal despotism existed which came under the name of "heritable jurisdiction." And then of what value was a man's life if he had not *gentle bluid* in his veins, or was not *kith or kin* to the Laird,—no, not within the range of cousin *saxteen times removed?* An answer to the query comes accidentally and quaintly out, together with an unexpected degree of scientific liberality, in the following passage, taken from an "Act for Delyverie of Dead Bodies to the Colledge of Aberdene," dated 1636. The warrant is granted by the Lords of the Secret Council.

They findeing the desire thairof to be reasonable, thairfore the saids Lords gives and grants warrand and direction, be thir presents, to the sheriffs, and provest, and baillies of Aberdene and Bamff, to delyver to the said supplicant tua bodies of men, being notable malefactors, executte in thair bounds, especialie being rebells and outlawis; and failzeing of thame, the bodies of the poorer sort, dieing in hospitalls, or abortive bairness, fundlings, or of these of no qualitie, who hes died of thare diseases, and has few freinds or acquaintance that can take exception, and this be the approbation of the bishop of Aberdene, chanceller of that vniversitie, and one of his Majesties privie councell, who may caus vse the said warrand with suche moderatioun and discretion as nather the vniversitie may wrong anie man of qualitie, nor be impedit be anie evill disposed persons, without a lawfull caus and entres.

There was in this order and warrant an evident wish to encourage anatomical science; although the cheapness of the provision, and the *no qualitie sort*, are circumstances not to be overlooked.

Many traits of personal character are discoverable in these papers, just as there is a great number of broader and therefore of historical illustrations, as our first extract must have shown. The letter we now quote, from James VI. to the Laird of Arbuthnot, will be admitted to be strikingly characteristic both of the man's poverty and manner of begging, having been written on the eve of his wedding banquet.

Richt traist friend, we greit yow weil. Our mariage now, at Godis pleasour, being concludit, and the Queene our bedfellow horlie louked to

arrive, it becummis ws to haue sic as accumpanies hir weill and honorablie interteinet, as our ambassadoure hes fund the lyk in pruif already. To the furtherance quhairof, we mon employ the gudewill of our loving subiects, of best effectioun and habilitie, and thairfor eirnistlie and effectwuslie desyris yow that ye will send hither to the help of the honorable charges to be maid in this actioun, sic quantitie of fatt beif and muttoun on futt, vyld foullis, and venysoun, or vther stuff meitt for this purpois, as possiblie ye may provide and furneueis, of your awin, or be your moyane, and expeid the samyn heir with all diligence, efter the ressait of this our letter, and delyuer it to our seruitour, Walter Neasch, master of our lairdner, quhome we haue appoyntit to reassaue the saymn, and gif his ticket thairvpon. That we may particularlie knaw the gude willis of all men, and acknawledge it accordinglie, quhen tyme servis; and that ye delyuer your ticket of that quhilk ye send, to ane of our master householdis, quha sall attend thairvpon, aduertising him quhat salbe lipnit for, [what may be expected,] that we be nocht disappointit; as ye will do ws richt acceptable pleasour and service. And sa for the present committis yow to God. At Edinburght, the penult day of August, 1589.

JAMES R.

With regard to the illnstration of the condition of the people, nationally speaking,—of their modes of life, of their notions, appliances, &c.,—we have numerous side-lights, and several that are quite direct. Down to a very late period, prior to *forty-five*, the agriculture of Scotland must have been in a deplorable state, and the comforts and conveniences of existence surprisingly limited, according to the notions which obtain at the present day. A "Memorandum by Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk, one of the first Scottish agricultural improvers," affords us a full idea of the backwardness referred to. "In my early days," says he, "soon after the Union, husbandry and manufactures were in low esteem." Turnips were wondered at; wheat was almost confined to East Lothian; there were few enclosures, and very little planting; the roads were all bad; no coach or chaise, and few carts, north of the Tay. In 1720 he could not, in a chariot, get his wife from Aberdeen to Monymusk. He proceeds with his details.

Mr. Lockart of Carnwath, author of Memoirs, the first that attempted raising or feeding cattle to size. Mrs. Miller of [ ], who had made noise about [ ], the first who attempted threed or fine linnen; and the Miss Walkenshaws succeeded. These first took place about Glasgow and Renfrew, by which, and other industry, their towns made rapid encrease; Edinburgh then, and most others, having little but retail trade. Aberdeen was then poor and smalle, haveing some Dutch and French trade by salmond, and stockings, and sergs, and plaiding; had first use of tae, then very scarce, and little used at Edinburgh, supplyd Edinburgh with French wines, where, notwithstanding towns dueties, it sold in retail in and from taverns, at 10*d.* per chopping or English quart. Few families, except dealers, had it in cask for [ ] use, haveing it from taverns, which were then much used; and table and body linnen seldom shifted, and but

course, except for extraordinary occasions, moveing necks and sleeves of better kinds being then used by best. Many mud, wooden, and thatched houses, within the gates of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; few others without gates there or in other towns. The churches, abbys, castles, and all large stone edifices [ ] by foreign contributions, or the slavery and want of other employ of the people, and all in friendship aideing each other. Nobles and chiefs were tyrants, and kings according to dispositions, by their means. After union of crowns, (before that of nations) privy council tyrannicall, and neither fixed property or liberty. All improvements of security, husbandry, manufactures, commerce, or police, are since 1707; with which literature in any extensive degree, except scool jargon, hath keeped pace.

Lord Lovat's account, in a letter, of his journey from Inverness to Edinburgh, in the year 1740, corroborates Monymusk's details, indicating that, down to the period of the rebellion, whatever the materials may be which the annals of Scotland furnish at that era for romance, economical and social improvement was stationary. There are several of Lovat's epistles in the collection, and some of them reciprocate with what is notoriously known of his unprincipled character, views that would be serviceable in any biography of the man. The journey described by him had an intriguing reference and a cunning foresight to the restoration of the Stuarts. This is the document which pictures the state of the roads in the North about the middle of the eighteenth century.

I came off on Wednesday the thirteenth of July from my own house, dined at your sisters, and did not halt at Inverness, but came all night to Corribrough, with Evan Baillie and Duncan Fraser, and my chariot did very well. I brought my wheel-wright with me the length of Avimore, in case of accidents, and there I parted with him, because he declard that my chariot woud go safe enough to London; but I was not eight miles from the place, when on the plain road, the axletree of the hind-weels broke in two, so that my girles were forced to go on bare horses behind footmen, and I was obliged to ryde myself, though I was very tender, and the day very cold. I came with that equipage to Ruthven late at night, and my chariot was pulld there by force of men, where I got an English wheel-wright, and a smith, who wrought two days mending my chariot; and after paying very dear for their work, and for my quarters two nights, I was not gone four miles from Ruthven, when it broke again, so that I was in a miserable condition till I came to Dalnakeardach, where my honest landlord, Charles M'Glassian, told me that the Duke of Athole had two as good workmen at Blaire as were in the kingdom, and that I would get my chariot as well mended there as at London. Accordingly I went there, and stayd a night, and got my chariot very well mended by a good wright and good smith. I thought then I was pretty secure till I came to this place. I was storm stayd two days at Castle Drummond, by the most tempestuous weather of wind and rain that I ever remember to see. The Dutches of Perth and Lady Mary Drummond were excessively kind and civil to my daughters, and to me, and sent their chamberlaine to conduct me to Dumblaine, who

happened to be very useful to us that day: for I was not three miles gone from Castle Drummond, when the axletree of my fore wheels broke in two, in the midst of the hill, betwixt Drummond and the Bridge of Erdoch, and we were forced to sit in the hill with a boisterous day till chamberlain Drummond was so kind as to go down to the Strath and bring wrights, and carts, and smiths, to our assistance, who dragged us to the plain, where we were forcd to stay five or six hours till there was a new axletree made, so that it was dark night before we came to Dumblaine, which is not eight miles from Castle Drummond, and we were all much fatigud. The next day we came to Lithgow, and the day after that we arrived here, so that we were twelve days on our journey by our misfortunes, which was seven days more than ordinary.

Another of Lord Lovat's stories, exaggerated or not, as regarded the facts of the particular case described, conveys a very perfect idea of the manners of the time, as these were cherished and enforced by the highland chiefs. But before quoting this our last extract, let us again direct attention to the way in which the language of the nation was marching towards its present form. This appears to have taken much greater strides in regard to spelling than style; for if even the earliest of our samples be examined and recast to no greater extent than the change of letters, to meet the accepted pronunciation, it will be seen that the construction of the passage has a connected, a plain, and forcible texture, that would have lost in real literary qualities if more verbosely or fancifully dressed. Such specimens, according to our thinking, are happily free alike of the dull repetitions of modern enactments, and of the rhetorical flourishes of expounders,—blemishes that attach to the artificial nature of our taste, and the complication of our ideas. But now for the drunken broil, upon which the narrator loves to expatiate with a venomous spite.

As to Sir James Grant, he is a poor weak man, that most people despise, and his own wicked son despises him more than any, and for the famous young laird, he has usd me allways as if I was an old fool, which I do not conceall from the world; and when his father askd my assistance when he was going to London, I refus'd it, and told him that his son usd me very ill, and that I woud make it publickly known. I thank God, he uses many ill as well as me, and his character now is torn to pieces. His late behaviour to Dalrachany has given him a finishing stroake, and occasioned the unhappy sickness of good Lady Margaret, his wife. The way that that story is publickly reported in this town, which is vouched by letters from Strathspey, is, that the Laird of Grant and Dalrachany, and one or two more, having drunk a hearty bottle, Grant received a letter by express from the Earle of Murray, and, after reading it, he said that it was an impertinent insolent letter; and Dalrachany, thinking to mitigate and soften the laird, said that there were some things in that letter that were not so much amiss. Upon which the laird called him rogue and raskall, and took up his hand, as some say, with a kayne, and gave Dalrachany a blow. Dalrachany got

up, and told him that he would suffer that blow from him as his chief, but that he woud not suffer the second blow of any subject; and the laird redoubilng his blow, Dalrachany engaged with him, and took him by the collar, and, endeavouring to throw him down, he tore the laird's coat, waistcoat, and shirt down to his breeches; and when he threw him down, he thresh'd him most heartily, till the laird roard and cryd. Upon which Lady Margaret that was in the next room, came in, and seeing her husband in that pickle, she roard and cryd, and was so frightened that her head turned, and is since dilirious. I leave you to judge how that gentleman will be beloved and respected in his own country.

ART. VII.—*A Sketch of the History of the Knights Templars.* By JAMES BURNES, LL.D., F.R.S., Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order. New Edition. Illustrated with Plates. Edinburgh, William Blackwood and Sons.

THE very name of the "Knights Templars" bears with it a spell of enchaining power. It "comes o'er the ear" of our awakened fancy with the startling yet welcome appeal of the war-trump to the youthful soldier, as he recognises the signal of his maiden-charge. Or it is like the softer voice of some early and long-forgotten melody, whose tones have yet lingered in the recesses of the spirit,—awaiting but the charm of some kindred association to call forth their sleeping echoes, and restore to us the vivid perceptions and finer sensibilities that characterized the dreams of our boyhood. The dazzling and soul-exciting scenes of the Crusades were amongst the earliest, as well as the most cherished, of our youthful themes of contemplation. We loved to contrast, under every change of heroic fortune, the high and glorious achievements of the rival chivalry of the east; now dwelling, with enforced admiration, on the noble courage and lofty magnanimity of the imperious and haughty Saladin; and anon bestowing our deeper homage, as the proud fervour of chivalric enthusiasm—the unbending temperament and resolute daring of the renowned and puissant "Cœur de Leon," engaged our alternate sympathies. The gleams of barbaric grandeur of sentiment that shone forth, amid the gloom of his wilder passions, in the mind of the pagan warrior—the fitful flashes of haughty resentment that lit up the jealous shadows in the soul of Richard—with a thousand contrarieties of mood and action that distinguished the opposing chiefs, by turns challenging our esteem and disapproval—rendered the varying and doubtful strife between them a subject of divided and often-changing interest. But amid all the variations of capricious fate, the Militia of the Temple still claimed an unabated tribute of respect. Their steady and indomitable courage, the patient energy and active zeal of their exertions in the high and meritorious cause to which their vows had devoted them, called forth, under every variation of

incident, the increased testimonies of our admiration and applause. Grand yet terrible were the scenes that mingled with the lofty and heroic being of the Knight Templar. The strife of the battle-field was the element of his existence. We may behold him, perchance, at intervals, seated at the luxurious board of princes, where the presiding influence of female beauty softens the stern and severe traits of martial dignity; yet it is but for the moment of needed repose; and even then, amid the fascinations and splendours of the festive hour, his absent gaze and solemn aspect sufficiently attest that his thoughts are with the impending conflict of the morrow, or with the battle-strife of the preceding day. That grave unbending demeanour may accord itself with no lighter mood of feeling than that which should distinguish a sworn champion of the cross—a soldier of the militia of the Most High! Well has the gentle author of the "Faërie Queene" pourtrayed the sacred warrior of the Temple:

> And on his brest a bloudie crosse he bore,
> The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
> For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
> And dead, as living, ever him ador'd;
> Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
> For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
> Right, faithfull, true, he was in deede and word;
> But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
> Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

The magnificent stanza we have just quoted reminds us of Saint Bernard's striking expression in regard to the manners and conduct of the members of the order, as they fell under his own experienced observation:

> Equites Christi intus fide, foras ferro non auro se muniunt, non turbulenti aut impetuosi, et quasi ex levitate præcipites, sed consultè atque cum omni cautelâ et providentiâ se ipsos ordinentes, et disponentes in aciem, juxta quod de patribus scriptum est. Ita denique vero, quodam ac singulare modo, cernuntur et agnis mitiores et leonibus ferociores.

We are fairly taken captive by the spell that attracts us, as our imagination glances from scene to scene, throughout the long and eventful drama of the Crusades. The mighty and enduring struggle of Christendom to implant the banner of her faith on the towers held sacred as the scene of her prophet's ministrations, shows itself in every phase of defeat and of triumph! We now behold the devoted champions plying their dark engines of fear against the tottering bastions of some opposing city; and anon, the gusty echoes of the rolling fight extend themselves over the startled tranquillity of the wilderness. Hark to the tramp of the advancing legions, as they shake the very heavens in their course. Behold the dread magnifi-

cence of those gleaming banners, which seem to wave a haughty defiance, as they approach the arena of the coming strife. How does the lightning-glance of heroic zeal kindle into glowing animation the darkly-frowning features of each rival warrior; while the dilated and quivering nostril, the redly-straining eye, and the starting veins of his noble charger, evince how keenly the latter shares in the excitement of approaching peril! Mark how the snowy mantles of the "Knights of Christ," ensigned with the suffering-emblem of the Redeemer, contrast with the gaudy and ostentatious panoply of the Saracen chieftains; and note, too, how emphatically that "bloudie crosse," impressed with such glowing distinctness on its field of spotless purity, opposes itself to the glimmering and characteristic symbol of its benighted adversaries. Now is the air obscured by a countless multitude of arrows and javelins, big with the fate of many a valiant soldier! The rival cries of "Bauseant!" and of "Allah!" strengthen the terrors of the advance. At length the contending armies join; and the bursting shock of the desert whirlwind were but a feeble type of the savage fury, the blasting desolation of that giant encounter. The broken battalions are dispersed and overwhelmed in mutual and wide-spread ruin: but the crowded corpses of the slain, and the mangled forms of the dying, serve but to excite the burning rage of the remaining combatants. Lo! many a cloven shield and shivered lance strews the crimson sands of that affrighted region; while the peaceful splendours of a Syrian noontide are reflected back in the stormy flashes of broken light that burst from the swiftly-glancing axe and assegay, as they descend, with echoing clash, on the opposing buckler, or haply the unprotected casque of the unshielded warrior. Behold how mace and mallet-of-arms, sword and scymetar, fling out their fiery sparkles at every stroke, as if they glowed with the instinctive rage of their excited owners. Nor fail to drink in the deep and spirit notes of the solemn trumpet, as it seems to reply, with impassioned fervour, to the fiend-like menaces of the harshly-rolling drum! High o'er the mingled din may still be heard, though from fewer voices, the talismanic war-word of either party, urging to the maintenance of a post of 'vantage, or rallying each scattered squadron to a renewed attack; while amid the dense clouds of ascending dust, that spread over the entire space of the terrible conflict, the proud banners of the opposing creeds seem, at one moment, to bow beneath the tide of overwelming force, and at the next, to rise with added dignity, as the rolling shock abates, or the tide of battle sets in an opposite current. How does our mental vision shrink from the very splendours of its own creation, as the alternate images of Christian and of heathen triumph are successively grouped before us! How does the quickening of our heart-pulse attest the absorbing sympathy with which the intervening details of battle and siege are received through the lively impressions

of fancy! And shall the recollection of such signal and stirring scenes fade from the unconscious memory; shall the pomps, the perils, the successes of heroic enterprise, that fling such a giant blaze of stormy light over the grand and picturesque features of the chivalric age, leave a fainter impression on the mind, as the latter becomes daily more engrossed by the common-place associations of the dull and passionless present? Ah, no! the gorgeous feats of knightly adventure, that still formed the delight and solace of our youthful imagination, shall yet fling their dazzling fascination over our moments of retreat from the every-day scenes around us. That passionate sense of the great and noble, which inflamed our youthful perceptions, awaits but the wand of the spirit—the inborn enchantment of the unfettered spirit—to leap from the slumbering fires of protecting memory, and cast aside the shadowy veil that enshrouds them! Oh! those are blessed moments, when the portals of the early past are opened, and the shrine of our youthful sensibilities is exposed: when the boundaries of intervening time are forgotten: and the dawning emotions of the spirit, with all their delicious freshness, crowd upon our throbbing bosom: when the cares, the disappointments, the chill of deferred hope, the burning alternation of despair,—are banished, with all their darkening concomitants, from the sphere of recollection; and, in that vision of a former and loftier existence, we seem to recognise the hand of a paternal deity leading us with indulgent tenderness amidst scenes of unchanging happiness; where objects of heightened and contrasted pleasure alone diversify the path of our enjoyment. Not a cloud disturbs the smiling picture! The frowning realities that assail the spirit in its weary travel, the sickening, the loathed oppressions, which enchain its wakeful being, may never cast their envious shadows over the halcyon and transporting delights of that enchanted Eden!

We now turn, with a feeling of grateful interest, to the beautiful volume before us. Its author, Dr. James Burnes, a near kinsman of the immortal poet of Scotland, is already favourably known to the literary world by a publication, entitled "A Residence at the Court of Scinde;" and which latter performance recommended itself to the distinguished notice of his late Majesty King William the Fourth, who, in testimony of his approbation of its merits, was most graciously pleased to confer upon Dr. Burnes the decoration of a knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order. The rare and valuable information comprised in the work referred to, renders it a truly worthy accompaniment to the more celebrated volumes treating of "Bokhara," which were written by his late brother, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Alexander Burnes, K.C.B., whose untimely death, as connected with the treacherous cruelty of Akbar Khan and his barbarous associates, in the recent insurrection of Affghanistan, will long be deeply deplored by a British public. The great talents and unimpeachable

integrity of the deceased were accompanied by those varied charms of conversation and character that impress his admiring friends with the liveliest sense of their loss; and his memory will ever be associated with the remembrance of his high claims on the gratitude of his country. As a politician, he possessed the strongest sagacity and devotedness of purpose; as a traveller in unknown regions of the globe, he evinced a spirit of enterprise and powers of exertion that have rarely been equalled in the pursuits of geographical discovery; and, as an author, his works will long be admired for their graphic force of description, and minute yet terse delineation of character and incident. The same compendious brevity and lucid distinctness of design are presented in the writings of his brother, Dr. Burnes, as the following highly interesting passage, detailing the various obligations of the Templar, will suffice to prove:—

The most unlimited obedience to the commands of his superiors in the house and in the field of battle; the total abnegation of all interests but those of the society, (for the Templar could hold no property, could receive no private letter); the most unflinching valour, (for so long as a Christian banner waved in the field, the Templar, however severely wounded, must not abandon it),—were the duties of the Knights of the Temple. If he fled, disgrace and punishment awaited him; if he surrendered, he had to end his life amid the torments inflicted by the enraged Moslems, or to languish in perpetual captivity, for the Order never redeemed its members. Hence, then, the Templar was valiant as the fabled heroes of romance; hence prodigies of prowess, such as almost surpass beleif, so frequently illustrate the name of the soldiers of the Temple. Every motive that could stimulate to deeds of renown combined to actuate the soldier-monk. A knight, he obeyed the call of honour and emulation; a monk, (but the Templar was not, as some erroneously fancy, a priest) he was, according to the ideas of the times, engaged in the service most acceptable to God.

The mode of reception and investiture of a knight is described with powerful effect in the ensuing passage:—

The mode of reception into the Order corresponded with the dignity and importance of the character of a Knight Templar. Though a novitiate was enjoined by the original canons, in practice it was dispensed with; the candidate was, after all due inquiry had been made, received in a chapter assembled in the chapel of the Order. All strangers, even the relatives of the aspirant, were excluded. The preceptor (usually one of the friars) opened the business with an address to those present, calling on them to declare if they knew of any just cause and impediment to the aspirant, whom the majority had agreed to receive, becoming a member of their body. If all were silent, the candidate was led into an adjacent chamber, whither two or three of the Knights came to him, and setting before him the rigour and strictness of the Order, inquired if he still persisted in his desire to enter it. If he did persist, they inquired if he was married or betrothed; had made a vow in any other Order; if he owed more than he could pay; if he was of

sound body, without any secret infirmity, and free? If his answers proved satisfactory, they left him and returned to the chapter, and the preceptor again asked if any one had anything to say against his being received. If all were silent, he asked if they were willing to admit him. On their assenting, the candidate was led in by the Knights who had questioned him, and who now instructed him in the mode of asking admission. He advanced, kneeling, with folded hands, before the preceptor, and said, "Sir, I am come before God, and before you and the brethren; and I pray and beseech you, for the sake of God and our sweet lady, to receive me into your society and the good works of the Order, as one who, all his life long, will be the servant and slave of the Order." The preceptor then questioned him, if he had well considered all the toils and difficulties which awaited him in the Order, adjured him on the Holy Evangelists to speak the truth, then put to him the questions already asked by the Knights, farther inquiring if he was a Knight, the son of a knight and of a gentlewoman, and if he was a priest. He then asked if he would promise to God and Mary, our dear Lady, obedience, as long as he lived, to the Master of the Temple, and the prior who should be set over him; chastity of his body; compliance with the laudable manners and customs of the Order then in force, and such as the Master and Knights might hereafter add; fight for and defend, with all his might, the holy land of Jerusalem; never quit the Order but with consent of the Master and the Chapter; never see a Christian unjustly deprived of his inheritance, or be aiding in such deed. The preceptor then said—"In the name, then, of God and of Mary, our dear lady, and in the name of St. Peter of Rome, and of our father the Pope, and in the name of all the brethren of the Temple, we receive you to all the good works of the Order, which have been performed from the beginning, and will be performed to the end, you, your father, your mother and all those of your family whom you let participate therein. So you, in like manner, receive us to all the good works which you have performed and will perform. We assure you of bread and water, the poor clothing of the Order, and labour and toil enow." The preceptor then took the white mantle, with its ruddy cross, placed it about his neck, and bound it fast. The chaplain repeated the One hundred and thirty-second Psalm, *Ecce quam bonum*, and the prayer of the Holy Spirit, *Deus qui corda fidelium*, each brother said a *Pater*, the preceptor kissed the new brother, the chaplain did the same. The Templar then placed himself at the feet of the preceptor, and was by him exhorted to peace and charity with his brother Christians; to chastity, obedience, humility, and piety; and thus the ceremony ended.

We next quote Dr. Burnes's account of the constitution and revenues of the Order:—

At the end of the Order stood the Grand Master, who, like the general of the Jesuits in modern times, was independent of all authority but that of the sovereign pontiff. The residence of the Grand Master was the city of Jerusalem; when the city was lost, he fixed his seat at Antioch, next at Acre, then at the castle of the Pilgrims, between Caiphas and Cæsarea, and finally in Cyprus, for his duty required him to be always in the Holy Land. The Grand Master never resided in Europe until the time of Jacques de

Molay. The power of the Grand Master was considerable, although he was very much controlled by the chapter, without whose consent he could not dispose of any of the higher offices, or undertake anything of importance. He could not, for instance, take money out of the treasury, without the consent of the prior of Jerusalem; he could neither make war or truce, or alter laws, but with the approbation of the chapter. But the Grand Master had the right of bestowing the small commands, the governments of houses of the Order, and of selecting the brethren who should form the chapter, which power was again controlled by there being always assigned him two brethren as assistants, who, with the Seneschal, were to form a part of every chapter. The Order was aristocratic, rather than monarchic; the Grand Master was like a Doge of Venice, and his real power chiefly depended on his personal qualities; he had, however, many distinctions; the greater part of the executive power was in his hands—in war he was the commander-in-chief; he had, as vicar-general of the pope, episcopal jurisdiction of the clergy of the Order; he ranked with princes, and his establishment corresponded thereto; he had for his service four horses, a chaplain, two secretaries, a squire of noble birth, a farrier, a Turcopole and cook, with footmen, and a Turcoman for a guide, who was usually fastened by a cord to prevent his escape. When the Grand Master died, his funeral was celebrated with great solemnity by the light of torches and wax tapers,—an honour bestowed by the Order on none other of its members. All the Knights and Prelates were invited to assist. Each brother who was present was to repeat two hundred *Pater Nosters* within the space of seven days, for the repose of the soul of the deceased; and one hundred poor persons were fed at home, at the expense of the Order, with the same design.

Each province of the Order had a Grand Prior, who represented in it the Grand Master; each house had its Prior at its head, who commanded its Knights in war, and presided over its chapters in peace. In England, the Grand Prior sat in parliament as a peer of the realm. To complete this sketch of the Order, we may remark, that except Scandinavia, (for they had some possessions in Hungary) there was not a country in Europe in which the lavish piety of princes and nobles had not bestowed on the Templars a considerable portion of the wealth of the state; for in every province the Order had its churches and chapels—the number of which was in the year 1240, as great as 1050—villages, farm-houses, mills, corn-lands, pastures, woods, rights of venison, and fisheries. The revenues of the Templars in England in 1185, as given by Dugdale, will afford some idea of their wealth. The entire annual income of the Order has been estimated at not less than six millions sterling.

But not all the combined power of the Templars and their associates in arms could arrest the encroaches of the victorious Infidel. City after city beheld the sacred ensign of redemption spurned from its bastions, and the haughty crescent of the Moslem erected in its place. Acre alone remained for some brief interval in the hands of the Crusaders; but the omnipotent and mysterious voice of destiny had decreed its fall, and the barbarian at length ruled supreme over the hallowed shores of Palestine. We remember a beautiful passage

in Mr. Mills's "History of Chivalry," which describes, with all the pathos and dignity of expression so peculiar to that distinguished writer, this memorable period in the annals of the Crusades:—"The valiancy of the Templars was particularly conspicuous in the moments of the kingdom's final fate; for when the Christians of the Holy Land were reduced to the possession of Acre, and two hundred thousand Mameluke Tartars from Egypt were encamped round its walls, the defence of the city was entrusted to Peter de Beaujeau, Grand Master of the Templars. And well and chivalrously did he sustain his high and sacred charge. Acre fell, indeed, but not until this heroic representative of Christian chivalry, and most of the noble followers of his standard, had been slain. The memory of the Templars is embalmed in all our recollections of the beautiful romance of the middle ages; for the Red-cross Knights were the last band of Europe's host that contended for the possession of Palestine. A few survived the fall of Acre, and retired to Sis, in Armenia. They were driven to the island of Tortosa, whence they escaped to Cyprus; and the southern shore of the Mediterranean no longer rang with the cry of religious war." The noble fraternity did not long survive their lost possessions in the Holy Land. A conspiracy, as foul and disgraceful to the perpetrators as ever stained with crime the annals of a country, was set on foot for the purpose of depriving them of the accumulated possessions with which the piety of princes and nobles had invested them. The names of the actors, and the nature of the proceedings connected with the overthrow of the Order, will be gathered from the following extract, which may also be cited as a highly characteristic specimen of Dr. Burnes's vigorous and impressive style:—

But the atrocious scene was yet to come which was to complete the ruin of the Templars, and satiate the vengeance of their enemies. Their Grand Master, Molay, and three other dignitaries of the Order, still survived; and though they had made the most submissive acknowledgments to their unrelenting persecutors, yet the influence which they had over the minds of the vulgar, and their connexion with many of the princes of Europe, rendered them formidable to their oppressors. By the exertion of that influence they might restore union to their dismembered party, and inspire them with courage to revenge the murder of their companions; or, by adopting a more cautious method, they might repel, by incontrovertible proofs, the charges for which they suffered; and, by interesting all men in their behalf, they might expose Philip to the attacks of his own subjects, and to the hatred and contempt of Europe. Aware of the dangers to which his character and person would be exposed by pardoning the surviving Templars, the French monarch commanded the Grand Master and his brethren to be led out to a scaffold, erected for the purpose, and there to confess before the public, the enormities of which their Order had been guilty, and the justice of the punishment which had been inflicted on their brethren. If they

adhered to their former confession, a full pardon was promised to them; but if they should persist in maintaining their innocence, they were threatened with destruction on a pile of wood, which the executioners had erected in their view, to awe them into compliance. While the multitude were standing around in awful expectation, ready, from the words of the prisoners, to justify or condemn their king, the venerable Molay, with a cheerful and undaunted countenance, advanced, in chains, to the edge of the scaffold; and, with a firm and expressive tone, thus addressed the spectators:—"It is but just, that in this terrible day, and in the last moments of my life, I lay open the iniquity of falsehood, and make truth to triumph. I declare, then, in the face of heaven and earth, and I confess, though to my eternal shame and confusion, that I have committed the greatest of crimes; but it has only been in acknowledging those that have been charged with so much virulence upon an Order, which truth obliges me to pronounce innocent. I made the first declaration they required of me, only to suspend the excessive tortures of the rack, and mollify those that made me endure them. I am sensible what torments they prepare for those that have courage to revoke such a confession. But the horrible sight which they present to my eyes, is not capable of making me confirm one lie by another. On a condition so infamous as that, I freely renounce life, which is already but too odious to me. For what would it avail me to prolong a few miserable days, when I must owe them only to the blackest of calumnies?" In consequence of this manly revocation, the Grand Master and his companions were hurried into the flames, where they retained that contempt for death which they had exhibited on former occasions. This mournful scene extorted tears from the lowest of the vulgar. Four valiant knights, whose charity and valour had procured them the gratitude and applause of mankind, suffering, without fear, the most cruel and ignominious death, was, indeed, a spectacle well calculated to excite emotions of pity in the hardest hearts. Humanity shudders at the recital of the horrid deed; and if the voice of impartial posterity has not, with one accord, pronounced the unqualified acquittal of the Templars, it has branded with the mark of eternal infamy the conduct of their accusers and judges.

To this interesting passage is appended the following note:

So dreadful and impressive an event could not fail to be the source of many strange stories with the vulgar. Among these, chroniclers report, that the venerable martyr, ere life was extinct, summoned Pope Clement to answer before the bar of the Almighty Judge, within forty days, and King Philip before the same tribunal, within the space of a year. Certain it is, that the Pope did suddenly die in the night between the 19th and 20th of the following month; and the church in which his body was placed taking fire, one half of the corpse was consumed,—a circumstance which naturally confirmed the people in the belief that his death was a special judgment of Heaven for the burning of the knights, and which probably also suggested the prediction. In the month of July following, a tumult arose in the town where the half-consumed corpse was kept, during which the populace tried to get forcible possession of the remains; but whether from some superstitious motive, or with a view of avenging on the Pope's body the murder

of De Molay, is not known. Philip of France expired within the year, in consequence of a fall from his horse; and others of the persecutors of the Order met with a violent death.

But, although deprived of its ancient possessions, and debarred its exalted rank amidst the chivalric institutions of Europe, the honourable and princely Order of the Temple was still destined to survive the wrongs and oppressions of its fiendlike persecutors. Cherished in the hearts of kings and nobles, it still exists, in all the moral grandeur of its high and beneficent relations; and we cordially trust that the day is not far distant, when the pristine lustre of its renown shall again shed over the soldiery of the cross that full and merited share of consideration of which it has been so unjustly and wantonly deprived.

As we have already exceeded the limits which we had proposed to ourselves, on entering upon the investigation of Dr. Burnes's work, we are compelled to narrow the scope of our intended review of its remaining contents; and shall therefore confine our concluding extracts to the interesting account which it affords of the continuation of the Order to the present time. In doing this, however, we confess that it is not without the most painful reluctance that we withdraw our attention from topics of equally exciting interest, which must thus remain unnoticed; yet we trust the reader will not remain satisfied with the very brief and imperfect sketch our limits enable us to present; but will seek in the volume itself the ample development of a subject which, independently of its historical importance, is recommended by so many engaging associations of chivalric and romantic adventure. Dr. Burnes has indebted himself to the pen of Mr. Mills for the following eloquent and well-defined notice of the manner in which the Order has been perpetuated:—

In the "History of the Crusades," I described the circumstances of the iniquitous and sanguinary persecutions of the brotherhood of the Temple, the consequent suspension of their functions, and the spoliation of all those possessions with which the respect of the world had enriched them. But the persecution of the Templars in the fourteenth century does not close the history of the Order; for though the knights were spoliated, the Order was not annihilated. In truth, the cavaliers were not guilty, the brotherhood was not suppressed, and, startling as is the assertion, there has been a succession of Knights Templars from the twelfth century down even to these days; the chain of transmission is perfect in all its links. Jacques Molay, the Grand Master at the time of the persecution, anticipating his own martyrdom, appointed as his successor in power and dignity, Johannes Marcus Larmenius of Jerusalem, and from that time to the present there has been a regular and uninterrupted line of grand masters. The charter by which this supreme authority has been transmitted is judicial and conclusive evidence of the Order's continued existence. This charter of transmission, with the signatures of the various chiefs of the Temple, is preserved at Paris, with the

ancient statutes of the Order, the rituals, the records, the seals, the standards and other memorials of the early Templars. The brotherhood has been headed by the bravest cavaliers of France, by men who, jealous of the dignity of knighthood, would admit no corruption, no base copies of the orders of chivalry, and who thought that the shield of their nobility was enriched by the impress of the Templar's red cross. Bertrand du Guesclin was the Grand Master from 1357 till his death in 1380: and he was the only French commander who prevailed over the chivalry of our Edward the Third. From 1478 to 1497, we may mark Robert Lenoncourt, a cavalier of one of the most ancient and valiant families of Lorraine. Philippe Chabot, a renowned captain in the reign of Francis the First, wielded the staff of power from 1516 to 1543. The illustrious family of Montmorency appear as Knights Templars, and Henry, the First Duke, was the chief of the Order from 1574 to 1614. At the close of the seventeenth century, the Grand Master was James Henry de Duras, a marshal of France, the nephew of Turenne, and one of the most skilful soldiers of Louis the Fourteenth. The Grand Masters from 1734 to 1776 were three princes of the Royal Bourbon family. The names and years of power of these ropal personages who acknowledged the dignity of the Order of the Temple, were Louis Augustus Bourbon, Duke of Maine, 1724—1737; Louis Henry Bourbon Condè, 1737—1741; and Louis Francis Bourbon Conty, 1741—1746. The successor of these princes in the Grand-mastership of the Temple, was Louis Hercules Timoleon, Duke de Cossé Brisac, the descendant of an ancient family long celebrated in French history for its loyalty and gallant bearing. He accepted the office in 1776, and sustained it till he died in the cause of royalty at the beginning of the French revolution. The Order has now its Grand Master, Bernardus Raymundus Fabrè Palaprat. Thus the véry ancient and sovereign Order of the Temple is now in full and chivalric existence, like those orders of knighthood which were either formed in imitation of it, or had their origin in the same noble principles of chivalry. It has mourned as well as flourished; but there is in its nature and constitution a principle of vitality which has carried it through all the storms of fate. Its continuance by representatives as well as by title, is as indisputable a fact as the existence of any other chivalric fraternity. The Templars of these days claim no titular rank, yet their station is so far identified with that of the other orders of knighthood, that they assert equal purity of descent from the same bright source of chivalry. Nor is it possible to impugn the legitimate claims to honourable estimation, which the modern brethren of the Temple derive from the antiquity and pristine lustre of their Order, without at the same time shaking to its centre the whole venerable fabric of knightly honour.

Our concluding extract from the pen of the amiable and accomplished author of the work, furnishes a sequel to the preceding passage:—

The Order has now at its head Sir William Sidney Smith, of chivalric renown, who became Regent upon the death of the late Grand Master, Bernard Raymond Fabré Palaprat. The high and heroic character of Sir Sidney Smith, whose deeds of arms at St. Jean d'Acre, rivalling those of the Royal Crusader, Richard the First, obtained for him by eastern nations the

appellation of the modern "Cœur de Leon,"—specially pointed him out as the most worthy of Christian knights to fill this eminent station. He who with such noble philanthropy founded and presided over the Society of Knights Liberators of the White Slaves in Africa, cannot but shed additional lustre on the soldiery of the Temple, whose professed object originally was, and yet is, the protection of defenceless pilgrims, and the rescuing of Christians from Infidel bondage. Scattered over the mighty empire of Great Britain, there are not more than forty subjects of Her Majesty who are Knights Templars; and the whole members of the Order do not probably at this moment exceed three hundred; but we assert without fear of contradiction, that no institution equally limited can boast of a greater number of distinguished and honourable associates.

We must not omit to notice, that the volume owes no small share of its attractions to the taste and exertions of William Alexander Laurie, Esq., of Edinburgh; who has also introduced into its pages many learned and interesting notes, A very finely-engraved portrait of Sir Sidney Smith, with various lithographic illustrations and engravings on wood, as well as some beautiful specimens of illuminated initial letters and blazons of arms, will be found to adorn the work, whose typographical execution, developing a great variety of workmanship in different metals and colours, adds considerably to the distinguished beauty of its appearance. A snowy cover of vellum, illuminated with the badge of the Order, and bearing, in old English letters of the same tincture as the latter, its venerable and interesting title, forms an appropriate accompaniment to the splendid enrichments of the interior.

ART. VIII.—*Travels in New Zealand; with Contributions to the Geography, Geology, Botany, and Natural History of that Country.* By ERNEST DIEFFENBACH, M.D. 2 vols. Murray.

DR. DIEFFENBACH was naturalist to the New Zealand Company, and during the years 1839, 40, 41 made several journies into various parts of the country which had not been before traversed by Europeans, or which, at least, had never been described; places both in the northern parts, and portions of the interior, being for the first time heard of in these pages. The feature of the work, of course, consists of notices with regard to the natural history of the island, the "Fauna of New Zealand" occupying a large space of the second volume. The author's connexion with the Company afforded him peculiar opportunities, while his zeal as a naturalist and his scientific knowledge highly equipped him for facilitating his more professional pursuits. But his observations and study were not alone directed to the subjects of geography, geology, and botany; although the minuteness of detail on such branches, so far as the

survey went, gives us much of completeness. But we have besides, in these pages, many things relative to the natives of the land, the process of civilization, and the principles to be attended to for the successful carrying out of a system of European settlement among the aboriginal race.

Dr. Dieffenbach's opinion of the native population is the most favourable and the best fortified of any that we have met with. He declares, after very full and close opportunities for forming a judgment—and he is manifestly a careful and conscientious observer—that the New Zealander is remarkable for his civility, hospitality, natural sense, and right feeling; that, in short, even as observed in his present state, he is fit for all the benefits of civilization, is qualified to amalgamate with the British colonists, and to enjoy all the personal rights of British subjects. They are trustworthy, as well as endowed with good intellects; and, unless they greatly degenerate through the evil influences of vile European characters, and be alienated by a base system of treatment, they are represented as affording ample promise of rapid social advancement, and as being calculated to act as the best coadjutors to the white man. But what, according to our author, has been the usage to which this people has been for the most part subjected? Why, that of a humiliating and irritating description; all which the doctor vigorously, and with obviously the most reasonable humanity, condemns. The land-jobbing system he visits with severe censures, and throws out various suggestions with regard to the policy that ought to be adopted agreeably to justice and common sense. The following is a specimen of his tone and views:—

If we deem ourselves a nobler race, why not act as the gardener does, who grafts upon the wild pear-tree, a twig from a nobler stem, and so gives it the durability and higher qualities which he is anxious to propagate? The system of exterminating the original races is a gross and a fearful mistake in the management of modern English colonies. Not only have their traditions and remembrances died with them, which would supply the place of their history, and would relieve the insipid character of these purely trading communities, but the principle of stability and of patriotism has also been destroyed. The natives have universally showed a far nobler attachment, not only to their country, but also to its European discoverers, and to the first colonists, than the imported race of shopkeepers, who only strive to dissolve the ties which should bind them to the land of their birth, and who pride themselves on their own ignorance regarding everything that belongs to the original inhabitants. The natives, properly controlled, would be a far better bulwark against the aggressions of other nations than the colonists themselves. And it is remarkable those advantages are never taken into account which would ensue to the mother country by a largely-consuming native population fulfilling at once two of the grand objects of colonization—first, that of opening new markets for British manufactures; and secondly, which is still more important, converting in the course of a few years

an island of savage tribes into an integral portion of Great Britain, emulous to resemble its parent land in wealth, happiness, strength, knowledge, civilization, and Christian virtues.

Numerous are the favourable testimonies lent by Dr. Dieffenbach in behalf of the New Zealanders, and various are the occasions and the localities when and where he had the means of forming a satisfactory judgment. We were hardly prepared to meet with such agreeable pictures. On arriving at first at Queen Charlotte's Sound, the ship being moored to a tree in a cove, all the natives in the vicinity left their huts to receive the strangers, "and offered a shake of the hand as a welcome." Here it was found that several whaling establishments had been formed, and that the Europeans who have taken up their residence at this point govern the natives by moral influence, or that which practical talent has acquired. Intermarriages between the races are here not uncommon, and the offspring of such unions, says our author, are remarkably handsome and vigorous.

Amongst the houses was a large one, which they (the natives) had built for an Englishman, who at the end of the whaling season lived with them. His house formed also the meeting-house of the tribes, as they had lately become converted to Chrsitianity by a native, who had been with the missionaries in the Bay of Islands, and had learned to read and write. Some of the tribe in Amanho had already acquired from him these arts, and all were anxious to learn them. These people were well provided with the necesaries of life. * * * I was astonished to find it so easy to deal with them; and instead of sinister savages, brooding nothing but treachery and mischief, as many travellers have depicted them, they were open, confident, and hospitable, and proved of the greatest service to me during my frequent rambles in the woods.

The European whalers in Queen Charlotte's Sound amount to about forty, some of them desperate characters. The natives, however, appear to be much less affected by the vices of their white neighbours than might have been feared. Let us away to Port Nicholson:—

Nearly three years have elapsed since our first visit; and a spot scarcely known before that time, and rarely if ever visited by Europeans, has become the seat of a large settlement, with nearly 5,000 inhabitants. Where a few hundred natives then lived in rude villages, fearful of their neighbours, but desirous of intercourse with Europeans, and just beginning to be initiated into the forms of Christian worship by a native missionary, there is now a town with warehouses, wharfs, club-houses, horticultural and scientific societies, race-courses, in short, with all the mechanism of a civilized and commercial community; at this very place, where I then enjoyed in all its fulness the wild aspect of nature, and where the inhabitants, wild and untamed, accorded well with their native scenery, there is now the restless European, spreading all around all the advantages and disadvantages of civilization and trade.

A visit to the northern districts of New Zealand convinced Dr. Dieffenbach that exaggerated accounts had been given of its sterility. Of the natives his description is winning. He thus speaks:—

The natives form the tribe of the Rarewa, and their whole number is about 8000, including all those who inhabit the valley of the Awaroa. Of all the natives who are under the influence of the missionaries, this tribe is the most advanced in the arts of civilization. This must be ascribed partly to the endeavours of the missionaries, and partly to the comparative isolation of the natives, resulting from their having been powerful enough to resist the aggressions of E'Ongi from the Bay of Islands, and of the neighbouring tribes. The traveller does not meet here with that begging and grasping behaviour which renders the natives of the coast so importunate; on the contrary, they are a quiet hard-working people, and they have, for a very small payment, cut a road thirty-two miles long through the primitive forest, between Kaitaia and Waimate, in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Islands; they have also cut roads in the neighbourhood of their own village. During my stay I saw them reap wheat, and plough several acres of land, and the missionaries encourage them to exchange their former unwholesome food of decayed maize and potatoes for bread. Several of the natives have one or two head of cattle and horses; and I have every reason to believe that here at least, the missionaries will encourage their acquiring them, in order to dispose of the increase of their own stock.

The village has quite an English appearance, a large church, with a steeple of kauri boards, has been constructed almost entirely by the natives; gardens with roses are before the houses, and at the foot of the hill wheat alternates with vines, with hops, which thrive extremely well, and with various fruit-trees and vegetables; there are also several patches planted with tobacco.

This of the native village at Roturna carries us to other topics:—

The structures in this pa—the houses, doors, and palisades,—displayed the most ingenious pieces of native workmanship. I have nowhere else seen carvings in such profusion, and some of them were apparently very old. Many of the figures are representations of the progenitors of the tribe, and the collection of figures in and around each house may be considered as serving as the genealogical tree of its owner. Each of the representations of the human figure bears the name of some tupuna, or ancestor, and the whole is actually a carved history. Nowhere in New Zealand have I seen anything that could be regarded as an idol, although some persons have said that such exist. This absence of all carved gods among the New Zealanders appeared to me a very attractive trait in their national character. They are too much the children of nature, and perhaps too intellectual, to adore wooden images.

It may here be stated that our author does not afford any very satisfactory particulars on the subject of cannibalism, having only *hearsay* for his guide. He says the natives all agreed, when conversing freely upon the subject, that human flesh is well flavoured,

especially the palm of the hand and the breast. "The flesh of Europeans they consider salt and disagreeable—a curious physiological fact, if true; and they stated the same regarding the flesh of our dogs, and the introduced European rat." The doctor adds, that it appears very doubtful whether they ever killed a slave, merely for the purpose of eating him. "Where such murder was committed, there was generally some superstitious belief connected with the act, or it was done as a punishment." Having heard something about the European dog, we may notice further, that since the introduction of that animal, and of his fireside associate, the cat, the comparatively few animals, natural inhabitants of New Zealand, are becoming so rapidly reduced as to threaten their utter extermination at no very distant period.

Women, child-birth, and infanticide, are the subjects touched upon in our next extract:—

While the approach to European customs has been followed by a train of evils, art and civilized life have as yet done little to aggravate the pains of child-birth. The mother at the approach of labour seeks refuge—often alone—in a neighbouring wood, and in a few moments after the birth of the child goes to a running water, bathes herself and the infant, and is soon seen again occupied with her usual work amongst her associates. But until the time of baptism she is a "tapu," that is, sacred, or unclean, if we prefer the Biblical translation of a Hebrew word of the same signification. Generally, however, only the wives of chiefs are subject to this rigorous custom. The mother herself cuts the umbilical cord with a shell, and often too close, and in consequence umbilical ruptures are frequent; they however disappear with the growing age. Twins, which are called *mahanga*, are not uncommon, but no superstitious feeling is attached to their birth, and it is regarded as a natural occurrence. Sometimes the child is sacrificed (*roromi*, infanticide), but this unnatural crime mostly occurs as an act of revenge: broken faith, or desertion by the husband, the illegitimacy of the children, matrimonial dissensions, illicit connexions with Europeans, slavery during pregnancy, and separation from the husband, are the principal causes. In many cases infanticide is the result of superstition of the grossest character, and is occasioned by fear of divine anger and punishment. Rangi-tautau, the wife of a young chief at the mission settlement at Routurua, killed her first child under the following most singular circumstances:—While pregnant she was one day at the pa on the other side of the lake, where an old priestess had hung out her blanket for the purpose of airing it; the young woman observed a certain insect upon the garment,—caught it, and, according to the native custom, eat it. She thought that she had not been perceived, but the old witch had seen her, and immediately poured forth the most violent imprecations and curses upon her for having eaten a louse from off her sacred garment, and foretold that she would kill and eat her own child as a punishment for this sacrilegious deed. This threat she frequently repeated after the woman's confinement, and worked so much upon her agitated mind by threats of the vengeance of heaven, that the infatuated mother dug a hole,

buried her child, and trampled it to death, umoved by the piercing cries of the poor creature. But she afterwards deeply repented having thus violated the most sacred law of nature; and, perhaps in consequence of this, she and her husband separated from their tribe, and became the principal supporters of the missionary.

Marriage, and sundry points bearing upon that contract, are the topics in what we now quote:—

Although few or no ceremonies are connected with marriage, the customs regarding married women are strict and solemn. No marriage or connexion for life takes place before the young people have attained a certain age, from eighteen to twenty for instance, with a little difference perhaps in the two sexes. It is not, however, rare that a child is promised in marriage, and then she becomes strictly "tapu" until she has attained the proper age. The suitor for a wife either succeeds by a long and continued courtship, *e-aru-aru*, if the girl is at first unwilling to bestow her inclinations on him, or, if she is propitious, a secret pinching of the hands on both sides declares the affirmative. The latter is called *ropa*. If the girl is so *lucky* as to have two suitors who have equal pretensions, so that neither herself nor the father ventures a decision, "*e-puna-rua*" is ordered, or what we would call a pulling-match—a dragging of her arms by each of the suitors in opposite directions, the stronger obtaining the victory, but often with very injurious consequences to the poor girl, whose arms in some cases sustain luxation. Polygamy is not interdicted, but is very uncommon amongst them. Here and there a chief possesses two wives, sometimes three, but most of them have only one. Adultery on the part of the wife is punished with death, of which several instances have come under my observation; where, under the influence of Europeans and missionaries, the native laws have become less rigorous on this point, the husband exposes his wife *in puris naturalibus*, and is then reconciled to her.

We have heard part of what the doctor has to advance relative to the Company's settlement in the northern island at Port Nicholson, and at the purchase of which he assisted. Considering that statement, and his connexion with the parties, it might be expected that his account of the government town of Auckland would receive a report unfavourable to a degree equal to his recognition of the growth and advantages of the other. But our author is a considerate, impartial, and suggestive traveller; and distinctly admits that not only has the government settlement made considerable progress, having a population of 2000, drawn together from all parts of the island, but that it has sundry peculiar advantages as a site worthy of choosing; so that, were it not for the spirit of "over-speculation in land, without any attempt to explore the home resources of the island, there would be every ground for hoping that the place would gradually and steadily rise into importance." And he particularizes in this way:—

The thing that chiefly recommends the situation of this place for the central town of the northern island, is its easy communication with the coast, both to the north and to the southward. An inland communication through Kaipara with the Bay of islands can be effected in five days, even with the present insufficient means of communication. With the western coast, and with the interior, over Manukao and the river Waikato, nothing interrupts the water communication but two small portages; and even with Cook's Strait relations can be easily established, either by the river Thames, or the Waikato and Waipa, and the river Wanganui. The coast trade particularly is of the greatest importance, as the nature of the country will cause its colonization at many different points at once: and already a great number of small coasting vessels communicate with Auckland. We must not forget that the Thames and the Piako form an extensive agricultural valley, and that, as their natural harbour, Waitemata is preferable to Coromandel Harbour. In short, it appears to me that there can be no question but that the place has been very judiciously chosen for the site of a town, as commanding a great extent of cultivable land in its neighbourhood, great facility of communication with the coast and the interior of the northern island, and as being a central point for the most powerful native tribes, the Nga-pui to the northward, the Waikato to the southward, and the Nga-te-hauwa to the eastward, separating them in a military point of view, but uniting them for the purposes of civilization and commerce.

We do not suppose that the doctor's reports will set at rest the controversy between the approvers of the several settlements. But we think it more important that the public as well as the authorities attend to his suggestions with regard to the social and economical prospects of the new dependency. It is of great importance that intending emigrants should be made aware that New Zealand has little or no trade; the seal-fishery is no more, and the whale-fishery will soon be in the same predicament. As to timber, there is not much that is exportable, and the phormium tenax is out of repute. Accordingly the ports are hardly ever visited by foreign shipping; and, in short, all who have had their sanguine hopes directed to commerce find that agriculture—a thing of slow growth in new lands—is the source whence the prosperity of the settlement will principally be derived. As respects the system at present in operation, Dr. Dieffenbach expresses himself strongly. He says that "every farthing drawn from the colonists in shape of payment of land is so much lost to the colony; and if any other way could be devised to provide an emigration fund besides that of selling lands, no one can doubt that it would be better to give it to the emigrant for nothing, on condition of his cultivating it."

The fact is that many of the sanguine hopes of the emigrants who have settled in New Zealand have already been blighted. Our author is not explicit with regard to the prospects of the Company; and this silence or caution may be set down as significant of the opposite of high prosperity or strong promise. We are aware that

a diversity of notions are entertained relative to the causes of the present stationary condition of the dependency. Some, with whom our author appears to agree, object to a system that leads to the combination of only two classes—the proprietors, and the labourers who emigrate; and foresee that, although there are land-preserves allotted to the natives, they will finally be subjected to servitude and degradation. We have already attended to a remonstrance on this subject; but fear that the rational views urged by the Doctor, and also that the doctrine of amalgamation, are beyond the practical application which the white and shop-keeping man will make of his relations with the coloured and the savage. Others cast the blame of the stoppage of colonization in New Zealand, as well as in other of our southern settlements, upon the Colonial Office, under Lord Stanley, charging him with errors and deficiency.

By the objectors now under consideration, the local government is denounced, on account of the destructive method of selling land, by exciting a factitious competition, and thus the most extravagant prices have been obtained at what is called the desert spot of Auckland, the capital of New Zealand. It is asserted that the people who have been attracted thither by the immense power of Government, and have laid out their all on these speculative purchases, find themselves in a state of distress and despondency for want both of capital and labour. But it is not to the land-jobbing by the Government in a corner of the dependency that the stoppage and gloom adverted to is chiefly attributable. The Emigration Company, it has been alleged, while the only active and efficient promoters of the colonization, have been obliged to put an end to the operation—the public having lost confidence in their power to carry out their views farther. The circumstances which have deprived them of this confidence are stated in the following manner:—

First, since Lord John Russell's quitting the Colonial Office, that department has been engaged in perpetual controversy with the Company; which differences having become known, the confidence of the emigrating capitalists has at length been completely shaken. Secondly, the Government has by its regulations, subsequent to the period when Lord John granted to the Company a charter, which enabled them to lay down a plan of dealing with their own waste lands, rendered that plan impracticable; for, instead of being able to devote to emigration a large proportion of the gross proceeds of their sales, they are compelled, in order to avoid ruin, to reserve their lands for sale, without any view to using those proceeds as a fund for emigration. Thirdly, this serious obstacle has arisen—the right of the Company to the possession of any land at all is now questioned, so that they cannot sell an acre of land, without declaring their own title to be in jeopardy; which, of course, puts an end to selling, as well as to an emigration-fund. Fourthly, instead of the local go-

vernment countenancing and fostering the settlements which it founds, or which have grown up in New Zealand, it has been the constant and bitter rival of such settlements. Fifthly, the Government of New Zealand is bankrupt; the colony is largely in debt; and application to Parliament must be made for relief; and in consequence of all these things, this colonial enterprise has fallen into such disrepute that it will be a long time before it can recover its character. And then the lament waxeth louder, because it is said that a field for systematic colonization has been closed at the very moment when public opinion is settling into a belief that even the safety of the mother country depends on the use of *all* the means by which it shall be possible to enlarge continually the scope of employment for capital and labour.

Such are some of the views and allegations that have been set forth in the *Colonial Gazette*, a paper devoted to colonial interests. If, however, it be true that the system which was in such active operation about the year 1841 (when emigration to the Australian settlements and New Zealand reached its maximum, 40,000 persons in twelve months being said to have gone thither) is radically unsound, both as respects the permanent interests of those who leave the mother country, and the natives of the dependency, then the check which has occurred to the Company's rapid growth is not merely that which was to be looked for sooner or later, but a thing to be welcomed, however severely the lesson may strike individuals. We abstain from any stronger expression where statements and theories are so conflicting.

ART. IX.—*Sir Robert Peel and his Era.* N. H. Cotes.

WE have here an acceptable present to, at any rate, the younger portion of the present generation. The political events of the last twenty or thirty years, in all of which Sir Robert has borne a conspicuous part, are here succinctly exhibited in one small and pleasantly-written volume. Not sufficiently long-passed to be as yet matter of regular history; and at the same time not quite so recent as to be thoroughly within the recollection of any but the elders of the community, they are not unlikely to be by a great many but imperfectly known. Hence, for those of us at present under thirty, a volume like this may be very useful—we have found it so ourselves—as a connecting link between the periods embraced by our historical reading and our personal observation.

Sir Robert Peel, as every one knows, was the son of Robert Peel, a wealthy manufacturer, who was created a baronet after serving long in parliament. The present baronet was born in 1788, in the neighbourhood of Bury; was the "school and form-fellow" of

Byron, at Harrow; took a double-first at Oxford; and sat in parliament for the first time for the borough of Cashel in 1809. At this time there remained in the house of the celebrated of the last age, Sheridan, Wilberforce, Windham, and Whitbread; there were Canning, Huskisson, Grattan, "cum multis aliis," ripened or ripening into full maturity; and, stepping at the same time over the Rubicon, were Brougham, Palmerston, and the then Frederick Robinson, now Earl of Ripon. In this year the Prime Minister, the Duke of Portland, resigned; and in the session of 1810, under the ministry of Spencer Perceval, Mr. Peel (he did not succeed to the baronetcy till 1830) made his maiden speech by seconding the address in answer to the Royal speech. He was soon afterwards Under Colonial Secretary, and then Chief Secretary for Ireland, which post he resigned in 1818; and in the following year first took up a prominent position in the public eye, with respect to what has since been called "Peel's bill," on the subject of cash payments.

We need not now waste words on the almost self-evident fact, that the only real and universal medium of exchange is and must be, generally speaking, gold; and that paper currency is only useful or valuable, so long as the holder feels perfectly certain of being able at pleasure to convert it into metallic money. The moment it is issued in such quantity as to depreciate its real value below its nominal, its employment becomes pregnant with mischief. The French revolutionary government, by issuing a kind of paper-money called "assignats," in this pernicious profusion, caused ruin and distress to thousands; and Burke, in 1790, in his "Reflections on the French Revolution," showed them, with his own unrivalled skill, where their error had been and how we had avoided it.

"At present," he said, speaking of France, "the state of their Treasury sinks more and more in cash, and swells more and more in fictitious representation. When so little within or without is now found but paper, the representative not of opulence but of want, the creature not of credit but of power, they imagine that our flourishing state in England is owing to bank paper, and not the bank paper to the flourishing condition of our commerce, to the solidity of our credit, *and to the total exclusion of all idea of* POWER *from any part of the transaction.* They forget, that in England, not one shilling of paper money of any description is received but of choice; that the whole had its origin in cash actually deposited; and that it is convertible at pleasure, in an instant, and without the smallest loss, into cash again. Our paper is of value in commerce because in law it is of none. It is powerful on 'Change, because in Westminster Hall it is impotent. In payment of a debt of twenty shillings a creditor may refuse all the paper of the Bank of England. Nor is there among us a single public security, of any quality or nature whatsoever, that is enforced by authority. In fact, it might easily be shown, that our paper wealth, instead of lessening the real coin, has a tendency to increase it; that instead of being a substitute

for money, it only facilitates its entry, its exit, and its circulation; that it is the symbol of prosperity, not the badge of distress. *Never was a scarcity of cash and an exuberance of paper a subject of complaint in this nation.*"

Notwithstanding this, Burke lived to see the very mischief he had so eloquently denounced brought upon his own country,—not wantonly indeed, but as "a desperate resource for a desperate exigency," —by the best and wisest of her ministers. Pitt, during the French war, became severely pressed for supplies of money wherewith to carry on the exhausting conflict, and was at last induced, or perhaps in fact compelled, to pass an act, restricting the Bank of England, during the pleasure of Parliament, from paying its notes in cash. This of course removed the necessity of keeping gold at home; and about fifteen millions found its way to the continent to defray the expenses of war. Bank-paper, now a legal tender, supplied its place at home; the bank, no longer liable to be called upon for cash, issued paper freely; the amount of circulating capital increased; and for a time all went well. After a while, however, this state of affairs produced its natural effects. Every commodity, of which the supply exceeds the demand, necessarily falls in value. Bank-notes were now plentiful and bullion scarce; the consequence was, that, in despite of its name, a one-pound note with a shilling was no longer worth—*really* worth—a guinea. No one would give an actual guinea for them. The real golden guinea was worth from twenty-two to twenty-seven shillings, and would fetch that price readily. In vain did the bank directors declare to the bullion committee the palpable absurdity, that there *could be no excess* of bank-notes! In vain did the Chancellor of the Exchequer make the House of Commons "pledge itself" to the ridiculous belief, that "bank-notes are still, as they have always been, equivalent to legal coin for the internal purposes of the country;" *i.e.*, that there is no difference between sterling gold and depreciated paper. It was all no use. Facts are stubborn things. Every member in the House, and every man in England, well knew that, let the legislature say what it would, a guinea was now equivalent to an average of twenty-five shillings. Something was necessary to be done; and in 1818, a committee, of which Peel was chairman, was appointed, whose investigations on the subject led to the passing, in 1819, of "Peel's Bill." This was an act to provide for the gradual resumption of cash payments by the Bank of England; and, though productive at the moment of considerable hardship, it was evidently and imperatively necessary.

Another prominent feature in the political career of Sir Robert Peel was the passing of the bill for Catholic Emancipation. From the period of the revolution in 1688, penal laws had been continually enacted against the Roman Catholics. "These laws," said Burke, "divided the nation into two distinct bodies, without common in-

terest, sympathy, or connexion. One of these bodies was to possess *all* the franchise, *all* the property, *all* the education: the other was to be composed of drawers of water and cutters of turf for them." They were certainly severe enough. All the Roman Catholic clergy were ordered to leave the kingdom. Popish education was forbidden. The possession of property by Papists barely allowed. No Protestant could marry a Papist. The law, in short, scarcely presumed the existence of a Papist in the kingdom.

The severity of this penal code, however, was found to be ineffectual in extinguishing popery; and gradually its worst portions were repealed. The consequence was that the Catholics, assured of toleration, commenced a struggle for influence; and for a series of years their claims were advocated by untiring perseverance, brilliant genius, and commanding and almost resistless eloquence. Pitt, Burke, Curran, Grattan, Fox, Erskine, Brougham, and a host of their associates, lent their mighty aid to the cause; and the period which elapsed before they were finally successful only shows how deeply rooted must have been the popular aversion, to withstand for so long a time the combined efforts of such an array of talent.

"I speak," said Curran, "in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced,—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery: the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and dis-enthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

This important measure was, at its first introduction, opposed by Mr. Peel, on the ground of political expediency. This opposition at one time brought him into personal collision with O'Connell, of whom we have this sketch.

Then arose Daniel O'Connell, perhaps the most remarkable of all the remarkable men who had ever advocated the Catholic claims. Grattan, and Curran, and Plunkett were Protestants; some of the unhappy men whose lives had been forfeited to the laws which they had violated, were remarkable more for their mistaken enthusiasm, than for any qualities of judgment or prudence: the Roman Catholics had hitherto felt that their advocates had been rather *with* them than *of* them. But here appeared a man, a Roman Catholic, a barrister, not a feeble, attenuated creature, nothing to remind them of the physical deficiencies of a Grattan or a Curran, but a brawny,

broad-shouldered Irishman with a broad, laughing, grinning face, "more Irish than the Irish themselves," a rich provincial brogue, a ready and racy vocabulary, familiar with the moral and mental constitution of his Roman Catholic countrymen, and ever ready to incorporate himself with their feelings by coarse or droll joke, vigorous vituperation, or rough but deep-toned eloquence. All the qualities of the demagogue he had in full: unflinching impudence, audacious assertion, restless motion, and reckless power. But above the qualities of the demagogue there were other and higher qualities —untiring energy, soaring ambition, exquisite tact, and instinctive sagacity. Such was the man whom his warm-hearted countrymen hailed ultimately as the "LIBERATOR:" he whom they considered as having achieved their full freedom. By his side stood little SHEIL. Daniel O'Connell was *sui generis*, —the Mirabeau of Ireland. But Richard Lalor Sheil was, in many respects, a perpetuation of the Grattans or the Currans: as insignificant in person; as careless in personal attire; his taste was as cultivated and even more refined, and his eloquence as rhetorical and electrical. These were the two leading men who organized the Irish for more combined and desperate effort.

If Mr. Peel's opposition to the Catholic claims earned for him the hatred of O'Connell, on the other hand it also procured him the honour, in 1817, of representing the University of Oxford in Parliament. From this time till the session of 1829, under the Wellington-Peel administration, the question was urged on with varying spirit and success; when Wellington and Peel, having agreed that the measure could no longer be successfully resisted, determined on bringing it forward themselves on the part of Government. Mr. Peel, a day or two before the opening of Parliament, wrote to his constituents through the Vice-Chancellor, announcing his intention; and, aware that he enjoyed their confidence in a great degree on account of his opposition to that measure, resigning his seat. The university refused to re-elect him, and he took his seat in a few days as member for Westbury.

At last, on the 5th of March, 1829, Mr. Peel himself brought forward the important measure he had so long and so strenuously opposed; and in a noble and eloquent speech of upwards of four hours' duration, but broken by frequent and long-continued cheering, explained and justified his past and present conduct. It does equal honour to his statesmanship and to his ability.

"I have," said he, "for years attempted to maintain the exclusion of Roman Catholics from Parliament and the high offices of the state. I do not think it was an unnatural or an unreasonable struggle. I resign it, in consequence of the conviction that it can be no longer advantageously maintained; from believing that there are not adequate materials, or sufficient instruments for its effectual and permanent continuance. *I yield, therefore, to a moral necessity which I cannot controul*, unwilling to push resistance to a point which might endanger the establishments that I wish to defend * * * * So far as my own course in this question is concerned, it is the same with that which suggested itself to my mind in 1825, when I was

his Majesty's principal minister for the Home Department, and found myself in a minority of this house upon this question. When I then saw the numbers arrayed against me, I felt that my position as a minister was untenable. The moment that I, the minister responsible for the government of Ireland, found that I was left in a minority on the question which was of paramount importance and interest to that country, that moment I sought to be relieved from the duties and responsibilities of office. I stated to the Earl of Liverpool, who was then at the head of the administration, that in consequence of the decision given against me in this house, it was my anxious wish to be relieved from office. It was, however, notified to me that my retirement would occasion the retirement of the Earl of Liverpool, and that such an event would at once produce a dissolution of the administration. Lord Liverpool was then approaching the close of his career. I had entered public life under his auspices, and I shrunk from the painful task of causing his retirement, and the dissolution of his Majesty's existing government. If I had acted simply in obedience to my own wishes, I would have resigned. I was induced, however, to retain office; and to ascertain the result of another appeal to the country by a general election. In 1826 there was a new Parliament. In 1827 a majority in this house decided against the Catholic question. In 1828, however, the House took a different view of the matter, and though it did not pass a bill, it agreed to a resolution favourable to the principle of adjustment. That resolution being passed, I was again in the situation in which I had been placed in 1825, and I determined to retire from office. I intimated my fixed intention in this respect to the Duke of Wellington; but I felt it my duty to accompany that intimation with the declaration—not only that I would not, in a private capacity, any longer obstruct a settlement which appeared to me ultimately inevitable, but that I would advise and promote it.

"Circumstances occurred, as I have already explained, under which I was appealed to, to remain in office; under which I was told, that my retirement from office must prevent the adoption of the course which I was disposed to recommend. I resolved, therefore, and without doubt or hesitation, not to abandon my post, but to take all the personal consequences of originating and enforcing, as a minister, the very measure which I had heretofore opposed.

"I was called upon to make those sacrifices of private feeling, which are inseparable from apparent inconsistency of conduct—from the abandonment of preconceived opinions—from the alienation of those with whom I had heretofore co-operated. I have done so; and have proved that it is painful in the extreme to prefer to such considerations, even the most urgent sense of public duty.

> 'Tis said with ease—but oh! how hardly tried
> By haughty souls to human honour tied—
> Oh! sharp convulsive pangs of agonising pride!

* * * * "I will hope for the best. God grant that the moral storm may be appeased—that the turbid waters of strife may be settled and composed,—and that, having found their just level, they may be mingled with equal flow in one clear and common stream. But if these expectations are

to be disappointed—if, unhappily, civil strife and contention shall survive the restoration of political privilege,—if there be something in the spirit of the Roman Catholic religion which disdains equality and will be satisfied with nothing but ascendancy—still, I am content to run the hazard of the change. The contest, if inevitable, will be fought for other objects, and with other arms. The struggle will be,—not for the abolition of civil distinctions, but for the predominance of an intolerant religion.

"I contemplate the progress of that struggle with pain, but I look forward to its issue with perfect composure and confidence. We shall have dissolved the great moral alliance that has hitherto given strength to the cause of the Roman Catholics. We shall range on our side the illustrious authorities which have heretofore been enlisted upon theirs;—the rallying cry of 'Civil Liberty' will then be all our own. We shall enter the field with the full assurance of victory—armed with the consciousness of having done justice, and of being in the right—backed by the unanimous feeling of England—by the firm union of orthodoxy and dissent—by the applauding voice of Scotland; and if other aid be requisite, cheered by the sympathies of every free state in either hemisphere, and by the wishes and the prayers of every free man, in whatever clime or under whatever form of government his lot may have been cast."

Omitting all mention of the subjects of parliamentary and legal reform, we pass on to give a slight sketch of the later proceedings and measures of Sir Robert Peel since the restoration of the Conservatives to power at the close of 1841, to the passing of the Income Tax.

In that year he had gradually diminished the Whig majority of fifty by unwearied opposition, till he at last obtained himself a majority of *one* on his "no confidence" motion. Hereupon the Whig Ministry tried the bold experiment of a general election; and the result was an utter failure. The new parliament met on the 19th of August; and theRoyal speech, spoken by commissioners, was tolerably strong in favour of free trade. In the Upper House, an amendment moved by the Earl of Ripon to the usual answer to the Royal speech, to the effect that the present Government did not possess the confidence of the House or the country, was carried by a majority of seventy-two. In the House of Commons the debate went on slowly for several nights, the opposition carefully reserving their strength; but on the last, immediately after a most spirited speech from Sir Robert Peel, in which he inflicted severe castigation on the arch-agitator, O'Connell, who had a few minutes before been praising the Whigs and abusing the Tories while comparing them together,—asking him in the face of the House, with well-merited scorn, if these were his "base, bloody, and brutal Whigs?"—the final division came on; and Ministers were in a miserable minority of *ninety-one*.

All eyes were now of course turned to Sir Robert Peel, again in office, and all ears were anxiously waiting to catch the first announce-

ment of his intentions. But the Minister was too cautious to commit himself to a given line of policy without mature deliberation; and, on the 7th of October, Parliament was prorogued, to meet again for the dispatch of business on the 3rd of February, 1842.

On the 9th of the same month, Sir Robert brought forward, in a four-hour speech, his motion on the Corn Laws. He denied that the recent distress was fairly attributable to the operation of the Corn Laws,—referring it rather to a combination of concurrent abuses,—to the connexion between joint stock banks and manufacturing establishments,—to the great facilities of credit,—and to the consequent excitement of the manufacturing interests, and the enormous increase of mechanical power during the years of 1837 and 1838. He remarked how a similar state of affairs had lately existed in the United States; and dwelt awhile on the mischievous ease with which the advocates of the repeal of all taxes on articles of food were enabled to inflame the minds of a distressed and uneducated audience: exposing at the same time the fallacy of the idea that cheapness of food is synonymous with facility of living; whereas the true point must be—not, what are the actual prices of the articles of consumption, but, what is the ratio between the wages obtainable by the labourer and the actual prices of provisions, together with the number of those articles of luxury and convenience which the universal custom of the country has rendered in fact necessaries? Speaking of the average annual growth of wheat in this country, he urged against a fixed duty, that productive and unproductive years follow each other in cycles. It is not a year of plenty and then one of scarcity; but several consecutive years of great abundance are the precursors of a corresponding series of deficient harvests. Now, the chief corn-producing countries of Europe—those from which our supplies are imported—are in the same parallel of latitude with ourselves, are affected by the same general causes of climate or season, and have therefore their years of scarcity or plenty for the most part correspondent with our own. The obvious consequence therefore of a fixed duty, would be to allow of the importation of corn most easily when it was least wanted; thus discouraging our own producers, and to shut it out at the very season when most required,—in the years of scarcity, when the countries from which we import would want and keep all of their own growing for their own use: not to mention that the corn introduced in seasons of plenty would, by overstocking the market, and thus injuring the prospects and damping the spirit of the native grower, have a ruinous tendency to make our country dependent on foreign markets for a supply of corn, permanent in nature and considerable in quantity. He then proceeded to detail his own modification of the existing "sliding scale;" stating his opinion, that the system of averages could not now be superseded, and that the best price of wheat for the agricultural in-

terest would be from 54*s.* to 58*s.* He came at last to mention "Protection,"—a thing he considered not to be vindicated if only for the particular benefit of a particular class. It could then only be justified and advocated, when consistent with general interests and advantageous to the community as a whole. "I consider it to be for the interest of all classes that they should pay, occasionally, a small additional sum for domestic produce, to obtain security against the calamities which would ensue, if they were altogether, or in great part, dependent upon foreigners. Although if dependent in some measure we must be, still there is a wide difference between being dependent for slight and casual assistance and for regular and important supplies.

Immediately after this speech the House adjourned; and in a short time, notwithstanding fierce opposition, the bill was carried; and public attention was ready to fasten upon the next important measure of the new minister,—the New Tariff, together with the Property Tax. This also was ushered in by Sir Robert Peel in another lengthened and luminous speech. He commenced by showing that our expenditure was annually outrunning our income, and thereby causing an accumulating and increasing deficiency. That the idea of the preceding Ministry of raising an additional five per cent. on the excise and customs had completely failed in the execution; producing in fact scarcely more than one-half per cent. He showed that no great assistance was to be hoped from indirect taxation,—that there was a considerable falling off in the Post Office duties resulting from the operation of the Penny-postage scheme, the amount of which in some way or another had to be restored to the revenue,—and that there were valid objections to further taxation of particular articles, such as deriving a revenue "from locomotion or from gas." Where then was he to turn? He proposed finally a charge of sevenpence in the pound, a little short of three per cent., on all the incomes of the country. To this charge all funded property, whether of natives or foreigners, was to be subjected. He reminded the House, that in 1798 there had been imposed an Income Tax of ten per cent., and in 1803 one of five per cent., which in 1805 was raised to six and a quarter, and in 1806 to ten, where it remained till the close of the war. In 1814 incomes of £60 per annum were exempt; and between sixty pounds and one hundred and fifty the taxation was at a reduced rate. From the proposed tax, all incomes under £150 per annum were to be totally exempted. The duration of this tax was to be for five years, with the option of putting an end to it in three if expedient. He now exhibited an elaborate array of statistical data, from which he showed that by the united effects of the Income Tax, an increased duty on Irish spirits, an equalization of stamp duties, and an additional duty on exported coal, he might reasonably expect to raise an annual sum of £4,310,000.

The surplus of this fund over the deficiency in the revenue was to be employed in enabling him to enter upon "Commercial Reform." In this department the great principle to be carried out was the removal of all restrictions or duties of a prohibitory character. All duties on raw material were to be much lowered, the amount retained being in many cases merely nominal, and in none, generally speaking, more than five per cent.; on articles partially manufactured, the duty was to be lowered so as rarely, if ever, to exceed twelve per cent. On manufactured articles twenty per cent. was to be the maximum. He then entered upon the subject of the arrangement of the Tariff; stating that on an average the duty would be reduced on 750 articles out of 1200; and wound up his energetic and masterly speech with this fitting peroration:—

"I have performed, on the part of Her Majesty's Government, my duty; I have proposed, with the full weight and authority of the Government, that which I believe to be conducive to the public welfare. I now devolve upon you the duty, which properly belongs to you, of maturely considering and finally deciding on the adoption or rejection of the measures I propose. We live in an important era of human affairs. There may be a natural tendency to overrate the magnitude of the crisis in which we live, or those particular events with which we are ourselves conversant; but I think it is impossible to deny that the period in which our lot, and the lot of our fathers, has been cast,—the period which has elapsed since the first outbreak of the first French revolution, has been one of the most memorable periods that the history of the world will afford. *(hear)* The course which we have pursued during that period will attract, for ages to come, the contemplation, and, I trust, the admiration of posterity. *(hear, hear)*. That period may be divided into two parts of almost equal duration; a period of twenty-five years of continued conflict—the most momentous which ever engaged the energies of a nation—and twenty-five years in which most of us have lived, of profound European peace, produced by the sacrifices made during the years of war. There will be a time when those countless millions that are sprung from our loins, occupying many parts of the globe, living under institutions unchanged from ours, speaking the same language in which we convey our thoughts and feelings—for such will be the ultimate results of our widespread colonization—the time will come when those countless millions will view with pride and admiration the example of constancy and fortitude which our fathers set during the momentous period of war. They will view with admiration our previous achievements by land and sea, our determination to uphold the public credit, and all those qualities by the exhibition of which we were enabled ultimately, by the example we set to foreign nations, to ensure the deliverance of Europe. In the review of the period, the conduct of our fathers, during the years of war, will be brought into close contrast with the conduct of those of us who have lived only during the years of peace. I am now addressing you after the duration of peace for twenty-five years. I am now exhibiting to you the financial difficulties and embarrassments in which you are placed; and my confident hope and belief is, that, following the example of those who preceded you, you

will look these difficulties in the face, and not refuse to make similar sacrifices to those which your fathers made for the purpose of upholding the public credit. You will bear in mind that this is no casual and occasional difficulty. You will bear in mind that there are indications amongst all the upper classes of society of increased comfort and enjoyment—of increased prosperity and wealth; and that concurrently with these indications there exists a mighty evil which has been growing up for the last seven years, and which you are now called upon to meet. If you have, as I believe you have, the fortitude and constancy of which you have been set the example, you will not consent with folded arms to view the annual growth of this mighty evil. You will not reconcile it to your consciences to hope for relief from diminished taxation. You will not adopt the miserable expedient of adding, during peace, and in the midst of these indications of wealth and of increasing prosperity, to the burden which posterity will be called upon to bear. You will not permit this evil to gain such gigantic growth as ultimately to place it far beyond your power to check or controul. If you do permit this evil to continue, you must expect the severe but just judgment of a reflecting and retrospective posterity. Your conduct will be contrasted with that of your fathers under difficulties infinitely less pressing than theirs. Your conduct will be contrasted with that of your fathers, who, with a mutiny at the Nore, a rebellion in Ireland, and disasters abroad, yet submitted, with buoyant vigour and universal applause, (with the funds as low as 52,) to a property tax of ten per cent. I believe that you will not subject yourselves to an injurious or unworthy contrast. It is my firm belief that you will feel the necessity of preserving inviolate the public credit—that you will not throw away the means of maintaining the public credit by reducing in the most legitimate manner the burden of the public debt. My confident hope and belief is, that now when I devolve the responsibility upon you, you will prove yourselves worthy of your mission—of your mission as the representatives for mighty people; and that you will not tarnish the fame which it is your duty to cherish as the most glorious inheritance—that you will not impair the character for fortitude, for good faith, which, in proportion as the empire of opinion supersedes and predominates over the empire of physical force, constitutes for every people, but above all for the people of England—I speak of reputation and character—the main instrument by which a powerful people can repel hostile aggression and maintain extended empire." *(Loud and continued cheers.)*

Towards the close of our notice, we would remark, that we have derived much pleasure from this little work. It is written well, clearly, and pleasantly; and is full of interesting information. The necessities of time and space alone prevent us from extracting much more copiously than we have done. Still, we cannot well pass over, and without a slight allusion, some of the great questions of Sir Robert's age, that are here introduced; seeing that these are discussed in a manner superior to what can be looked for from a mere compiler, or a writer who only consults the transient taste. The work, in fact, is one of ability,—of a penetrating and independent mind. What the author's politics are it would not be easy to announce;

for he praises and blames all parties, and does not even strive to eulogize with enthusiasm the hero of his book. But whatever may be the creed of this writer, sure it is that he has given us in a compact and perspicuous form, a good historical view of the great subjects that have occupied Parliament and the public mind during more than the last half century; at the same time furnishing a portrait-gallery of the most distinguished persons who have appeared in the chief theatre of discussion. There may be straining here and there in the manner of the writer, and an effort to produce strong points; but while he shows himself to be quite at home in the handling of such topics as those of Corn and Currency, Population and Production, Catholic Emancipation, the Improvement of the Civil and Criminal Law, &c., at the moment too when he is pointing out the share which Sir Robert Peel took in each of them, we feel that he carries himself with the confidence of one who writes not for the moment alone, and that his grasp is firm as well as wide.

Indeed, the career of the present Premier appears to us to afford a better and more prominent occasion for tracing the progress of every one of the great questions which have, during his era, been mooted, and in any considerable degree adjusted, than that of any of his contemporaries. Certainly, this statesman comes out in the pages before us, as the most practical of any that we can name; although he may only have had the merit of bringing to a bearing things which others had been ripening to his hand. According to this view, the writer has been fortunate in his choice both of period and of person for the composition of his work, and for the illustration of his points.

Let us now in conclusion give an example of the manner in which the author discourses upon questions that have been the most frequently and loudly taken up, and of the force as well as ease with which he marches into large themes. Listen to him when bestowing upon us the result of his reading, reflection, and of his acquaintance with the actual, in relation to the birth of the Reform Bill:

> The great change in our social condition, which began shortly after the middle of the last century, early manifested itself in the tone and temper of the people. Our manufactures and our commerce, suddenly expanding with the new powers which chemical science and mechanical skill placed in our hands, caused our population to gather and concentrate themselves in localities favourable for carrying on that combined industry which is the peculiar characteristic of our modern manufacturing system; and while ancient boroughs, once in their time important, were sinking into decay, and their privilege of sending members to the House of Commons had become a nominal right, really and actually vested in the lord of the manor or great landed proprietor of the locality, towns were rising in importance and population which had no right to return representatives. People began to inquire where was the constitution? what was it like? in what form was it

written down? and in what custody was the precious document kept? Reply was made, and Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and the Revolution of 1688, were pointed to. But this did not satisfy our matter-of-fact politicians, who wanted the constitution to be produced for their inspection, that they might judge of it as they would judge of the model of a steam-engine, on which was labelled the maker's name and the date of its construction. This inquisitorial and unimaginative spirit was increased by well-meant but injudicious attempts to explain everything to the perfect satisfaction of the dullest capacity; and thus the public mind was treated as injudicious parents sometimes treat the morbid curiosity of their children—the mother, the De Lolme of the household, trying to soothe down inquiry with reasons which are intended rather to silence than to satisfy; while the paternal Bentham, scorning fallacy, and disdaining what he thinks unmanly subterfuge, tries to arm the budding intellect with edge-tools, and teaches it to break to pieces what it cannot comprehend.

Where shall we look for the British constitution?

It was much forgotten that the British constitution, like the British oak, had grown up nobody rightly knew how, and that from age to age it had increased its bulk and put forth its branches amid storms and changes, now in danger of being uprooted and blown over, now lopped, trimmed, its bark peeled, and occasionally the axe uplifted to cut it down; but still standing, and gradually becoming a great tree, under which all might shelter. Those who asked where the constitution was to be found might have seen it wherever they went and on whatever they looked; in old cathedrals, in the courts of law, in our old corporations, our venerable towns; in the Monarchy, in the Houses of Parliament, the Judges of the land, the Aristocracy, and the People; every thing proclaiming to the *present* that the *past* had been, and manifesting how much of real happiness, of greatness, and of glory, might be found flourishing under an incongruous mass of prescriptive habits and customs, of uncouth legislation, and even under exacting authority and unreflecting obedience. And much angry contention, much bitter strife, much harassing and needless agitation, might have been spared, if men had early come to the plain, the definite understanding, that the constitution grew with the people, and not the people by and for the constitution; instead of dividing the community into those who resisted all change as incompatible with the safety and security of our social existence, and those who insisted on perpetual and incessant change as the vivifying principle of our social atmosphere.

The last chapter in the volume is entitled "A Night in the House of Commons," presenting a series of sketches of the principal members. The portraits are cleverly done, and we think, for the most part, with a very considerable degree of fidelity and truthfulness; our chief objection being to signs of striving which tend to mar one's confidence in the artist, and to the peremptory tone predominating throughout the series. Mr. Gladstone supplies one of the best specimens, whether taken as a test of the penciller's skill and power, or of his faults and mannerism. This is the picture:

By the way, there is the rising hope of the Conservatives, and Peel's right arm—William Ewart Gladstone, Vice-President of the Board of Control and Master of the Mint.

That young man—what a disappointment! In person he is of a good stature, and, like Stanley, has a pretty, good-natured, rather pouting mouth, while the upper part of the face, like Stanley's, has a "knitted," if not a frowning, aspect. But what disappoints me most is the smallness of the head. Under Stanley's careless locks you can see hidden a good solid mass of forehead: but this noted young man—this philosophic worker-out of church principles—I want for him capacious skull and breadth of face. Can such a small head carry all he knows?

We must take men as they are, and not as we imagine them. The head is small, but it is well-shaped. You notice that the upper part of the face rather expresses severity: and I am told that old Gladstone, and the family generally, have been noted in Liverpool for what is called a "crusty" temperament. If this be so, and this young man inherits it, he is an example of the power of principle, for he seems to have his temper singularly under control. His voice, too, is sweet and plaintive; he has amazing clearness of speech and volubility of utterance, but with a tendency to run into a mellifluous monotony, which he will probably correct.

Are his abilities as great as they say, or is he an example of being "cried up?"

Oh, no man can doubt that his abilities are great. I do not refer to his books on Church and State, with which he first established his reputation, but to his conduct in the House. He proved "a friend in need" to Peel in conducting the tedious business and details of the new tariff; in fact, every thing devolved on the Prime Minister and his Vice-President of the Board of Trade; and though Peel's great business facility and long practice in addressing the House enabled him to expound, state, and defend the principles and details of the tariff with more fulness, force, and weight, it was universally acknowledged that young Gladstone shone in the department of "facts and figures," and displayed a capacity for official business of the very first order.

ART. X.—*Frederick the Great; his Court and Times.* Edited by T. CAMPBELL, Esq. Vols. III. and IV. Colburn.

FREDERICK the Great and his Times have so often been made the themes of elaborate disquisition, that any comment we could offer upon them would merely amount to garbled or diffuse repetitions, usurping space that may readily be filled with highly entertaining and with useful matter extracted from the volumes before us. These volumes, indeed, as was the case with the two that preceded them, do not peremptorily call for philosophic thinking; for the compiler appears to have designedly abstained from speculation, and to have exclusively confined himself to the readable, the plain, and the interesting, for the sake of the many, rather than to have contemplated the presen-

tation of opinions and views that would exercise the ingenious, professing to go beyond the surface, and to teach profound and scientific lessons in the region of politics, or relative to human character, even when read in the life of a man of eccentric genius. In short, the work is a narrative in the most popular form, studded far more frequently than can ordinarily be done with anecdote, piquant sayings and doings, and sudden turns.

The present volumes are fuller of the popular sort of reading and of personal character than even the earlier pair; for we here start with Frederick in the Seven-Years' War, which was not merely the grand epoch and affair of his remarkable life, but forming a landmark in the history of the world, and more especially in the annals of those conflicts professing to have religious faiths for their object, and man's everlasting well-being for a motive. In a temporal and purely political sense, the war in question was fraught with mighty results,—the extension and consolidation of a monarchy that now takes rank with the Great Powers, and the advancement of a people that have by their development of mind become prominent among the European nations.

Merely taken as a struggle of arms, a display of strategy, and a rivalship of diplomatic skill, the Seven-Years' War constituted a grand era; and this whether the vicissitudes of the contest or the minds which it moulded and called into action be regarded; Frederick being the hero in a drama unparalleled in modern times but by that in which Napoleon figured. And yet where was the real greatness or the substantial good, if the results, mighty as they have been, are to be weighed against the misery, the massacres, the destruction and ruin, that marked the progress of the contest? For example, we have this deplorable picture, on the testimony of a contemporary and eye-witness of the evils he describes:—

Archenholtz, the historian of the war, and an eye-witness of the miseries which it inflicted, draws a picture so deplorable of the state in which it left Germany in general as almost to exceed belief. "The sufferings of great part of Germany," he says, "had been immense. Whole provinces had been laid waste; and even in those that were not, internal commerce and industry were annihilated; and this too in spite of the large sums which France, England, Russia, and Sweden had scattered over them, either through their armies or by means of subsidies. The amount of these sums is calculated at 500 million dollars. Great part of Pomerania and Brandenburg was converted into a desert. There were provinces in which scarcely any men were to be found, and where the women were therefore obliged to guide the plough. In others, women were as scarce as men. At every step appeared extensive tracts of uncultivated land, and the most fertile plains in Germany, on the banks of the Oder and the Wesel, looked like the wilds of the Ohio and Oronoko. An officer affirmed that he passed through seven villages in the Hessian dominions, and met with only a single individual—the pastor of one of them."

It has been calculated that Frederick in the course of the wars, lost "180,000 soldiers and upwards of 1,500 officers; thirty-one generals, and 161 staff-officers." and yet how devoted to him were his people; with what alacrity did his soldiery follow him to the battle-field. This deep devotion, personal liking, and sustained bravery, was not alone inspired by a reliance on the martial genius of the king and the known prowess of the commander; Frederick's campaigners loved the man, for he laughed with them, and knew when to put himself so on a level with his troops as to win the attachment due to a comrade in the ranks and a fellow-veteran. A multitude of anecdotes offer themselves to attest and illlustrate what has now been said, some of which we cite for the amusement,—yes, and for the bettering of the heart of the reader. Even defeat could not alienate his soldiers, although the regiments contained numerous recruits from foreign lands, and many mercenaries who might have been supposed to have lost every generous impulse, and to prove incapable of reciprocating in adversity a kindly purpose or deed. The anecdote we now quote belongs to the period of Frederick's defeat at Hochkirch, and soon after its occurrence:—

Though deeply moved after the battle by the sight of his thinned regiments, he manifested the utmost serenity and composure. "My Dear Golz," said he to the general of that name, "we were wakened rather roughly; but I will repay those gentry in broad day for their incivility." As the remnant of a regiment which had suffered most severely was passing, with the gunners at its head, he called out to them: "Gunners, what have you done with your cannon?"—"The devil fetched them in the night," replied one of them. "Then we will take them from him by day, won't we grenadiers?" rejoined the monarch with a smile. "Ay, that we will," answered a grenadier, and with interest too."—"I'll be sure to be along with you," said the king. The only order issued on giving the parole was this: "The regiments will be supplied with fresh powder. The men must pass the night in their clothes."

The king's repulse at Hochkirch was the occasion of extravagant rejoicings on the part of his enemies; the victorious Austrian commander being not merely covered with costly rewards by temporal sovereigns, but having had given to him the boundless praise and blessings of the Pontiff of Rome, with certain appropriate emblems; his Holiness not forgetting to prophecy and to threaten lustily, as the following paragraph will show:—

"As, then, thou far surpassest in virtues that hero and champion of the church, and fightest against heretics, who adhere to the most abominable errors with more persevering wickedness than the infidels themselves, we impart to thee the blessing of Heaven, that by means of the accompanying sword, thou mayst exterminate heresy, the pestilential stench of which is engendered by hell. The destroying angel shall fight by thy side; he shall annihilate the infamous race of the adherents of Luther and Calvin, and the

supreme Avenger of all crimes will employ thine arm to sweep the ungodly tribes of the Amalekites and the Moabites from the face of the earth. May thine arm ever reek with the blood of these impious wretches! Put the axe to the root of this tree, which has borne such accursed fruit, and let the northern regions of Germany, after the charming example of the holy Charles the Great, be brought back to the true faith by sword, fire, and blood."

But the predictions and imprecations were bootless, Frederick's energies and resources being amazing. Hear how, by a well-timed approval, he could win back the heart of a regiment:—

The army was ordered to form a line on the field of battle; and the king, riding along it from left to right, stopped before the regiment of Bernburg, which was at the head of the right wing. "My lads," said he, in the kindest tone, "I thank you. You have behaved bravely, very bravely. You shall have everything again—everything." The fugelman of the light company, a hoary veteran, named Fauser, stepping of his own accord out of the ranks, went up to the king: "I thank your majesty," said he, "in the name of my comrades, for having done us justice. Is not your majesty again our gracious king?" Frederick, pleased with the manliness and warmth of this address, patted the brave spokesman on the shoulder, and replied: "All is forgotten and forgiven, but your services this day I shall never forget." He then dismounted, and said to the commander of the regiment: "Let this old man be made sergeant." By this time several of the privates, having collected round the king, began to exculpate themselves for their behaviour at Dresden: the king replied, and the men argued and demonstrated with such familiarity and strength of lungs that the commander, fearful lest the king might be angry, would have driven them back. "No, no, let them alone," said he with a good-natured smile, and put an end to the dispute by repeating that they were brave fellows, and had that day nobly upheld the glory of Prussia. Fauser was living in 1789 as messenger to the deputation of the Chamber of Halle, where the regiment of Old Anhalt was in garrison.

Many such interesting passages exhibit traits of the king's character, and mark the history of the war, a *bon mot* sometimes being all the incident, and awakening all the sentiment of gratification. Look upon Frederick as he must have been regarded by the regiment of the guard, after the battle of Torgau:

Frederick rode from the left wing along the right. On coming to the regiment of the guard, he dismounted, and stopped before a blazing watch-fire, around which several grenadiers were sitting. He spoke affably to them, and they approached nearer and nearer to the king, and began to talk about the battle. At last one of them, named Rebiak, to whom he had often given money, had the boldness to ask him where he had been during the fight, adding that he used always to be at their head and to lead them into the fire, but this time they had seen nothing of him. With the utmost condescension, Frederick told the grenadier that he had been with the left wing, and therefore could not head his regiment. Amidst this conversa-

tion, he unbuttoned his coat, as if too warm, and the grenadiers observed a ball drop to the ground, while the holes in his cloak and uniform attested the danger to which he had been exposed. Rebiak eagerly picked up the ball, which passed from hand to hand, exciting the warmest admiration and enthusiasm. "Indeed, thou art still our old Fritz!" cried the grenadiers, as with one accord. "Thou sharest every danger with us. Cheerfully will we die for thee! Long live the king!" In speaking of this ball in later years, the king would jocosely observe: "It durst not come any nearer." It is still preserved in the Museum in Berlin.

And yet the war was no play-work with the king. He thus writes to one of his correspondents at a particular period of the conflict, and when the uncertainties as to the issue, after incredible exertions and sacrifices, would have crushed the spirit of an ordinary man, or have left him exhausted and resourceless:—

"Never in my life have I been in so critical a position as in this campaign. Be assured that a sort of miracle is requisite to surmount all the difficulties I foresee. I will not fail in my duty; but bear in mind, my dear marquis, that I cannot controul Fortune, and that I am obliged in my plans to reckon a good deal upon chance, as my means are too scanty for me to trust entirely to myself. They are herculean labours which I have to finish, and that too at an age when my powers are forsaking me, when the infirmity of my body is increasing, and when, to confess the truth, even hope, the only consolation of the unfortunate, begins to fail. You are not sufficiently acquainted with matters to have a clear conception of all the dangers that threaten the State. I know and keep them to myself. If the stroke that I am meditating succeeds, then, my dear marquis, it will be time to give ourselves up to joy. I lead here the life of a military Carthusian. My affairs occupy my mind not a little. The rest of my time I devote to the liberal sciences, which are a comfort to me, as they were to that great consul, the father of his country, and of eloquence. I know not whether I shall survive this war: if I should, I am firmly resolved to pass the rest of my days aloof from troubles, in the bosom of philosophy and friendship. I know not yet where we shall have our winter-quarters. My house in Breslau was burnt to ashes in the last bombardment. Our enemies grudge us the very daylight and the air we breathe; still they must leave us some spot or other, and, so it is but a safe one, I shall be glad to see you there.

We do not enter upon the question of Frederick's religion or no religion. One thing, however, is clear,—he looked upon himself as being a philosopher, and frequently acted the part of a Stoic. Had the war proved disastrous to him in the issue, and his ambition been effectually curbed, the probability is that he would have put an end to his existence, rather than submit to humiliation and confess himself undone; and consequently his notions with regard to a future state might have been rendered more manifest to the world than we find them. In one of his letters he thus expresses himself: "Never will I see the moment that shall compel me to conclude a dishonour-

able peace; no eloquence shall induce me to subscribe my disgrace. I will either bury myself beneath the ruins of my country, or, if this consolation shall appear too sweet for that Fate which persecutes me, I will put an end to my misery when I can endure it no longer. * * * After sacrificing my youth to my father, and the years of manhood to my country, I think I have a right to dispose of old age as I please."

Let us now accompany the stoical king for a few seconds in the course of his civil functions, and as viewed in his administrative capacity after the toils of war; for Frederick will still be found to deserve the title of Great, and to be called the architect of the Prussian monarchy as we behold it consolidated in our day. This prince, it is true, was not all-wise; he had deep prejudices; was not in every thing in advance of his age, but had to labour under the influence of early-instilled notions, as well as to deal on many occasions with intractable materials. In finance, for example, he was ignorant of principles which are now universally understood; and yet the measures which were adopted by his persevering and higher class of subjects, as well as by himself, for the recovery of their country and public credit, speedily brought back comparative prosperity, and encouraged the nation to that course of amelioration and improvement which has ever since been steadily on the advance, except during the period it had to encounter the hurricane of the Napoleonic war. The following was one of the methods employed to hasten a revival,—the anxieties and energies of the entire body of the people being stimulated and sustained by the spirit and example of the sovereign.

In Silesia, as in the other provinces of Prussia, the nobility, at this time the only landed proprietors, had been so drained by the ravages of the war, that they were reduced to extreme distress for want of money. Unable to pay the interest of the sums borrowed, they had lost their credit, and their property was seized. The more estates there were for sale, the lower was the price offered for them. The whole class of nobles was brought to the brink of ruin, and agriculture and the public revenue suffered along with them. This state of things suggested the idea of an institution, the salutary effects of which surpassed the most sanguine expectations. Under the designation of Provincial Credit System, all the proprietors of estates in Silesia associated for the maintenance of their joint credit; and a bank was established at Breslau, which took up money for the purpose of advancing it upon the security of immovable property to the amount of half its value. The lenders receive in exchange mortgage notes or bills, printed on parchment and stamped, of the amount of from 100 to 1000 dollars, which pass, like our bank-notes, as ready money. On these bills is expressed the name of the estate for which they are given; the holders have the preference before all other creditors, and receive 5 per cent. interest half-yearly, not from the owner of the mortgaged property, but from the provincial association, which is their debtor.

It will lend us some idea of the exigencies to which the state was reduced, if we attend to the degree of debasement that overtook the current coin.

To such a degree was the value of the current coin at last reduced, that a ducat was worth nine dollars. Instead of their salaries, all the civil servants of the state received tickets payable after the peace. The hardships inflicted upon a very numerous class of the public servants by this measure may be conceived, when it is known that these tickets were not taken in the ordinary course of trade, and that at last, when discounted by the brokers, they were liable to a loss of four-fifths. Such as were able, through the assistance of friends or their own resources, to hold these tickets till the peace, were paid the amount in the base current coin; so that even in this case they must have sustained a loss of about two-thirds. In the struggle for life and death, Frederick's attention was absorbed by one grand object—how to raise the twenty-five million dollars requisite for the ensuing campaign. To this sum his own dominions, or at least those provinces which were not in the hands of his enemies, contributed upon an average but four million; seven were squeezed out of Saxony; the English subsidy was converted into eight million; and the exclusive privilege of coining, granted to the Jewish firm of Gumpertz, Isaak, and Itzig, produced seven million more.

Perhaps one cannot contemplate any part of Frederick's domestic government with greater complacency than when noting instances of his conduct in the administration of justice, and even as a reformer of the criminal laws. As a general during war, he had frequently been guided, on the discovery and examination of offences, by common-sense views and a generous sympathy, when the extension of such ideas and feelings might be granted without proclaiming a bad example. The passage we now cite may be taken as an illustration.

In August, 1761, when the king had taken post with his army in the vicinity of Schweidnitz, orders were given to throw up a redoubt in the churchyard of the village of Jauernick; and a great number of men belonging to different regiments were sent to work at it, under the superintendence of one officer. In turning up the earth the men found an old pot. Pulling it out very carelessly, they broke it at the top, and perceived that it contained money. They were ready to seize it, when the officer drove them away, and took charge of the pot himself, saying that the money which was in it should be fairly divided among them, when they were relieved. The men were content. The pot was deposited in the church porch. The officer retired, pulled off his stockings, put on his boots over his bare feet, poured the money out of the pot unobserved, put his stockings at the bottom of it, and covered them with a small quantity of the pieces of coin. As soon as the men were relieved, they demanded the pot of the officer, who immediately produced it, poured out the money, and showed them that so far from containing nothing else, it was partly filled with old rags. The soldiers

loudly declared that they were cheated, which provoked the officer to threaten them with his cane. Just at that moment the king arrived to inspect the redoubt. He inquired what was the matter, the soldiers related the whole affair, and the king desired to see the money and the rags in question. An old grenadier had the latter in his hand. "Your majesty," said he, "these are not old rags, but a pair of worsted stockings, with a name upon them." At the same time he showed them to the king, who distinctly perceived the name with which they were marked. The king ordered the officer to be called, and asked what was his name. The officer mentioned the same that was on the stockings. "Well then," said his majesty, "it is clear that the money belongs to you. Your ancestors must have buried it here. There is the name upon the stocking, as fresh as if it was only just put into the pot. I'll tell you what, my lads," said he, turning to the soldiers, "let the officer keep his money; I will have the pot filled with two-groschen pieces, and these shall be equally divided among all that are here. Are you satisfied?"—"O yes, your majesty," was the unanimous reply: and well they might be, for the coins in the pot were old, small, and partly copper. By this expedient the king extricated the officer from the dilemma in which he had involved himself, and left him mute and covered with shame.

Most probably through the king's example and teachings it was that such enlightened sentiments as one of his generals uttered in a circular, had their origin. The words deserve to be studied by many a British officer and senator, although arrived at the middle of the nineteenth century.

"For two years past, that is, ever since I have been governor of this capital, it has been one of my first cares, for the honour of humanity, to put an end to the tyrannical and barbarous conduct of the officers to the privates; and I confess with pleasure that in six regiments of this garrison I have perceived evident fruits from my efforts. In one regiment only, which I will not now name, the old practice, founded on erroneous notions, of keeping the common soldier to his duty by barbarous flogging, caning, and abusive language, is still the fashion. But I warn the commander who has hitherto pursued this practice to desist from it, and to lead the private soldier more by ambition than by tyranny to that discipline and military dexterity which his Majesty requires. The king has no scoundrels, blackguards, dogs, and clodpoles in his service, but honest soldiers, as we are too, only that chance has given us higher characters. For among the common soldiers many are as good, and some might perhaps be a great deal more clever then we. Every officer ought to rejoice in being the leader of soldiers eager after honour; but he is not so if he degrades those whom he commands into so low a race of men."

Frederick was clear-headed and the most remote possible from being morbidly sentimental on points connected with capital punishments. And here, too, Englishmen would do well to borrow a leaf from him.

If Frederick wished capital punishment to be inflicted without unnecessary torture, he was equally solicitous that its effects should not be weakened. He could not overlook the mischief likely to result from the officious zeal of certain clergymen for the conversion of criminals under sentence of death; from the self-complacent commendations of the process by which men who all their lives had been steeped, body and soul, in crime, were suddenly transformed, as it was blazoned abroad, under the operation of divine grace, into patterns of piety and heirs of assured salvation; and from the practice of accompanying malefactors, as it were in triumphal procession, to the place of execution. The baneful effects of such exhibitions on the imagination of unenlightened persons must be self-evident. The king, therefore, odered that criminals should be conducted to execution unattended by clergymen and without the singing of hymns. The wisdom of this innovation, which at first incurred severe censure, and was ascribed to the irreligious spirit of the king, was in the sequel universally acknowledged and imitated by reflecting legislators.

We must hasten to a close, and do so by first citing a few words of the philosophic monarch relative to education.

"The more one advances in age, the more one is convinced of the harm done to society by the neglected education of youth. I strive in every way to prevent this mischief, and am reforming the universities, the gymnasiums, and even the provincial schools. But it takes thirty years before one sees the fruit; I shall not reap it: but I shall rejoice in having procured my country this benefit, which it is still without."—"The education of youth," says Frederick, in another place, must be considered as one of the principal objects of a government: it has an influence upon everything:" and to this object he dedicated his admirable Essay on Education.

A few more anecdotes will be acceptable. Frederick and clerical frauds:

Nothing excited in the king greater indignation than religious frauds. On one of his journeys in Silesia, he was informed, before he reached Breslau, that the Capuchins were selling agnus deis at six kreutzers each to the credulous country-people, as a specific against a disease then prevailing among the cattle in that province. They were directed to mix them up with the fodder of the beasts, which would be sure to recover. Indignant at this imposition, the king sent, on the very same evening that he arrived at Breslau, for the three superiors of the Capuchin convent there, and received them with one of his most withering looks, and the following apostrophe: "Ah, you Shakers, how dare you presume to sell to the country-people for a trifle that which in your religion is accounted the most venerable and the most sacred? Nay, more—you sell it to be eaten by cattle. Along with this impiety you have the effrontery to assure the bigoted peasants that this representation of your God is an infallible remedy for the distemper among the cattle. Shakers you, are ye not afraid that all the world will set you down for the miserable hypocrites ye really are? But what do you do with the money, you who want for nothing, but are abundantly sup-

plied with alms for your support by your credulous people?—buy ribbons, perhaps, for your concubines?" Here one of the Capuchins would have spoken, probably to rebut the charge, but Frederick, with flashing eyes, cried, "Silence! If it is not you, it is your religious, or rather the irreligious and impious monks under your authority. They do it, I know. If you know it, you are guilty; if you know it not, you are equally so. I ought to put a stop to the public scandal by punishing you, but this time I will spare you. But, beware! Depend upon it you shall be narrowly watched; and woe betide you if anything of the kind should happen again! I would have all your beards shaved off. Now march!" Trembling beneath the lightning of the king's eye and the thunder of this harangue, the Capuchins retired, and they were prudent enough not to repeat the offence.

The joker joked:

When his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, was at Berlin, Frederick one day made a present to Count Schwerin, his grand equerry, of a snuff-box, on the lid of which was painted an ass. No sooner had the count quitted the king than he sent his valet to Berlin with the box, and directions to get the ass taken off, and the king's portrait put in its place. Next day, at dinner, the count affected to leave his box carelessly on the table, and the king, who wished to amuse the duchess at the expense of the grand equerry, spoke of the box which he had given to him. The duchess asked to see it. The box was handed to her; she opened it, and exclaimed:—"Bless me, what a likeness! the resemblance is perfect! Upon my word, brother, this is one of the best portraits of you I have ever seen." The king was quite disconcerted, and thought that the joke was carried too far. The duchess handed the box to her next neighbour, and it was passed from one to another round the table, every one joining in admiration of the resemblance. The king knew not what to think of the matter, till the box, coming at length under his inspection, he discovered the trick, and joined in the laugh.

The retort direct:

In the early part of his acquaintance with Frederick, when Quintus Icilius still went by the title of aulic councillor (*Hofrath*), he was taking a ride one day with the king, when they chanced to meet a clergyman mounted on a fine spirited horse, which he sat uncommonly well. "Only see, Quintus," said Frederick, how consequential yon parson looks on his bit of blood. Go to him and humble his pride a little." Quintus did not need bidding twice. He rode up to the clergyman. "How is it, sir," said he, "that you are riding such a fine horse, while your lord and master was content with an humble ass?"—"So should I be too," rejoined the witty son of the church, "only his majesty has since made all the asses aulic councillors, so that now there is not one to be got."

ART. XI.—*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in the East, an Overland Journey from India, Visit to Athens, &c.* By C. R. BAYNES, Esq. Longman.

MR. BAYNES belongs to the Madras Civil Service; but illness made him seek a different climate. The Cape of Good Hope, being held to fall within the company's bounds, was the place where he first alighted and sojourned. Here he remained eighteen months, and thought himself quite restored to health. This result may have operated to the production in some degree of his enthusiastic pictures of Arcadian life among the Boers; for in his pages, the Cape is the Land of Promise—it is a paradise, and the people are nearly as innocent as were our *first parents* in the garden of Eden. We infer, however, that the Rambler did not find his health thoroughly confirmed, after leaving the Dutch Boers; for he betook himself afterwards to Ceylon, and made an incursion to a part of the island where the climate resembles that experienced in his native land. Nor did his wanderings terminate here, for we are led by him to Bombay, waiting for a steam-conveyance to England. He lightened the voyage by proceeding *via* Cairo, Athens, Venice, and the Rhine; a route which he strongly recommends to travellers, the expense of time and of money being pretty nearly equal.

There was nothing of course novel in these Rambles, so far as the places visited were concerned, although every observant and new traveller will discover fresh points or throw a freshness around what is old and to the careless eye threadbare. It is to this circumstance that the title *Reflections* refers, Mr. Baynes fancying that the novelty in his *Notes* arises less from the facts alluded to, and the scenes described, than from the ideas and thoughts which have been suggested to his mind. Nor is he mistaken with regard to his consciousness of this sort of newness, for whether right or wrong, his notions are his own, and his speculations take a wider range than a less independent and more poorly furnished mind could possibly think of or carry out. He not only writes well and with earnestness, but he has stored himself with reading, and has cherished a habit of comparing and criticising with closeness the things which arrest his attention. For example, his disquisition on the cave and sculptures of Elephanta is elaborate, searching, and conducted with a knowledge of the religious systems of the East. We are not, however, prepared to go along with him to the full extent of some of his theories; neither do we feel ourselves sure against stumbling and error when following him in sundry of his notions about less obscure points of belief.

With regard to his more recondite speculations, such as that the figures sculptured at Elephanta represent the mystery of the Trinity, man's fall, and the final triumph of Adam's seed over the serpent,

the reasoning is ingenious and the illustrations striking; but then the conclusion would lead us this length, that far more of the light which has been shed by the Evangelists and Apostles had reached the distant East long prior to the appearance of Christ, than was vouchsafed to the writers in the Old Testament, or at least, than can be confidently and clearly discovered in their inspired books. It must be obvious at the same time, we repeat, that a traveller who has the learning and cultivates the habits of Mr. Baynes, cannot fail both to detect points which would escape a less accomplished and diligent observer, but to invest what may have been noticed by a superficial person with rich gatherings drawn from many and remote sources. Still, a guard is to be set against the enthusiasm of an ardent temperament, such as is manifested by the Rambler when he pictures the Dutch Boers at the Cape as coming nearer our imaginative ideas of the innocent and primitive specimens of humanity than any he had ever met with, or that we have heard of. Nor, in spite of all his overflowing descriptions, though backed and buttressed by many notices of manners and disposition of a highly attractive kind, of little incidents and traits that are winning, tending to show that they are the most quiet and good-natured people on the face of the earth, are we to overlook the fact, that not far distant from the period that our author's book appears, we actually have advices from the Cape, of a sort of insurrection on the part of these Boers against the British government of the settlement, with the view of establishing an independent republic, and with the aid too of the excited native tribes. It is needful, therefore, to pause before yielding implicit assent to all that our author has imagined; and the more so that he is such an agreeable, persuasive, and clever writer; his talent in this respect being happily combined with mental power and acquirements of a superior order.

There is always pleasure and profit in the notes and reflections of an intelligent traveller; even though he may be given to speculation, and easily moved to enthusiasm, clearness of style, force of view, and independence of idea can hardly be absent from his narrative and descriptions; and when these are subservient to pure principles and right sympathies, the moral and the sentiment conveyed will be impressive, whatever the theme or the occasion. How then does such an observer as Mr. Baynes report of a slave-ship which he saw at Simon's Town?

> The "slave-deck" was about three feet and a half high; of course an upright posture was out of the question; the area did not admit of the number taking a recumbent one, and the miserable wretches were reduced to a cramped position, in which, seated on the floor, the knees were drawn up towards the chin. I obtained from unquestionable authority an account of the discipline observed on board. Each morning, the fore-hatchway being opened, the slaves are made to ascend one by one; a man standing at the

hatch gives to each as he passes a mouthful of vinegar and water to wash his mouth; he passes on to the waist, where a bucket of cold water is thrown over him; and after being roughly wiped with a coarse cloth, he descends by the main hatchway to the infernal pit from which he emerged, having received his cleansing, his exercise, his air, for the day!

The reader beholds the ship with the *slave-deck* in this brief description; and is made to participate in the writer's deep sympathies. Our next specimen is powerful, not merely as conveying a picture of the severe and haughty warrior's method of measuring man's efforts and works, but as a graphic and adequate report of what passed on the occasion.

An Arab chieftain, one of the most powerful of the princes of the Desert, had come to behold, for the first time, a steam-ship; much attention was paid to him, and every facility afforded for his inspection of every part of the vessel. What impression the sight made on him it was impossible to judge. No indications of surprise escaped him; every muscle preserved its wonted calmness of expression; and on quitting, he merely observed, "It is well; but you have not brought a man to life yet."

While talking of steam-ships, we may observe, that in the Indian seas this sort of vessel must be introducing much that is novel, and that will continually for years to come furnish scenes for fresh observation. Let us approach Ceylon for an illustration.

We steamed into the roadstead, going scarcely four knots an hour; and from having no sail set, we appeared, as I can easily imagine, a thing of magic to the wondering natives, who were darting about in all directions in their singularly-shaped canoes. One of them, as if to prove whether or not we were really progressing against the wind without any visible mover, steered his little bark directly across our bows, and narrowly escaped paying dearly for his rash experiment, for we with difficulty avoided running him down. While I am on the water, I must mention the Cingalese canoe, peculiar, I believe, to the island. It is very long and narrow; frequently nothing but a single large tree, slightly hollowed, shaped similarly at both ends, and having a couple of boards fixed on lengthways as a sort of gunwale; from its side protrude two curved arms, or booms, at the extremities of which is a log about one-third of the size of the canoe itself, and much of the same shape, but not hollowed. This outrigger has the effect of steadying the frail vessel under all possible circumstances, and of making it one of the safest boats that can be placed upon the waters. They spread to the wind an immense sail of very thin cloth, which they keep constantly wetting to make it hold the breeze. If the wind blow from the side on which is the outrigger, it is evident that it must act as a counterpoise to the leverage of the mast, which, in high winds, would otherwise speedily upset the crank vessel. Suppose this force to be so great, which it frequently is, as to lift the outrigger out of the water, one of the crew immediately goes out upon it, running along the boom; if his weight be insufficient to produce the desired effect, another follows, and another, and so on till they attain the re-

quisite equipoise; if, again, the wind come on the side opposite the outrigger, its use is equally evident; it must force the large block completely under water before it could upset the canoe. Thus armed against all contingencies, they fearlessly encounter the roughest weather; of which they often get good specimens off the coast of Ceylon, and an accident very rarely happens. A similar principle is also applied to some of their larger vessels of many tons burden.

For a moment we return to the Cape, to which Mr. Baynes would have emigration to be conducted on a large scale. Hear this travelled writer, this man of the world yet considerate philanthropist, relative to the subject just mentioned, and the provisions of the poor-law.

Political necessity convinces me that I must, Christian charity teaches me that I ought, to contribute, according to my means, to the support of the sick and aged poor, or to assist them under temporary pressure arising out of passing circumstances: but neither on the one account nor the other do I feel bound to maintain, year after year, in idleness, those who, if they chose, might earn their own livelihood in a country where there is food and work for them, instead of obstinately staying in one destitute of both. This is, perhaps, felt as a grievance, more especially by those who, acting differently themselves, have left their native country, and on their return find themselves called upon to contribute a large portion of their hard-won earnings to feed those who would perhaps deliberately refuse to take the same means of acquiring independence. Why should not a parish in England hold land in the Colonies, and be allowed to say to applicants for work, "Yes, we will give it to you on our farm at the Cape of Good Hope?" No owner of an estate would allow his labourers to dictate to him in which particular field they should work, or permit them all to crowd into one, to the neglect and ruin of the rest; and why should Great Britain not have the power of employing her labourers in whatever field of her immense estate is found most convenient to her?

We are away to the land of Pharaoh for an anecdote illustrative of right English feeling and resolution.

Among the curiosities of Cairo, not the least was our landlady; for we took lodgings in preference to remaining at the hotel. An Englishwoman by birth, she had, in years gone by, married a Greek; and since the death of her husband Madame Vassalachi has earned for herself a somewhat precarious subsistence by letting lodgings to strangers, for whom, to use the technical language of the profession, "she does," in a very comfortable manner. Though from her little green turban sort of head-dress, Madame Vassalachi might be pronounced decidedly foreign, she retains a spirit truly English: in proof of which, during the late uncertain position of affairs in Egypt, when a formal declaration of war with England was expected in Cairo, Madame Vassalachi, of importance to herself, and therefore, as she argued, to the Pacha, anticipated an attack upon her house as the residence of an Englishwoman, and prepared for her defence by barricading her door, and

heating her oven full of sand: and thus armed, she awaited the approach of any one who should be daring enough to attempt her castle by escalade or otherwise. I am confident they would not have effected an entrance while her sand lasted. "But would not melted lead have been better?" I ventured to suggest. "No, Sir," replied the heroine, with a consciousness of superior military talent; "sand answers just as well, and is not so expensive as lead."

Now for the legend of the origin of the "Mosque of the Bloody Baptism" at Cairo, built six hundred years ago.

Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world, and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favourite minister, and taking with him a large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with his tour, and becoming interested in the occcupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years, greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of the viceroy, who gradually forming for himself a party among the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan, returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and fortunately for himself still in disguise, learnt, as he approached his capital, the news of his own death, and the usurpation of his minister; finding, on further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his *incognito*, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants; nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and, on its completion, he solicited the honour of the Sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour, the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief Moolah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name? "Call it," he replied, "the mosque of Sultan Hassan." All started at the mention of this name; and the questioner, as though not believing he could have heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. "Call it," again cried he, "the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan;" and throwing off his disguise, the legitimate Sultan stood revealed before his traitorous servant. He had no time for reflection; simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trap-doors, leading to extensive vaults which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers.

On to Greece,—to Marathon.

Wet, cold, and hungry, we were glad to procure quarters for the night in a miserable sort of farm-house, belonging, as I understood, to some proprietor who paid it an occasional visit, but which at that time was only occupied by some agricultural labourers and their families, who seemed to be in a wretched state of poverty. They allowed us to occupy the best room as our sleeping-chamber; and as it contained two couches and some blankets, we had no cause to complain of our fortune in that respect. In a sort of kitchen they made up a tolerably good fire; sitting down on the ground by which we soon managed to dry our clothes. We were no longer wet and cold, but we were still hungry; and our hosts positively assured us they had nothing to give us to eat. I believe they spoke truth; for neither the inquisitorial researches of our formidable guide, nor the extravagant price which we professed ourselves willing to pay for any thing in the shape of food, succeeded, even after much delay and a visit to several other cottages in the neighbourhood, in producing aught beside a few eggs and a crust of exceedingly hard black bread. The eggs, and a frying-pan, the only culinary utensil in the house, were at length placed before me, with an intimation, that after all, they could not be dressed "as there was no fat." "Never mind," I replied, "I can fry them in water." Upon this announcement, they gathered round with eager curiosity, while I proceeded with the air of a chemical lecturer to demonstrate experimentally the truth of my assertion. Of course the eggs were well poached, and speedily devoured by my companion and myself. After which I retired to my couch, with the gratification of having acquired some renown on the field of Marathon, and conferred a lasting benefit on the Greeks. I should mention, that they indicated their delight and gratitude by producing an earthen bottle of wine; which I applied to my mouth, thinking it could not possibly contain any thing so unpalatable as not to be endured in the absence of better potations. Alas! I was mistaken; it was an acid vinous solution of resin. As soon as I was sufficiently recovered from the effects of the taste to make inquiries, I discovered that the Greek peasants are in the habit of putting the resin of the fir-tree into their wine, "to keep it," or, as I would rather say, to render it not worth keeping.

Not even the consideration that my sufferings from this vile custom had furnished me with a practical explanation of the fact of the fir being sacred to Bacchus, and the top of his thyrsus being decorated with a fir-cone, was sufficient to console me for the mode in which that mythological lesson was conveyed.

We have been characterizing Mr. Baynes as an enthusiast; not that he deals in mouthfuls of swollen terms, or takes to the breath-blowing system. It is in the attitude and the innate feeling that we discover his classical love.

I believe that, in the opinion of my guide, my "trance" [at Marathon] endured for a longer time than his experience taught him was usual on such occasions; and when he beheld me gather my hatful of the wild flowers

which grew on the sides of the little mount, he looked as though, had he been conversant with the writings of *Peter* Pindar, he would have exclaimed—

"Alas! poor gentleman, I'm sorry for ye,
And pity much your upper story."

If such were his conclusions, they must have received complete confirmation when on our road home. Ere I could discern any part of Athens, and while we were yet at some distance from it, I beheld, standing as it were in the sky, a magnificent temple: I uttered an exclamation of surprise—The Parthenon! The effect surpassed anything I had ever witnessed of architectural grandeur; and by a sort of instinctive movement I uncovered my head. The intervening country was of such a nature as exactly to hide the rock of the Acropolis, and leave the temple only visible. An ancient worshiper of Jove, under similar circumstances, might have been pardoned for believing that the clouds which conceal his habitation from mortal sight were for a while withdrawn, so as to afford him a glimpse of the "palace of the gods." Advancing a little farther, we came in sight of the rock of the Acropolis; and the illusive effect was dissipated.

Our last paragraph of all contains an anecdote which the Rambler has introduced as an argument in favour of the modern Greek pronunciation, against the assumptions of scholars. On this question, he appears to us as in other instances to be hasty.

I had often heard the word "polufloisboio" adduced as an instance of "sound echoing to the sense," and thereby furnishing a presumptive argument in favour of the sound being the true one. It is supposed to convey the idea of the hoarse and majestic roar of the loud surge as it thunders upon the coast. I was much amused, therefore, to hear an eminent Greek scholar, with whom I had the good fortune to be imprisoned in the quarantine at Syra, say, as we were together watching the little ripples, as they just kissed, with a hissing murmur, the rock on which we stood, "I wonder how any one who hears that sound can doubt we are right in saying "polifleesveso;" every wave says fleesveso." I laughed, and alluded to the use made of the same word by the holders of the contrary opinions. "Oh," he rejoined, "that can scarcely be; Homer never heard or saw such a sea as you are describing; his ideas were all taken from the Mediterranean, the voice of which is almost ever as we now hear it."

The volume contains wood-cuts, the most curious of them illustrating the remains in the Island and Cave of Elephanta.

ART. XII.—*The Juryman's Legal Hand-Book and Manual of Common Law.* By THOMAS H. CORNISH, Esq., of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-law. Longman.

IN his preface, Mr. Cornish says, "I have compiled this diminutive expositor with a view to the better understanding, especially by jurymen in general, of the laws which regulate the most admirable of all our time-honoured institutions, *Trial by Jury* * * * In the absence of a work of this kind, it occurred to me, that an attempt to supply a compact digest of those laws, which—in a familiar manner, and at a small charge—should furnish both the *juror* and general reader with a sufficient knowledge of the late Consolidating Act relating to juries; together with the several enactments which, in a measure, still influence the unrepealed law, might, possibly, be followed by an expression of approbation." These two sentences will serve to convey some idea of the purpose and substance of the Juryman's Hand-Book. But neither the title-page nor the prefatory matter indicates completely the character of the work; nor will any person be very ready to look for entertainment and amusing information in a book addressing itself to legal topics and to practices in courts of law. The fact is, however, that while this manual contains much that every juror ought to know, and to make the subject of precise information, it also presents to the general reader many things that will engagingly impress the mind. The fields traversed by Mr. Cornish are far wider than will be expected; his gatherings-in far richer than mere technicalities, dry enactments, or condensed accounts of the origin and growth of legal institutions; and his tone far loftier than that of a close expositor. We hesitate not to pronounce the work to be one that teems with moral sentiment, and to have everywhere stamped upon it the strength of an ardently beneficent spirit.

The book is remarkable in the respect mentioned. We would naturally expect in it such information and direction as will equip a juryman for the discharge of one of the gravest duties that can be performed. But few will look for, at the same time, an attractive recognition and exposition of the foundation and the safeguards of virtue, as well as the sources whence all sound laws spring. Who would imagine that Mr. Cornish, on an occasion like this, would enlist the aid of Confucius, or illustrate the doctrines current in Westminster Hall, with instances and passages found in classical writers, so as to affect the heart while the head is filled?

There is here a religious tone of teaching, a cordial sympathy with the good and the beautiful, a cast of feeling and knowledge quite characteristic, yet happily employed, affording an example of how much an original and earnest mind can make of a barren, a reluctant, and a forbidding subject. If the remarks we have offered be perti-

nent and well-grounded, nothing short of specimens of the work can give to our readers a just idea of its quality and merits. We therefore have pleasure in quoting as follow, passages which, as we have hinted, would not be looked for under the title of the volume, but which are opportune and appropriate. Were, for example, the sentiments in the morsel which we first of all cite, universally inculcated and acted upon, how superior would be our juries, and how seldom the occasion for the exercise of their functions:—

The happy fire-side of the Christian mother, especially when she is there surrounded by duteous children, by kindred and neighbours, affords perhaps, one of the most affecting pictures that the artist could paint, with a view to produce in us all a pure veneration for female excellence, and a holy admiration of woman's exalted character and active virtues. Here, in the mingling of fond relations and trusty friends, is generally found the habitations of love and joy, of peace and contentment.

It is in the homes of men that the child is ranged into his caste, whether noble or mean: *there* the seed of his whole life is sown. Schools may develope his powers, and instruct his mind; they may put "sharps," and "flats" before his abilities; the general tone of his daily life will more or less remain true to his first nursery and the nature of his primitive home.

The first training of the soul for heaven is said to be a *maternal* office. The mother it is who presides over those home virtues, the cultivation or neglect of which in the first ages of life often gives a right or a wrong bias to its after years. In this "homely court" let our virtuous English mothers preside with undiminished solicitude and untiring perseverance. Even when adverse circumstances occur—and against such neither anxious foresight nor watchful piety can always guard—the pious mother should not relax her endeavours; should not suffer her faith to fail. Her duty is not more imperative in its principle than encouraging in its performance. She is animated by a conviction founded upon experience, that a heart is seldom so reprobate, as to throw from it the old forms and close-knit habits of filial piety. Indeed, generally speaking, "character" is formed by maternal influence,—an influence whose importance is incalculable. It is the earliest; it is the most natural; it strikes deepest root. Years of active engagement in a busy world may for a time choke its growth; it has, however, a vitality, which, when called into action by sickness, or sorrow, or approaching death, and fostered by the dew of God's blessing, blossoms and gives fruit, even "fruit unto holiness, the end whereof is everlasting life."

The fire-side home of childhood!—childhood itself, and the very name of "Father." Yes, childhood itself is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Forget we not, that an impious or profane thought, *uttered by a parent's lip*, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

Upon the subject of oaths Mr. Cornish is impressive and discriminative to a degree that may be said to be commensurate with its importance and solemnity. It is manifest that he has not only ran-

sacked the best authorities who have written on the theme, but that he has made it one of deliberate study, and in the most proper frame of spirit, impelled and guided by the light of God's word. We cite portions of his pages on this topic.

All the definitions which I have been able to examine, may conveniently be arranged under two heads: first, such as contain no expressed imprecation; and, secondly, such as embrace, in more or less explicit language, an imprecatory clause.

Before we adopt or reject any one of those definitions, or substitute any other of our own, I am desirous of soliciting the reader's attention to one or two observations on a question which appears to me to be of prime importance; and yet, to have been often regarded in a mistaken point of view.

I cannot but consider it in itself an erroneous supposition, and a cause of practical mischief, to consider either that God will become a witness of our words *in consequence* of our calling Him to witness them, or that His judgment will fall upon us in *consequence* of our invoking it. This error, it is to be feared, derives much countenance and encouragement from our present practice, and the language which we usually employ. The only true state of the case is altogether opposed to this supposition: and we ought habitually to impress upon ourselves and others, that God *is and must be* a witness of all we do and say, without our appealing to Him to become so, and that He *will* punish falsehood and wrong, without any invocation on His vengeance made by ourselves. He does not need us to draw His attention to our words, or to the secrets of our hearts. He does not need our permission to punish, should we dare to utter with our lips what our conscience knows to be wrong.

The object of the form of adjuration should be to point out this; to show that we are not calling the attention of God to man, but the attention of man to God; that we are not calling upon him to punish the wrong-doers, but on man to remember that He will.

On these principles (which will probably approve themselves to most persons,) if it be deemed necessary to fix upon a precise definition, I must exclude from mine whatever would imply more on the part of the juror than a pledge, that he is speaking under a solemn sense of the presence of the Deity, the witness of our words and actions, the moral Governor of the world, the Judge of mankind, and the just avenger of falsehood and wrong.

It was on similar principles, that the early Christians used to say, "Whatever we affirm, we do so as in the presence of God; and that, to us Christians, is the most solemn oath.

Mr. Cornish cites a variety of definitions of an oath, directly imprecatory, indirectly so, and also of such as avoid what he considers to be a practical mishief. He says—

We shall find many definitions of an oath which imply nothing of direct imprecation, both among Christian and heathen writers. Cicero calls it "an affirmation under the sanction of religion." Gregory of Nazianzen, defines it to be "a solemn affirmation of the truth, as in the presence of God." The author of Fleta seems to have embraced in his view, those corrupt

modes of swearing by other attestations than by a direct appeal to God himself, which disgraced Christendom too long, and unhappily, have not yet ceased to be its shame;—"an oath is an affirmation, or negation on some point, confirmed by the attestation of a holy thing." This corresponds very closely with the authorized definition at the present time in Spain. "An oath is an attestation, or affirmation, on any subject, by the name of God, and some sacred thing. And no one ought to swear by heaven or earth, nor by any creature;—by nought except what is holy and sacred." Dr. Sanderson, in his Lectures before the University of Oxford, professing to supply its full definition, says, "an oath is a religious act, in which, to establish a point in doubt, God is involved as a witness." Dr. Johnson describes an oath to be "an affirmation, negation, or promise, corroborated by the attestation of the Supreme Being." Voet, in his notes on the Pandects, defines it to be "a religious affirmation of the truth, or an invocation of the name of God in witness of the truth;" and our celebrated Coke defines it thus: "An oath is an affirmation or denial by any Christian of any thing lawful and honest before one or more that hath lawful authority for advancement of truth and right, calling upon God to witness that his testimony is true."

Many of our readers perhaps will find in our next extract something that is new and striking with regard to the lawfulness of an oath:

I have alleged our Saviour's example when adjured by the High-Priest, as decisive, establishing beyond further dispute the lawfulness of an oath to Christians. The interpretation of the passage in the gospel (St. Matt. xxvi. 63,) which I have deemed the only sound interpretation, represents our Lord as having taken a *judicial* oath before the constituted authorities of his country. A doubt has been suggested on the correctness of that interpretation. The other arguments brought forward would, I think, independently of this, satisfactorily establish the legality of an oath. But this argument, if it be sound and unassailable itself, is so entirely conclusive, admitting of no appeal, that I felt anxious to put my reader, in possession of the nature of the evidence, and the result of my inquiries, which, I confess, have left no doubt whatever in my own mind on the subject.

The question, and I believe the only question, is this, Did the High-Priest, when he addressed our Saviour, actually administer an oath to him, agreeably to the laws and customs of the Jews? Or did he merely call upon him (urging the strongest motive to compliance, even his reverence for the living God,) to make an answer aye or no to his question. This is, I believe, the only alternative.

The Greek word which our translation renders by the word of Latin origin, "I adjure thee," and which I have considered in the text as equivolent to the English expression, "I call upon thee *upon oath*," does not occur in any other passage of the New Testament.

The following are specimens of striking points or facts pithily put: Antiquity of Judges going Circuit:—

It is not, perhaps, generally known, at how remote a period this practice prevailed; but on consulting 1 Samuel, vii. 16, we find this extraordinary confirmation:—"And he (Samuel) went from year to year in circuit to Bethel, and Gilgal, and Mizpeh, and judged Israel in all those places.

Preservation of Magna Charta:—

Sir R. Cotton, while collecting his literary treasures, being one day at his tailor's, discovered that the man held in his hand, ready to be cut up for measures, the original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of seals and signatures. He bought this singular curiosity for a trifle, and recovered in this manner what had long been given over for lost.

Something worth knowing: unstamped letters cannot be read as *evidence* in courts of law:—

The postage-stamp attached to an envelope in which a letter is merely enclosed, will not qualify that letter to be read as "Evidence" in a court of law, the postage-stamp being required to be attached to the letter or correspondence itself.

Mr. Cornish's Hand-book abounds with sententious *dicta;* the gems of thought and expression are so plentiful that the reader's mind is in every page agreeably arrested; and thus the Guide is closely and profitably followed wherever he wishes to lead you. Many of his gatherings have a quaint or sly humour that amuses while he instructs. Take a few samples. Here is a lesson to talkers:—

This rule should be observed in all conversation—that men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them. This would make them consider, whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say; and whether it be adapted to the time, the place where, and the person to whom it is spoken.

Again:—

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

We have heard it alleged that much talk is conducive to the health of sedentary people, inasmuch as it affords an active exercise; and that hence it is that so many women of in-door habits attain to a green old age. Mr. Cornish must therefore be indulgent, at least to the *sex*, remembering too that if bereft of tongue, the fair are defenceless. Nay, it is clear that our author is woman's considerate champion, and that he regards her presence and influence as indispen-

sable to the taming of the *bear* man, and to the steadfastness of his allegiance to constituted authorities. Mr. Cornish's gallantry is evidenced by the zest with which he quotes Behrengius:—

Behrengius, in his "Institutes of Natural and Political Law," gives it his opinion, that men who remained unmarried after forty, should be placed under guardianship by the Government. "They are guilty," says he, "of a species of treason, and show so little regard to the good of their country, that they are not to be trusted. Besides, they are so ignorant, or so indifferent, with regard to their own happiness, that it may be doubted if they have the entire use of their reason.

We cite in conclusion two or three sentences of a graver cast, and breathing a sound liberality well adapted to the times in which we live. First, with regard to religious sects:—

Sects, in many points, are beneficial to religion. As the members of each are critics of the doctrine and practice of all the rest, a species of mutual responsibility is created, by which all (though it is a truth few are willing to own) are in some degree controlled. Many excesses are prevented by the dread of active malevolence and honest indignation, strengthened by the spirit of religious partizanship. Sectarianism has done for Protestantism what Monasticism did for Popery—has kept it alive, and extended it.

British freedom and the British heart.

British freedom is civil and religious liberty, unrestrained by any undue stretch of ministerial authority. This is a sweet and holy attribute of a holy and, for the most part, sensible people, whence the heart of the nation comes; and it must appear to what most awful obligations and duty are held those from whom this heart takes it texture and shape:—our queen, our princes of the blood royal, all who wear the badge of office or honour; all priests, judges, senators, pleaders, interpreters of the law; all instructors of youth, all seminaries of education, all parents, all learned men, all professors of science and art, all teachers of manners, upon them depend the fashions of a nation's heart; by them it is to be chastened, refined, and purified; by them is the state to lose the character and title of the beast of prey; by them are the iron scales to fall off, and a skin of youth, beauty, freshness, and polish to come upon it; by them it is to be made so tame and gentle, as that a "stripling youth" may lead it with safety and honour.

The true and main support of governments and society.

Governments depend far more than is generally supposed upon the opinion of the people, and the spirit and the age of the nation. It sometimes happens that a "gigantic mind" possesses supreme power, and rises superior to the age in which he is born; such was Alfred in England and Peter in Russia; but such instances are very rare; and, in general, it is neither amongst sovereigns nor the higher classes of society that the great imrprovers or benefactors of mankind are to be found.

We have not deemed it necessary to distinguish what is properly Mr. Cornish's own matter, and what are the borrowed and compiled parts in any of our extracts. Neither have we gone into the particular directions on any one point of practice and law relative to the duties of jurymen. These directions, we presume, are correct in law. They are, at any rate, perspicuous and plain; the digest being also compact yet precise. Nowhere does the compiler pretend to philosophical analysis, although as we have seen, he speculates upon certain occasions, seldom losing an opportunity to inculcate a moral principle, or to suggest such an improvement as the scope of the little work affords.

In relation to one subject particularly—viz., that of Grand Juries, we think Mr. Cornish would do well, in the future editions of his manual, to turn his attention with some degree of decidedness with regard to the benefits or the reverse connected with this branch of our legal institutions. It is not, certainly, absolutely necessary, in a work for the general reader of the present kind, that the author should philosophize and speculate, or be disquisitional to any extent. Still, considering the somewhat erratic tendencies of our barrister, the grasp of his mind, and the opportunity of addressing himself to numerous readers, it might not be amiss to discuss the point mentioned, and thus, perhaps, lead to a wholesome change in legal practice.

An Edinburgh Reviewer many years ago handled this subject with great ability, and, to our thinking, to excellent purpose, in the following manner:—The use of a grand jury, many would say, was to find an indictment before a man, suspected merely of guilt, should be subjected to the hardship of imprisonment at the discretion of an individual. Now, we might argue, that instead of it being an advantage to save an innocent man from the hardship of a public trial, it is a cruel denial, after he has been publicly accused; and that the first thing to be desired is a searching investigation in an open court, if conducted in a mode as little troublesome and expensive as it ought to be. But to pass from this view, it is remarked that at a period when trials came round only once in seven years, and when the powers of law were wielded by fierce, impatient, and arbitrary barons, or the ministers of an arbitrary king, a security like that furnished by a grand jury against the hardship of imprisonment, of any length up to seven years, was of no light importance. Since, however, the Act of the 2d of Philip and Mary, c. 30, which conferred on justices of the peace the power of imprisoning before trial, the grand jury which now sits only at the time when the court sits, at which the alleged offence may be tried, has evidently lost all power to save any man from the evil mentioned, and seems really to serve no purpose whatsoever, but that of furnishing to actual delinquents an additional chance of escape. The court appointed to try the man in

the best way, is ready to try him. Then, why try him twice, first in a bad and insufficient way, and only after that in a good and final way.

It is well said by the Reviewer that a Grand Jury must do one of two things: it must send a man to trial or discharge him; it must find a *true bill*, or the contrary. In all cases in which it sends the man to his trial, it does neither good nor evil; for the man is tried and sustains the consequences of his trial exactly as if no such thing as a grand jury had been in existence. In the cases where the grand jury discharge, the man must be either innocent or guilty: if innocent, the grand jury is useless again; for in a very short space the man would have received the same discharge from the court that would have tried him. The only case therefore in which a grand jury can do anything which would not be done without it, is the case in which it discharges a man really guilty, whose guilt would have been ascertained by the court. There is only one case then in which it can be anything but useless, and that is when it is purely mischievous.

The open trial by equals indifferently chosen, where the law is publicly laid down on both sides by a responsible judge, and the fact decided by a full hearing of the evidence on both sides, is beyond all doubt one of the best and noblest securities for all the rights of social man. No wonder then that the word jury is so musical to English ears. But the generous institution here characterized corresponds in no single feature with that anomalous excrescence attached to courts of Criminal Law in England under the name of Grand Jury, —that is, not an open, but a secret tribunal. The accused has no voice in its formation, no challenge against his worst enemy, who may possibly direct its unwitnessed deliberations. The legal points that may arise are clandestinely debated and decided, without the assistance of any known minister of the law. In their private chamber, the grand jury hear the testimony on behalf of the accusation only, subject to no cross-examination or contradiction. In a spirit directly hostile to the most fondly cherished principles of English law, everything takes place with closed doors, and in the absence of the party most interested in the issue. Finally, as if to complete the contrast, the verdict need not be unanimous, or even the opinion of two-thirds, for a bare majority, twelve to eleven, is sufficient either to put the party on his trial, or to stifle the most important investigation.

The books leave the *duties* of grand juries extremely indefinite. The judge often exhorts them not to try the cases that come up stairs to them, but merely to inquire whether there is ground for ulterior inquiry. Yet they present upon their oaths positively that *A* stole the goods of *B.* &c.; and Lord Somers wrote a tract to prove that they were bound to sift minutely the whole evidence before they could be justified in returning a true bill. The effect and use of

their functions it is still more difficult to collect. When they find the bill, they only express the opinion already adopted and acted on by the committing magistrate, after a much more satisfactory proceeding. Is not this superfluous? They can hardly clear the suspected character, but may do irreparable injury to public justice.

It would often serve an important purpose were grand juries dispensed with, were it merely for lightening the burden of attendance of witnesses as well as jurors. But a more serious point for consideration, is the facility of escape afforded by this stage. The many accidents that may conspire in favour of the criminal,—in themselves a great inconvenience,—furnish an excuse for the corrupt compromises that are daily defeating justice. Witnesses are not at hand when called; the stolen goods have been mistakenly conveyed to the wrong place; the persons upon whose evidence the jury are to find a verdict are plied with liquor,, and forget all the material circumstances which they disclosed to the magistrate. The effect must be an encouragement to crime; for "no bills found," and "not prosecuted" may at all times be the return, amounting to a considerable percentage out of a number of committals.

Before dismissing the Juryman's Hand-Book, we have to state, that it is in appropriate terms dedicated "by especial permission," to Lord Denman, who has felt himself called on to acknowledge the honour in language complimentary to the author, and becoming the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. His Lordship has said not merely that he has detected no error in the work, but declares that it appears to him "very likely to diffuse, not only valuable knowledge among the middle classes, but to inspire them with sentiments of justice and humanity highly conducive to the general advantage and happiness." In these words, feelings and principles are evinced worthy of the person who has uttered them, of his exalted station as a judge, and of him who in an Inaugural Discourse pronounced on the occasion of opening the theatre of the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, in Aldersgate Street, April 24th, 1828, while Common-Sergeant of London, used towards the close of the address, the language which we are about to quote. He stated that he spoke to men of the order from which both Lawyers and Jurors are taken:—

"To this class," said he, "to whose advantage your exertions have been devoted, belongs the profession of the law—a profession so much interwoven in all the affairs of men, and on whose integrity such absolute reliance must be placed, that in them the elevation of character produced by literary habits is a positive gain to the public. From the same class also those juries are drawn, who form the only real safeguard of all our rights. The truth can never be too often repeated. But if juries are deficient either in intelligence or independence, if their minds are unenlightened, or their spirit servile, farewell to the blessings of that boasted ordinance! it will then be,

as it has often already been, but an engine for effecting crooked designs, and a cloak for disguising them! Farewell to the hopes of legal and judicial reformation; of short, and cheap, and simple methods of procedure, which, it is now apparent can only be expected from the practical good sense of a vigilant, a well-informed, and a considerate public."

ART. XIII.—*Turning and Mechanical Manipulation.* By CHARLES HOLTZAPFFEL, Associate of the Institution of Civil Engineers, &c. Published for the Author by Holtzapffel and Co.

WE return to this curious and elaborate work, in order to place before our readers some few passages of its contents, and to support the opinion when we pronounce the subject of the book to be one of far greater compass, and to be filled up with a far greater variety of interesting particulars, than the uninitiated into its realm and its mysteries can have ever imagined. Not only the *art* but the *literature* of Turning, presents a rich abundance. And yet we are led to believe that Mr. Holtzapffel's publication will supply a want, as a general treatise, at least for the guidance of the amateur, and even for the instruction of the professional manipulator; the preceding works of highest authority being necessarily deficient in reference to the present state of the art, and the science that bears upon its advancement.

The greatest difficulty, says the author, that he has encountered in his task, has been that of selection and arrangement, where the field is so broad as to embrace an immense number of materials, and which are often vastly dissimilar. The difficulty, however, has been in a great measure obviated by the division of the work, not only into five volumes, each volume treating of parts of the subject that are broadly distinguished, but by carrying out the plan in the subdivision of the volumes into chapters, which may be considered severally to include all that was deemed necessary to be stated upon the respective subjects.

It will not be expected that persons in our situation, and who neither lay claim to the taste of the amateur, nor the knowledge of the professional artist, can enter critically into the merits of the volume before us, or do more than express a judgment with regard to the manner in which the author appears to have followed up the conception and plan of the work, in the process of execution. Still, without going beyond our depth among the technicalities of the subject, it is clear that these must be numerous where so many tools are employed, as well as such a variety of materials, derived from the several kingdoms of nature,—vegetable, mineral, and animal.

Well, then, the general reader will find no difficulty in going along with our author, so far as this first volume extends. But,

what is not less requisite than perspicuity, he will experience the satisfaction of a mind conscious of being improved, and the delight accompanying the imagination when it finds itself introduced to new regions of beauty and tasteful exercise.

In the Introductory Chapter, Mr. Holtzapffel very happily opens up to the general reader the scope of the turner's art, as well as the principles, mathematically speaking, upon which it is founded; the circle, the best defined, the most symmetrical of all figures, and the most easily described with accuracy, being the form in some one of its endless modifications which the lathe produces, and from solid materials of every sort.

Although Turning constitutes the basis of the present work, yet the various mechanical arts associated with it, or derived from it, naturally form collateral branches of comment and inquiry; while the importance of the lathe towards the promotion of the useful arts, of science, and of the elegancies of human life, are pleasantly and comprehensively indicated in the passage which we here quote:—

> The art of turning must be admitted to be an auxiliary of great importance in the economy of mankind, as to it we are more or less indebted for nearly all the component parts of the machines and instruments which are conducive in a thousand ways to the support and clothing of the person, and the advancement of the mind.
>
> How, for instance, could the engines which are now habitually and almost universally employed, in converting the numerous raw products of the earth to our most urgent, as well as to our most refined necessities and pleasures, exist, in the absence of the tools indispensably required for the accurate production of the circular parts, that enter so largely and in so important a manner, into their respective structures.
>
> How again could we, without the lathe, possess another machine in which the circle abounds, namely the steam engine? which like an obedient automaton endowed with power and endurance almost unlimited, is equally subservient, either in converting the raw materials into their manufactured products, or in transporting them, in either state, across the ocean or over the surface of the earth, along with the individuals, through whose energies they have been collected, transformed, and distributed.
>
> Nor amongst our obligations to the mechanical arts, is that the least which is afforded by them in the cause of science, the delicate apparatus for pursuing which is due to the skill of the mechanist, whose instruments enable us to discover, and likewise to measure the planetary orbs, or to inspect in the cabinet the wonderful particles of the world we inhabit, and by means of which we find our earth to be teeming with creation, exquisite in symmetry, and beautifully adapted to the purposes of organic life; indeed, in whatever direction, and with whatever purpose the man of science may look, prospects of similar grandeur, and of equal wonder, still open in endless succession to repay the labour of research, an effort wherein the instruments (due in great measure to the turner's skill,) are only secondary in importance to man's own mental faculties.

How largely, also, do the circle and its many combinations enter into the elegancies and ornaments of life: more particularly on the useful and indispensable creations of taste and fancy obtained from the wheel of the manufacturer of pottery and porcelain; and more or less so in all the arts of design and embellishment, whether applied to the useful and agreeable purpose of ornamenting the costume of nations; assisting towards the prosecution of the art of engraving; or in that most important of engines the printing-machine, which disseminates in millions of channels, the thoughts and speculations of the human mind; throughout all of which, the turner's primary element, the circle, is equally pervading and indispensable.

These numerous and highly-important results, our author goes on to observe, are in most cases greatly, and in others exclusively, indebted for their formation "to an instrument based upon the law of rotatory motion (one of the most simple, though perfect, yet discovered), the turning-lathe." Can it then be demanding too much, when there is claimed for the lathe the character of being the primary machine, or when it is called the "engine of civilization?" Certainly Mr. H. has warrant for saying, that the extension of its employment in the higher and more important branches of manufactures and art, especially in Great Britain, coupled with the latent perseverance and industry of those who have developed its powers, have wonderfully aided in elevating our country to its eminence among nations.

The first volume (other four volumes are promised, each to be complete in itself) relates principally to the materials for turning and the mechanical arts therewith connected. It includes, also, their choice, treatment in the way of preparation for the lathe, and their employment in various distinct branches of art, which do not in general require the use of tools with cutting edges.

The materials upon which the turner manipulates are thus generally indicated:—"We obtain from the vegetable kingdom an extensive variety of woods of different characters, colours, and degrees of hardness, and also a few other substances. The most costly and beautiful products of the animal kingdom are the tusks of the elephant, the tortoise and the pearl shells; but the horns, hoofs, and some of the bones of the ox, buffalo, and other animals, are also extensively used for more common purposes. From the mineral kingdom are obtained many substances which are used in their natural states, and also the important products of the metallic ores." Now, from this general glance, how large does the subject of the present work begin to appear, when merely the materials to be worked upon are considered! To treat that subject in the way that it is done in the pages before us, must have made heavy demands, not only upon the practical knowledge but the scientific studies of the author.

Let us look into one of the chapters relating to the first-men-

tioned kingdom of nature, viz. the vegetable, for a specimen of the information here disclosed, and also of the curious points of the subject. The chapters to which we allude treats of the "Ornamental Characters of Woods," *fibre or grain, knots, &c.* We cite several paragraphs from this section of the volume :—

It is by some supposed that the root of a tree is divided into about as many parts or subdivisions as there are branches, and, that speaking generally, the roots spread around the same under ground, to about the same distance as the branches wave above; the little germs or knots from which they proceed being in the one case distributed throughout the length of the stem of the tree, and in the other crowded together in the shorter portion buried in the earth.

If this be true, we have a sufficient reason for the beautiful but gnarled character of the roots of trees when they are cut up for the arts; many a block of the root of the walnut-tree, thus made up of small knots and curls, that was intended for the stock of a fowling-piece, has been cut into veneers and arranged in angular pieces to form the circular picture of a table, and few of this natural kind will be found more beautiful. The roots of many trees also display very pretty markings; some are cut into veneers, and those of the olive-tree, and others are much used on the continent for making snuff-boxes.

The tops of the pollard trees, such as the red oak, elm, ash, &c., owe their beauty to a similar crowding together of the little germs, whence originates the numerous shoots which proceed from them after they have been lopped off. The burrs or excrescences of the yew, and some other trees, appear to rise from a similar cause, apparently the unsuccessful attempt at the formation of branches from one individual spot, whence may arise those bosses or wens, which almost appear as the result of disease, with fibres surrounding them in the most fantastic shapes. Sometimes the burrs occur of immense size, so as to yield a large and thick slab of highly ornamental wood of most confused and irregular growth: such pieces are highly prized, and are cut into thin veneers to be used in cabinet-work.

It appears extremely clear likewise, that the beautiful East Indian wood, called both kiabooca and Amboyna, is, in like manner, the excrescence of a large timber tree. Its character is very similar to the burr of the yew, but its knots are commonly smaller, closer, and the grain or fibre is more silky. It has also been supposed to be the base of the cocoa-nut palm, a surmise that is hardly to be maintained although the latter may resemble it, as the Kiabosca is imported alone from the East Indies, whereas the cocoa-nut palm is common and abundant both in the eastern and western hemispheres.

The bird's eye maple shows in the finished work the peculiar appearance of small dots or ridges, or of little conical projections with a small hollow in the centre, (to compare the trivial with the grand, like the summits of mountains, or the craters of volcanoes,) but without any resemblance to knots, the apparent cause of ornament in woods of somewhat similar character, as the burrs of the yew and the kiabooca, and the Russian maple (or birch tree, &c.;) this led me to seek a different cause for its formation.

On examination, I found the stem of the American bird's-eye maple, stripped of its bark, presented little pits or hollows of irregular form, some as if made with a conical punch, others ill-defined and flattened like the impression of a hob-nail; suspecting these indentations to arise from internal spines or points in the bark, a piece of the latter was stripped off from another block, when the surmise was verified by their appearance. The layers of the wood being moulded upon these spines, each of their fibres is abruptly carved at the respective places, and when cut through by the plane, they give, in the *tangental* slice, the appearance of projections, the same as in rose-engine patterns, and the more recent medallic engravings in which the closer approximation of the lines at their curvatures, causes those parts to be more black, (or shaded,) and produces upon the plane surfaces, the appearances of waves and ridges, or of the subject of the medal.

The short lines observed throughout the maple-wood, between the dots or eyes, on the edges of the medullary rays, and the same piece of wood when examined upon the radial section, exhibits the ordinary silver grain, such as we find in the sycamore, (to which family the maple tree belongs,) with a very few of the dots, and those displayed in a far less ornamental manner.

What we have now cited will indicate to the reader that in the further prosecution of his work Mr. Holtzapffel finds himself in possession of a teeming topic—one that offers a multitude of occasions for divergence and ample elucidation, as well as when of a more direct nature. His elaborate catalogue of the woods commonly used in this country in the processes of mechanical manipulation is of itself a valuable contribution. Of course, when we follow him into the animal kingdom—to a consideration of the chemical difference between the component elements of the external and internal parts of skeletons, as shells and bones—to a view of the instruments of sustenance and defence, as horns, hoofs, nails, claws, teeth, &c., we find other fields and riches opening for the exercise of mechanical ingenuity, and behold reasons for their various characters and different treatment with tools.

Our author is necessarily led to speak of the principal chemical ingredients of the animal substances in question—of their earthy and animal elements—of their comparative tractability, and so forth. For example:—

The pearl shells are less frangible and hard than the porcelanous shells, and they admit of being sawn, scraped, and filed, with ordinary tools; but they are harsh, scratchy, and disagreeable under the operation.

The beautiful iridescent appearance of the pearl shells is attributable to their laminated structure, which disposes their surfaces in minute furrows, that decompose and reflect the light; and owing to this lamellar structure, they also admit of being split into leaves, for the handles of knives, counters, the purposes in inlaying, &c.; but they are very apt to follow, and even to exceed the curvature of the surface, and therefore splitting is not much resorted to, but the different parts of the shell are selected to suit the several

purposes as nearly as possible; and the excess of thickness is removed upon the grindstone in preference to risking the loss of both parts in the attempt to split them.

Were we to go forward to the chapters which treat of the materials obtained from the mineral kingdom, we should find that the *diamond* alone furnishes many points for curious detail. It does not, however, appear necessary that in our desire to recommend the volume to amateurs or to mechanical artists, that we should do more than exhibit the purpose and spirit of the book, and allow the author to indicate its compass and fertility. At the outset we observed that the *literature* of turning was much richer than the uninitiated into its secrets can have imagined; nor does our ingenious and industrious author fail to supply information on this topic.

Speaking of, and enumerating, the books that have been published on the art of turning, he gives the honour attached to priority to France, the first treatise written exclusively upon the subject being a folio volume, entitled, "*L'Art de Tourner en Perfection*," by "*le Père Charles Plumier* (Religieux Minime,)" and printed at Lyons in 1701. This author goes so far back as to refer the practice of the art to Tubal Cain, who is recorded in sacred writ to have been the first worker in metal. Plumier, besides, adverts, we are informed, to the great extent to which the art of turning had been practised by various persons (*gens libres*,) as a source of amusing occupation. But without pursuing these researches, Mr. Holtzapffel thinks "it may suffice to observe, that sufficient evidence exists that the art of turning has been successfully practised during a period of not less than two thousand years, although, until a comparatively recent date, no description has been given of the methods pursued."

Any reader anxious to become acquainted with the *curiosities of literature* in the domain of turning will do well to consult our author's list of authors. But we think it right to quote part of what he has to state with regard to his own exertions as a contributor to the knowledge of the art, and a promoter of a taste for its refinements. He says:—

The author of these pages has been repeatedly urged, by many amateurs, to write a work upon the subject, but by no one more than by his late father, in conjunction with whom he made several beginnings; but the pressure of other business has prevented their efforts from arriving at maturity, and the delay has been materially lengthened by the difficulty of determining upon the most suitable arrangement. The first intention was to have written the book as a series of lessons; to have begun with the description of the plain or simple lathe, and so to have selected the examples, as to have successively described the more important and valuable of those instruments and methods which are now used.

The writer still pursued the same views after the loss of his father, in 1835, and the work was somewhat advanced on that plan, but ultimately

abandoned, as he found the information upon each individual topic would then be scattered, difficult of reference, and introduced without any apparent order. * * * The great and unintended length to which the pages of the present volume have extended, is to be solely attributed to a constant desire to set forth in sufficient detail, the general principles and features of the numerous subjects which have been considered. In the fulfilment of this task, I have been induced very greatly to enlarge upon the original manuscript during its passage through the press, by the notice and explanation of addittional illustrations, many of which have been indeed acquired during that period.

In a word, Mr. Holtzapffel's purpose has been singularly earnest and steadfastly maintained, and his industry and skill happily exerted. In the further prosecution of his subject he will no doubt feel and exhibit still more confidence: so that by the time that the series of five volumes is completed we shall have a monument of intelligence and labour that will establish for the author's name a reputation that will last long after he himself has ceased to take an interest in the affairs of mortal life.

We have now only to remark farther, that the present volume, which is "intended," as the title-page setteth forth, "as a work of general reference and practical instruction on the lathe, and the various mechanical pursuits followed by amateurs," is illustrated by upwards of three hundred woodcuts.

Art. XIV.

1. *Forest Days: A Romance of Old Times.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. Saunders and Otley.
2. *The Last of the Barons.* By the Author of "Rienzi." Saunders and Otley.

These are of the right order of historical novel; the period and the scene being identified with the age and land of romance. How crowded is the era of our Henries and Edwards,—of the wars of the Roses, with the incidents and characters that arouse the imagination and address themselves to our ideas of the chivalric and the picturesque. To that period the mind bounds back, and is instantly ready to sympathize with it, especially when guided by the magic wand of a master of the annals and the costume of the olden time. The splendour of baronial halls, the knightly trappings, the emblazonries of armour, the tournament, the sacred fane, and the mystic rites of a pompous religion, are among the elements we fondly recognize and appreciate.

No period of English history exhibits more startling vicissitudes of fortune, or is filled with actors that gave fuller scope to their natural

impulses, unchecked and unpolished by the artificialities of an intellectually cultured age than that to which each of the two distinguished writers whose latest romance is before us, has on this occasion thrown himself.

"Forest Days," as may be anticipated, is a tale of Robin Hood and his merry men, whose era is here transferred from that of Richard the First to the reign of Henry the Third, when Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, with the barons who took part with him, stood up against arbitrary authority and the encroachments of foreign minions under a weak monarch. But Mr. James is not a romancer whose works can be fairly treated by any brief attempt to indicate the construction and involutions of his plots; for they are so crammed with characters, with vivid scenes, and with awakening incident—there are always such a profusion of beautiful and touching sentiment, and so many broad historical views scattered amid the hurry and onward march of the story, that it becomes a most ungrateful task to report of him in any shorter way than by copying out some available passage.

It would serve no good purpose were a comparison instituted between this and others of our indefatigable author's historical fictions. We think that it will abide any such admeasurement, if we are to judge by the manner in which the reader is hurried on, of the firmness of hand maintained in his portraits, whether these be purely fictitious or real personages known in our annals, and whether the life delineated belonged to feudal hall or village green.

But having made an allusion to comparisons, and aware that these are like to be invidious, even when the effort of to-day is forced to take its dimensions from that of the same man of yesterday, we cannot but fear that Mr. James's "Forest Days" will have to abide a measuring with Scott's "Ivanhoe," and therefore suffer in the process, were it only because he has come later on the stage. We must also observe that although Mr. James is neither imitator nor borrower, he yet can hardly be said to have introduced to us novelties, however spiritedly he may have dealt with stock subjects, unless we except Kate Grantly, a light and ticklish character.

Many passages, could they accommodate themselves to our limits, might be taken from "Forest Days" that would be highly acceptable on account of their power and vividness. One of the shortest and also of the happiest in respect of conception as well as expression, pictures to us the deep anxiety and remorse of the villain of the piece at a moment of fearful suspense. The passage will be felt without more particular preamble:—

He was mistaken, there was no horse there. The sound was in his own imagination; and he returned to his place of shelter, feeling the autumnal air chilly, though the day was in no degree cold. It was that the blood in

his own veins had, in every drop, the feverish thrill of anxiety and dreadful expectation.

No words can tell the state of that miserable man's mind during the space of two hours, which elapsed while he remained in that cottage. Remorse and fear had possession of him altogether—ay, fear; for although we have acknowledged that perhaps the only good quality he possessed was courage, yet as resolution is a very different thing from bravery, so were the terrors that possessed his mind at that moment of a very distinct character from those which seize the trembling coward on the battle-field.

There was the dread of detection, shame, exposure, the hissing scorn of the whole world, everlasting infamy as well as punishment. Death was the least part, indeed, of what he feared; and could he have been sure that means would be afforded him to terminate his own existence in case of failure, the chance of such a result would have lost half its terror.

But there was remorse besides—remorse which he had stifled, till it was too late. He saw his kinsman's white hair; he saw his countenance. He endeavoured in vain to call it up before his eyes, with some of those frowns or haughty looks upon it, which his own vices and follies had very often produced. There was nothing there now but the smile of kindness, but the look of generous satisfaction with which from time to time the old Earl had bestowed upon him some favour or afforded him some assistance. Memory would not perform the task he wished to put upon it. She gave him up the anguish of conscience, without even awakening the bad passions of the past to palliate the deeds of the present. He leaned on the dismantled window frame with his heart scorched and seared, without a tear to moisten his burning lid, without one place on which the mind could rest in peace. The hell of the wicked always begins upon earth; and the foul fiend had already the spirit in his grasp, and revelled in the luxury of torture.

At length there came a distant sound; and, starting up, he run forth to look out. His ears no longer deceived him, but the noise increased each moment: it was horses' feet coming rapidly along the road. He gazed earnestly towards Lindwell; but instead of those whom he expected to see, he beheld a large party of cavalry riding by at full speed; and as they passed on before him, galloping away towards Nottingham, the towering form of Prince Edward, rising by the full head above any of his train, caught the eye of the watcher, and explained their appearance there. The rapid tramp died away, and all was silent again.

Some twenty minutes more elapsed, and then there was a duller sound; but still it was like the footfalls of horses coming quick. Once more he gazed forth; and now he beheld, much nearer than he expected, four mounted men approaching the cottage, but avoiding the hard road, and riding over the turf of the common. One of them seemed to be supporting another by the arm, who bent somewhat feebly towards his horse's head, and appeared ready to fall. In a minute they came round: and Ellerby, springing to the ground, while the man they had called Parson held the rein of Dighton's horse, aided the latter to dismount, and led him into the cottage."

"The Last of the Barons" is certainly the most purely historical romance that Sir E. Bulwer has yet given to the world; and he

seems to intimate that it may be the last composition of the sort that will come from his pen. If, however, we may express an opinion of a work that we have had but little time to examine, we should pronounce it equal to any one he has ever written, and to be deserving of taking rank with the best of the fictions belonging to the historical class. The hero of this tale was the mighty Earl of Warwick, of whom Hume has thus written:—"He was the greatest, as well as the last of those mighty barons who formerly overawed the Crown."

What a stormy period and stalwart knight,—what a personal history of ambition, of feats, of achievement and of memorable destiny for genius to grapple with, together with all the startling events, contrasted features and fortunes upon which he impressed himself, or from which he took his impulses! Nor is the stirring interest of the tale inadequate even when tried by the exigencies of the theme and the extreme alternations and contrasts of the epoch.

This is a noble creation. It presents so much splendid description, so much eloquent writing, so many inventions, and the dramatic situations are so numerous, that half-a-dozen of really good tales might be set up out of its abundance and strength. There are, it is true, exaggerations and overstrainings in the composition, and not a few instances of the mannerisms of the author, especially in thrusting himself forward, or rather sending of his threadbare sentimentalisms and philosophizings quite unnecessarily, and therefore injuriously to the interests and demands of the romance. But then such is the essential vitality of the narrative, such the completeness and confidence of grasp on the part of the inventor, and so thorough the imbuement of passions as well as nice the delineations of the gentler emotions of nature, that the story grows and deepens as it proceeds with an accellerating speed and energy.

The romance opens with that period when the "mighty Warwick" has reached the climax of his power, and Edward appears securely seated on his throne. But the great interest of the story commences with the first difference between the earl and the king, all the most celebrated personages of the age being made to group round the principal characters, and carrying us on to the field on which the last of the barons falls.

It has long been a matter for doubt, whether Warwick took Edward IV. as a prisoner to his Castle of Middleham, or whether he went voluntarily. Where such uncertainty exists, the romancist conceives he may intrude his imaginings of what actually took place; and this is the passage and scene which we copy out.

The King having been conducted by Warwick's countess to a throne-chair, the hall gradually filling with lords and knights who commanded in the Earl's train, bore himself in the most princely manner. "Still seated, he raised his left hand to command silence;

with his right he replaced his plumed cap upon his brow." The narrative proceeds:

"Lords and gentlemen," he said, arrogating to himself at once that gorgeous following, "we have craved leave of our host to address to you some words—words which it pleases a king to utter, and which may not be harsh to the ears of a loyal subject. Nor will we at this great current of unsteady fortune make excuse, noble ladies, to you that we speak of war to knighthood, which is ever the sworn defender of the daughter and the wife—the daughters and wife of our cousin Warwick have too much of hero blood in their blue veins to grow pale at the sight of heroes. Comrades in arms! thus far towards the foe upon the frontiers we have marched without a sword drawn or an arrow launched from an archer's bow. We believe that a blessing settles on the head of a true king; and that the trumpet of a good angel goes before his path, announcing the victory that awaits him. Here, in the hall of the Earl of Warwick, our Captain-General, we thank you for your cheerful countenance and your loyal service; and here as befits a king, we promise to you those honours *a king alone* worthily can bestow." He paused, and his keen eye glanced from chief to chief as he resumed: "We are informed that certain misguided and traitor lords have joined the Rose of Lancaster. Whoever so doth is attainted, life and line evermore. His land and dignities are forfeited to enrich and to enoble the men who strike for me. Heaven grant I may have foes enow to reward all my friends. To every baron who owns Edward the Fourth king (ay, and not king in name, —king in banquet and in bower; but leader and captain in the war) I trust to give a new barony, to every knight a new knight's fee, to every yeoman a hyde of land, to every soldier a year's pay. What more I can do, let it be free for any one to suggest; for my domains of York are broad, and my heart is larger still!"

A murmur of applause and reverence went round. Vowed as those warriors were to the earl, they felt that a MONARCH was amongst them.

"What say you, then? We are ripe for glory. Three days will we halt at Middleham, guest to our noble subject."

"Three days, sire!" repeated Warwick in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; and this, fair cousin, and ye, lords and gentlemen, is my reason for the delay. I have despatched Sir William Lord de Hastings to the Duke of Gloucester, with command to join us here—[the archbishop started, but instantly resumed his earnest placid aspect]—to the Lord Montague, Earl of Northumberland, to muster all the vassals of our shire of York. As three streams that dash into the ocean shall our triple army meet and rush to the war. Not even, gentlemen, not even to the great earl of Warwick, will Edward the Fourth be so beholden for roiaulme and renown, as to march but a companion to the conquest. If ye were raised in Warwick's name, not mine, why be it so; I envy him such friends. But I will have an army of my own, to show mine English soldiery how a Plantaganet battles for his crown. Gentlemen, ye are dismissed to your repose. In three days we march; and if any of you know in these fair realms the man, be he of York or Lancaster, more fit to command brave subjects than he who now addresses you, I say to that man turn rein, and leave us. Let tyrants and cowards

enforce reluctant service; *my* crown was won by the hearts of my people. Girded by those hearts let me reign, or, mourned by them, let me fall. So God and St. George favour me as I speak the truth.

And as the king ceased he uncovered his head, and kissed the cross of his sword. A thrill went through the audience. Many were there disaffected to his person, and whom Warwick's influence alone could have roused to arms; but at the close of an address, spirited and royal in itself, and borrowing thousand-fold effect by the voice and mien of the speaker, no feeling but that of enthusiastic royalty, of almost tearful admiration, was left in those steel-clad breasts.

As the king lifted on high the cross of his sword, every blade leapt from its scabbard and glittered in the air; and the dusty banners in the hall waved, as to a mighty blast, when, amidst the rattle of armour, burst forth the univesal cry—"Long live Edward the Fourth! long live the king!"

The sweet countess, ever amidst the excitement, kept her eyes anxiously fixed on Warwick, whose countenance, however, shaded by the black plumes of his casque, though the visor was raised, revealed nothing of his mind. Her daughters were more powerfully affected; for Isabel's intellect was not so blinded by ambition but that the kingliness of Edward forced itself upon her mind with a might and solemn weight which crushed for a moment her aspiring hopes. Was *this* the man unfit to reign—*this* the man voluntarily to resign a crown—*this* the man whom George of Clarence, without fratricide could succeed? No! *there* spoke the soul of the First and of the Third Edward; there shook the mane, and there glowed the eye of the indomitable lion of the august Plantagenets. And the same conviction, rousing softer and holier sorrow, sat on the heart of Anne. She saw, as for the first time clearly before her, the awful foe with whom her ill-omened and beloved prince had to struggle for his throne. In contrast beside that form in the prime of manly youth—a giant in its strength, a God in its beauty—rose the delicate shape of the melancholy boy who, afar in exile, coupled in his dreams the sceptre and the bride. By one of those mysteries magnetism seeks to explain, in the strong intensity of her emotions, in the tremor of her shaken nerves, fear seemed to grow prophetic. A stream as of blood rose up from the dizzy floors; the image of her young prince, bound and friendless, stood before the throne of that warrior-king. In the waving glitter of the countless swords raised on high, she saw the murderous blade against the boy-heir of Lancaster descend—descend! Her passion, her terror, at the spectre which fancy thus evoked, seized and overcame her; and ere the last hurrah rent its hollow echo to the raftered roof, she sank from her chair to the ground, hueless and insensible as the dead.

The king had not without design permitted the unwonted presence of the women in this warlike audience, partly because he was not unaware of the ambitious spirit of Isabel, partly because he counted on the affection shown to his boyhood by the countess, who was said to have singular influence over her lord; but principally because, in such a presence, he trusted to avoid all discussion and all questioning, and to leave the effect of his eloquence, in which he excelled all his contemporaries, Gloucester alone excepted, single and unimpaired; and, therefore, as he rose, and returned with a majestic bend the acclamation of the warriors, his eye now turned

towards the chairs where the ladies sat, and he was the first to perceive the swoon of the fair Anne.

With the tender grace that always characterised his service to women, he descended promptly from his throne, and raised the lifeless form in his stalwart arms; and Anne as he bent over her, looked so strangely lovely in her marble whiteness, that even in that hour a sudden thrill shot through a heart always susceptible to beauty, as the harp string to the breeze.

"It is but the heat, lady," said he to the alarmed countess, "and let me hope that interest which my fair kinswoman may take in the fortunes of Warwick and of York, *hitherto* linked together"——

"May they ever be so!" said Warwick; who, on seeing his daughter's state, had advanced hastily to the dais, and, moved by the king's words, his late speech, the evils that surrounded his throne, the gentleness shown to the beloved Anne, forgetting resentment and ceremony alike, he held out his mailed hand. The king, as he resigned Anne to her mother's arms, grasped with soldierly frankness, and with ready wit of the cold intellect which reigned beneath the warm manner, the hand thus extended, and holding still that iron gauntlet in his own ungloved and jewelled fingers, he advanced to the verge of the dais, to which, in the confusion occasioned by Anne's swoon, the principal officers had crowded, and cried aloud:—

"Behold Warwick and Edward, thus hand in hand, as they stood when the clarions sounded the charge at Tonton; and that link, what swords forged on mortal's anvil can rend or sever?

In an instant every knee there knelt; and Edward exultingly beheld that what before had been allegiance to the earl was now only homage to the king.

NOTICE.

ART. XV. — *Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. John Williams.* By EBENEZER PROUT.

A painstaking and minute biography of the "Martyr of Erromanga," whose services and fate in the South Seas will long maintain a hold of the mind of the religious world. Mr. Williams was a remarkable man, even when measured along with the more distinguished and laborious champions who have gone forth to the ends of the earth, and to the isles, to shed the light of the gospel among the benighted nations. His parentage, his youth, his conversion, and his "Missionary Enterprises," abound with incidents and lessons of an exciting description; while his violent death has the interest of tragedy. But to the work before us the curious as well as serious reader will resort, even should he happen to know nothing more of its subject than what is communicated in the following passages relative to the manner of his murder, by the captain of the vessel.

"On reaching the head of the bay, we saw several natives standing at a distance: we made signs to them to come towards us, but they made signs for us to go away. We threw them some beads on shore; which they

eagerly picked up, and came a little closer, and received from us some fish-hooks and beads, and a small looking-glass. On coming to a beautiful valley between the mountains, having a small run of water, we wished to ascertain if it was fresh; and we gave the chief a boat-bucket to fetch us some; and in about half an hour he returned running with the water; which, I think, gave Mr. Williams and myself more confidence in the natives. They ran and brought us some cocoa-nuts, but were still extremely shy. Mr. Williams drank of the water the native brought, and I held his hat to screen him from the sun. He seemed pleased with the natives, and attributed their shyness to the ill-treatment they must have received from foreigners visiting the island on some former occasion. Mr. Cunningham asked him if he thought of going on shore. I think he said he should not have the slightest fear; and then remarked to me, 'Captain, you know we like to take possession of the land; and if we can only leave good impressions on the minds of the natives, we can come again and leave teachers: we must be content to do a little; you know Babel was not built in a day.' He did not intend to leave a teacher this time. Mr. Harris asked him if he might go on shore, or if he had any objection: he said, 'No, not any,' Mr. Harris then waded on shore: as soon as he landed, the natives ran from him; but Mr. Williams told him to sit down; he did so, and the natives came close to him, and brought him some cocoa-nuts, and opened them for him to drink.

"Mr. Williams remarked he saw a number of native boys playing, and thought it a good sign, as implying that the natives had no bad intentions: I said, I thought so too, but I would rather see some women also; because when the natives resolve on mischief they send the women out of the way; there were no women on the beach. At last he got up, went forward in the boat, and landed. He presented his hand to the natives; which they were unwilling to take: he then called to me to hand some cloth out of the boat; and he sat down and divided it among them, endeavouring to win their confidence. All three walked up the beach; Mr. Harris first; Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham followed."

Mr. Cunningham tells the remainder.

"Mr. Williams called for a few pieces of print; which he divided in small pieces to throw around him. Mr. Harris said he wished to have a stroll inland; which was not objected to; and he walked on, followed by a party of the natives. Mr. Williams and I followed, directing our course up the side of the brook. The looks and manners of the savages I much distrusted, and remarked to Mr. Williams, that probably we had to dread the revenge of the natives in consequence of their former quarrel with strangers, wherein perhaps some of their friends had been killed. Mr. Williams, I think, did not return me an answer; being engaged at the instant repeating the Samoan numerals to a crowd of boys, one of whom was repeating them after him. I was also trying to get the names of a few things around us, and walked onward. Finding a few shells lying on the bank, I picked them up. On noticing they were of a species unknown to me, I was in the act of putting them into my pocket, when I heard a yell, and instantly Mr. Harris rushed out of the bushes about twenty yards before me. I instantly perceived it

was run or die. I shouted to Mr. Williams to run, (he being as far behind me as Mr. Harris was in advance,) and I sprung forward through the natives that were on the banks of the brook, who all gave way. I looked round, and saw Mr. Harris fall in the brook, and the water dash over him; a number of savages beating him with clubs. Mr. Williams did not run at the instant I called to him, till we heard a shell blow: it was an instant, but too much to lose. I again called to Mr. Williams to run, and sprang forward for the boat, which was out of sight; it was round a point of bush.

"Mr. Williams, instead of making for the boat, ran directly down the beach into the water, and a savage after him. It seemed to me that Mr. Williams's intention was to swim off till the boat picked him up. At the instant I sighted the boat, I heard a yell behind me; and, looking round, found a savage close after me with a club. I stooped, and picking up a stone, struck him so as to stop his further pursuit, The men in the boat had, on seeing Mr. Williams and me running, given the alarm to Captain Morgan, who was on the beach at the time. He and I jumped into the boat at the same instant; several stones were thrown at the boat. Mr. Williams ran into deep water, and the savage close after him. On entering the water, he fell forward, but did not attempt to swim; when he received several blows from the club of the native on the arms and over the head. He twice dashed his head under water to avoid the club, with which the savage stood over him ready to strike the instant he rose. I threw two stones from the boat; which for a moment averted the progress of the other native, who was a few paces behind; but it was only for an instant. The two rushed on our friend, and beat his head, and soon several others joined them. I saw a whole handful of arrows stuck into his body. Though every exertion was used to get up the boat to his assistance, and though only about eighty yards distant, before we got half the distance our friend was dead, and about a dozen savages were dragging the body on the beach, beating it in the most furious manner. A crowd of boys surrounded the body as it lay in the ripple of the beach, and beat it with stones, till the waves dashed red on the shore with the blood of their victim. Alas! that moment of sorrow and agony—I almost shrieked in distress. Several arrows were shot at us! and one passing under the arm of one of the men, passed through the lining and entered the timber. This alarmed the men; who remonstrated, as, having no fire arms to frighten the savages away, it would be madness to approach them, as Mr. Williams was now dead. To this Captain Morgan reluctantly assented, and pulled off out of the reach of the arrows."

THE

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ART. I.

1. *The Mabinogion, from Llyfr Coch o Hergest and other Ancients' Welsh MSS.; with an English Translation and Notes.* By Lady CHARLOTTE GUEST. Parts I. II. III. and IV. 1838—42.
2. *The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations.* By J. C. PRICHARD, M.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Corresponding Member of the French Institute. 1831.

"THE Mabinogions," or "Juvenile Legends," four parts of which appear at the head of this page, form a body of romance long known to exist in Wales, and generally supposed capable of throwing much light on the origin of the early metrical romances of Europe. Their interest, derived from this supposition, has probably not been diminished by the mystery in which they have hitherto been wrapped: not only until now have they never, by the aid of a translation, passed the limited pale of Celtic literature; but until now also they have never been printed or collected together in their original Welsh; so that even in Wales itself they are by no means familiarly known.

"The Mabinogion," observes Mr. Southey, in his introduction to the romance of "Mort d'Artur," "are exceedingly curious, nor is there a greater desideratum in British literature than an edition of these tales, with a literal version, and such comments, &c." Mr. Davies, with whose name the paragraph concludes, did not, however, fulfil its recommendation, an omission now the less to be regretted, since the task has been undertaken by a lady, whose position has given her an extensive access to the manuscripts of highest authority, and whose taste has preserved her from that love of baseless hypothesis in which even the most judicious antiquaries of Celtic birth are but too prone to indulge.

Before proceeding to examine into the composition of, or authority for, these tales, or into the nature of their connexion with European romance, we shall pass in brief review what is known of the origin of the singular people, by whom they were invented, and the relation

that they bear to the inhabitants of the rest of Europe, by whom the tales have been adopted. In doing this we shall necessarily avail ourselves of the valuable labours of Dr. Prichard, who has bestowed much and successful attention upon this important subject.

There is a general, and therefore probably a natural disposition implanted in the mind of man to trace back the ancestry both of individual families and of whole nations and races towards their origin and source; and in the absence of documentary history or well-supported tradition, to call in the assistance of fabulous tales and legends. With the exception, however, of the valuable, but very brief account of the origin of the human race afforded by Scripture, and long concealed from all but one small tribe of mankind, the children of Adam were left in complete ignorance with respect to the circumstances under which the nations of the world took their rise. Man stood between the vast profound of the past and the future, regarding either with that sort of hopeless curiosity, mingled with awe, with which we naturally associate the infinite, whether in time, space, or power. Indistinct traditions of a revelation, of a common origin from the rising of the sun, of a general destruction by water, of a future state of rewards and punishments, floated like threads of gossamer over the abyss; and furnished material for the fine-spun visions of poets and theoretical philosophers, though by no means strong enough to bind the belief of those who looked at all critically into the subject. The question of their origin was to men as that of the internal economy of the heavenly bodies; as one, towards the solution of which, no new approximation was likely to be gained, at the least on this side of the grave.

The ancients, though by no means curious respecting the origin of nations, neglected to take the only course likely to add to their stock of knowledge on the subject; they preserved and embellished the older myths, and added not a few wild speculations of their own; but they were not critics; they were not accustomed to sift literary evidence. Probably neither Livy nor the more educated of his readers believed the early Roman tales to be strictly true; but they took no pains to distinguish between the true and the false. They were more anxious, in the words of Pliny, "vetustis novitatem dare, novis auctoritatem, obsoletis nitorem," than to give the "oboscuris lucem, dubiis fidem," which has characterised a later race. Cæsar, who won his laurels with the sword, but like a chief of our own time and country rendered them more enduring by his pen, left behind him what, with the writings of Tacitus, constitutes almost all that is now historically known of the remote inhabitants of Gaul, Germany, and Britain. Strabo and Ptolemy and other geographical writers added somewhat, though with less correctness, to this stock of knowledge; but during the darkness of the following ages, a huge heap of fable, containing scarce enough of truth to preserve the mass

from decay, was piled together,—each writer, in the poverty of his original invention, claiming for his country that descent that his ignorance or his knowledge considered to be most illustrious; some grafting their pedigree upon Scripture, others, more familiar with the classics, asserting a common descent with Rome from the Colonists after the Trojan war. At the dawn of letters nothing could apparently be more hopeless than the state of the early history of nations. Geography and chronology were not; from accounts so meagre, so entangled, so conflicting, so obviously absurd, who could hope to recover the truth, or to arrive at any conclusion, save that no conclusion was to be arrived at?

It is perhaps fortunate for us that the monkish historians did not attempt to rectify these undigested compositions, or by retrenching their more obvious absurdities, to produce from them a national history. When mythology is embellished into romance, there remain commonly traces whence the date of the additions may be detected; but after the reverse of this process the case is hopeless; and there is nothing under the sun so uninteresting, or that defies analysis so completely, as a cut-down, compressed, nationalized romance. Had the monks attempted what some later writers performed, the difficulty of subjecting historical fable to a critical examination, would have been increased well nigh to an impossibility.

The growth of science in Europe was somewhat later than the revival of letters, but it was not until long after the method of induction had been applied with some strictness to physics, that a similar process was brought to bear upon literature, furnishing out by degrees the apparatus of modern criticism.

It was even longer still before men sought for new facts, or supposed it possible that there should remain evidence of their origin uncollected around them, from which any light could be thrown upon the accounts of those who had lived so many centuries nearer to the times of which they wrote; still less that this evidence, being undesigned, should be of the most pertinent and the highest possible description. This evidence was brought to light by comparative philology. "Res," says St. Augustin, no mean philologer, "per signa discuntur." A symbol is the representive of a fact. The speech of a people is ever moulded upon their thoughts and customs, and the study of the vocabulary of a nation is the study of the progress of the national mind. Each word records a fact. Thus: Jan expresses in Sanscrit "birth," and in Latin, under the form of "Janua," "entrance." The name "Januarius" therefore records the fact, that that month was regarded as the parent of, or the entrance to, the year.

In our own language, whilst the individual terms "black," "white," &c., are Saxon, the abstract term "colour" is Norman; thus marking the superior cultivation of the comparing or reasoning faculty among the Normans. In the opening chapter of Ivanhoe, as our readers

will remember, the Norman language is shown to record the superiority of the Norman cookery over the Saxon. Language thus points out, even at a remote period, the distinction between the original and the imported ideas of a people. Language is a much surer guide to the internal history of a nation, than their laws, customs, superstitions, or indeed any other that they possess. It is, in fact, a perpetual self-registering instrument; and preserves for nations a series of evidences not unlike those which Mr. Babbage somewhat fancifully asserts to be preserved of individuals in the eternal undulations of matter.

Nor is language a record only of the mental growth of each people, it affords also a clue, and often the only one, to the common origin and descent of various races of mankind; and its mutations, though considerable, follow certain established laws, now tolerably well understood.

Edward Llwyd, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, appears, after Vossius, to have been one of the earliest writers who actually compared languages to any great extent with a view to their classification in groups according to their affiinities. Of his labours, after this manner, upon the Celtic dialects, Llwyd has left behind him a valuable but imperfect monument in his well-known "Archæologia Britannica."

It is not every labourer, however, in the field of philology who is able safely to reap this Cadmean harvest. An eminent Irish antiquary, for example, wishing to prove the utter dissimilarity between the Erse and Welsh, published not long ago certain examples drawn from both languages, which have since been shown to afford the strongest proofs of their common origin. In truth, the analysis of language requires a combination of learning and judgment, such as falls to the lot of few. The lack of these qualities by writers on language brought their science into a degree of disrepute, whence it has with difficulty been rescued by the labours even of such men as the Schlegels, Bop, Grimm, Prichard, and W. Von Humboldt, under whose auspices comparative philology has at last assumed the form and stability of an inductive science. By their researches the ancient genealogies of nations have been gradually unfolded; the hoar of ages have been swept away; and a new and scarcely suspected light has been shed even upon that remote period when the distant East poured forth her earliest hosts to people the yet untrodden islands of the West.

It is possible that two nations, utterly unrelated, may yet possess, accidentally, a certain number of words in common. Mr. Conybeare, in a note to his excellent "Manual of Theology," has made an ingenious attempt to reduce the limits of this coincidence to an arithmetical formula; but, however this may be, the resemblance between

all known languages, both in vocabulary and grammar, that is to say, between the words themselves and the modes of inflecting them, are far too numerous to be ascribed to accident. Dr. Prichard has made these resemblances the basis of a classification of languages under four heads.

1. Those whose resemblance is confined, or nearly so, to the possession of many words in common.

2. Those possessing but few words in common, but many grammatical inflections.

3. Those connected by both these forms of resemblance.

4. Those presenting neither, at least to any very great extent.

Under the third of these divisions fall the resemblances between the Pelasgic, the Teutonic, and the Slavonic, the three stocks of the languages of modern Europe, and the Sanscrit. The descent of the races themselves from India has long been historically known. The discovery only half a century ago of the close connexion between these languages, corroborated the fact, and gained for the whole family the term "Indo-European," to distinguish them from the Hebrew and the languages of the descendants of Shem, thence called "Semitic." It is only, however, within the last very few years that the researches of Dr. Prichard have shown not only that the Celtic forms a fourth great independent member of the Indo-European family, but that its resemblances to the parent Sanscrit are far closer, and more carefully preserved, than those of the three already known.

The words common to all these languages are those expressing "the cardinal numbers, family relations, parts of the human body, the principal objects of nature, and certain familiar actions and passions." Thus, for example, the Sanscrit "Jani," a man, is in Erse "Gean," in Russian, "Jena;" the Sanscrit "Matre," mother, is in Russian "Matir," in Erse "Mathair," in Greek and Latin "Mater," in Teutonic "Meder," &c, and the same analogies hold with respect to the names of father and brother and other intimate relations. The Sanscrit "Tàrà," star, is in Greek "Teireon," in Teutonic "Stern," in Celtic "Seren" and "Steren," and so with many other words; and a like but even more remarkable analogy runs through their grammatical inflections.

Having, on these grounds, established the general position of the Celts as members of that family of nations who migrated from the banks of the Indus into Europe, Dr. Prichard has proceeded in a later work, to examine into the course and general period of their migration.

If we inspect the map of Europe, and critically examine the topographical names, we shall find that those of the bolder features of certain districts, the mountains, the rivers, the promontories, belong to a different language from those of the less strongly marked fea-

tures, or of those divisions which denote property and civilization. Now the great features of a country are commonly named by its earliest inhabitants, and these names once given are almost always found to be retained even under any subsequent changes of population. Thus it appears that the older names of England, France, a part of Switzerland, and the North of Italy are Celtic, and are beside closely akin to the names of corresponding objects in those districts which the Celts still inhabit. These names may be traced, though with less regularity, in the appellation of the hills, brooks, caves, and lesser irregularities of the soil; and when such marks are found scattered, however thinly, over a tract of country, it is fair to infer that the people who spoke the language, once inhabited the whole.

It is now considered to be a certain fact that the Celtic migrations have taken place from East to West, probably by the way of Persia and the North of Europe; whereas, it is remarkable, that the Roman writers, perpetuating ancient traditions, reversed the order of the migration, regarded the Celts as the aborigines of Western Europe, and supposed the German, Italian, and Galatian branches to be colonies from Gaul. This latter notion might no doubt to a certain extent be true, and yet consistent with the evidence that derives the great body of the Celts from the East.

The extent of the country peopled by the Celts appears to have been as follows:—Gaul from the Garonne to the Rhine; the Central and part of the western corner of Spain; the British Isles; the North of Italy, under the name of Cisapline Gaul. In Germany, a part probably of Helvetia and the Hereynian forest. Bavaria and Bohemia perhaps to the banks of the Vistula; and that part of Denmark inhabited by the Cimbri; the countries of the Danube, Norica and Pannonia; Thrace, Greece, and Asia Minor. Of some of these countries they were probably the first inhabitants, others they certainly won by conquest in later times. In this way the Cisalpine Gauls or Celts seem to have acquired their territory, overcoming the earlier Umbrians and Etruscans; but with them producing a language of which traces have been thought to be discoverable in the Latin. Dr. Prichard, from the evidence of certain Cimbric words still extant, is disposed, in the absence of other evidence, to regard that people, the first of the flood of nations that burst forth from the "loins of the populous North," as Celtic.

At the time of Julius Cæsar the Celtic empire had passed its splendour, and waned before the rising power of the Teutonic race. Cæsar himself hastened their fall, and henceforward their warfare ceased to be generally aggressive. They long lingered upon their ancient territory, but were gradually annihilated or driven out unto the less accessible parts of the British Isles. The Celtic language was found in Gaul nearly to the end of the Roman sway; but excepting the topographical names, it is very long since there has

remained any undoubted relic of it on the continent of Europe. Armorica was of course at one time Celtic in common with the rest of Gaul; but it is by no means probable that the modern Bretons derive the language they now employ from the old Gaulic inhabitants.

The undoubted undisturbed remains of the Celtic language are to be found at this time only in the British Isles, in the two principal dialects of the Erse and the Cymric. These languages, although far more closely allied than the Celtic and the Teutonic, are sufficiently different to render a speaker of the one utterly unintelligible to those who only understand the other. They are more different than English and German. The two nations must have separated at a very early period, if they did not shoot off separately from the parent stock. Their relationship is expressed by the term "cognate." The subordinate forms of these cognate tongues constitute "only dialects." The dialects of the Erse are the Irish, the Manks, and the Gaelic, supposed to have spread from Ireland long after the Christian era. The dialects of the Cymric are the Welsh, the Cornish, and the Armoric. In the former case, the difference is such as might obtain between a younger and an elder child of the same parents, born between different degrees of prosperity, and educated in different countries. In the latter the offspring are of twin birth, have been educated together, and have only separated after each has grown up. Such, for example, is the difference between the Welsh and the Armorican. Their customs, language, poetry, stand out unchanged like the cliffs of their opposing shores, and remain a bold evidence of relationship neither to be overlooked nor mistaken.

The question in what direction and at what relative periods of time these two great divisions of the Celtic race reached their present boundaries, is one that has in its day raised many a whirlwind of learning mingled with abuse, from Pinkerton and Ritson, the old leaders of the Pictish and Celtic controversy. "Non nostri tantas componere lites." Let us however attempt to show how the question stands at present.

A claim to represent the old language of Gaul has been set up both for the Cymric and the Erse. But this cannot be true of both, since the difference between them is far too fundamental to have arisen since the era of the Roman conquest of Gaul. The controversy is important, because materially connected with the origin of the Western nations of Europe; and Dr. Prichard, who has on this account entered into it at some length, and with extreme caution, seems to decide in favour of the Cymric, whom he regards as a colony of Celtic Gauls; and whose language therefore represents the old Gaulish idiom. The Druidical priesthood of the two countries is known to be the same, and there exists other circumstances that render this a highly probable opinion.

Whence then came the Erse? How is the population of Ireland

to be accounted for? Their bardic history points to Spain; but that history is notorious, even among bards, for its fabulous character. Ireland might have been peopled from Britain, from Gaul, from Spain, perhaps from the Cimbric coast. But though conveniently situated for the migration, the languages of Gaul and Britain are unlike that of Ireland; and there is no remnant whatever of the Celt-Iberian language to throw light on the Spanish hypothesis. We must conclude either that the Irish came from the East as an earlier wave over Britain before the Cymri appeared, or that the population of the two countries came together, and that a difference has since sprung up between their idioms, due to their local separation. This latter view is highly improbable; the differences are far too systematic, too deeply seated. The former is on the whole that most likely to be true. The original population of Scotland appears certainly to have been Cymric. The Roman historians speak of them simply as Britons, that is, as the same people with the British tribes; with which account their names and the descriptions of their customs agree. In the third century the Picts and Scots are for the first time mentioned in history; both are supposed to have been invaders of Caledonia by sea, the Picts from Scandinavia touching Ireland in their way, the Scots at a later period from Ireland. The two were thus superimposed upon the old Cymric population, and what became of these is doubtful. It seems probable that the Cymric was the original speech both of the Calédonian and of their Pictish invaders, and only gave way in the ninth century before the influx of Gaelic brought in by the Scots. There is good evidence of the language of the Picts being more nearly allied to the Cymric than to the Erse; and there is also evidence of the change that much of the nomenclature of the country underwent at the hands of the Scots from the Cymric to the Gaelic idiom. "Aber," in the names of certain towns, being converted into "Inver," and the like.

The original of the Armoric population is one beset with peculiar difficulties. Their correspondence with the people of Wales and Cornwall is extremely close. The language, the topographical nomenclature, the druidical remains of Britanny are nearly identical with those of Wales. Their saints and heroes are the same, and the Breton pedigrees are almost all caried back to British ancestors. To account for this it has been urged that the Veneti, the old Armoric tribe, whose name has been preserved in Vannes, spoke the general dialect of Gaul; and were likely therefore to resemble the Welsh and Cornish, who sprung from the same source. This would no doubt account for a great affinity; but it is not credible that a connexion so intimate as that which is still found, should exist after eighteen centuries of separation.

There is a general and very probable, though by no means an absolutely proved tradition, that emigrations of Island Britons,

Cymri, took place to Armorica during the fourth and fifth, and more especially in the sixth century of the Christian era, under the pressure produced by the steady advance of the Saxons. What was the state of Armorica at the time of their immigrations; whether the old Celtic population had been exterminated by the Roman and other invaders, or whether a few remained to be welcomed and to become incorporated with the British exiles, are points that have not been cleared up. The fact of the migration has commanded very general belief, and is certainly extremely probable.

It is now many years since the Cornish language has been spoken at all; and a very long period indeed since it has existed to any extent as a living language, or accompanied by any native literature. The people of Cornwall were those Cymri who were driven westward by the Saxons, and of whom a part are said to have migrated into Britanny. In the tenth century, however, the Saxons had not penetrated in any force beyond the Tamar.

We are next to see by what steps legends once current over a great part, probably over the whole, of Britain, became generally extirpated and locked up within the narrow limits of Wales.

The Romans retained Britain by military occupation; they did not colonize it to any extent, and do not appear materially to have improved the condition of the natives. They did not, however, attempt to root them out; and they made some additions to their mythology.

The Saxons, who arrived in parties from the South and the East, first established themselves, as had the later Celts, along the shores on those sides of Britain. They found the island divided into various tribes or kingdoms of Cymri; of which Lorgria, Wales, Cornwall, Cumberland, and Strathclyde were the chief. The Lorgrians, dwelling in the plain country, were swept away by the Saxon torrent,—the remaining tribes were enabled to oppose a more protracted resistance; and as one language and literature was common to them all, their feats of valour were looked upon as common property, and their heroes were regarded as national from Strathclyde to Cornwall. Strathclyde and Cumberland first gave way; Berwick, Bamborough, Carlisle, all places celebrated in Cymric song, fell into the hands of the foe; the inhabitants were either slain or driven back into North Wales; and the Saxon conquests extended, until finally the men of Cornwall and Wales alone survived as detached Celtic kingdoms, in the island over which their ancestors had held so ancient and complete a sway. In the eighth century the Saxon Offa marked the Welsh border by a dyke of earth extending from the Wye to the Dee, still in great part remaining, and called after his name. We can scarcely marvel that the Welsh should hate their fierce oppressors with a perfect hatred. The name "Sais" remains after the lapse of twelve centuries a term of withering and bitter scorn; and it is

worthy of remark that, sharply as the Welsh writhed under the axes and harrows of the Norman rule, they never bestowed upon the perpetrators of these latter cruelties the honour of a separate name. All hated alike were alike confounded under the general name of "Saeson." But though the Cymri were driven forth from their ancient inheritance, they left that behind them that defied the invader. The ancient evidences of their profession,—their language,—the name and fame of their heroes,—were inseparably bound up with the mountain and the stream. Whilst the more civilized Saxons bestowed names upon the lesser features of the country, and their own artificial divisions of landed property, the Celt pointed to lofty mountains and broad rivers of the land, with the consciousness that the roots of the one were not more deeply struck, nor the flow of the other more eternal, than the names which his forefathers had bestowed upon them. It is surprising to observe how traditions adhere to things rather than to persons, and linger about particular localities long after the nations among whom they arose have been swept from their place. When the Normans settled in Neustria, and the Saxons migrated from Saxony and Scandinavia, their traditions,

> "That had their haunt in dale or piny mountain,
> Or forest, or swift stream, or rocky cleft,

wanting their old localities, gradually drooped and became indistinct. It is the "local habitation and the name" that converts the "airy nothing" of the poet into a substantial belief, by bestowing upon it a concrete individual existence. The poetry of ancient Greece was said to be embodied in the works of Phidias and Apelles; but the Celtic bards bound their hope of immortality to a more primitive testimony. They did not propose to carve the figures of their heroes out of Snowdon or Plinlimmon; but they united their names with the bold rugged features of their native land, and thus produced a sublime and imperishable record.

We now approach the second part of our subject,—the literature of the Cymri, or rather that branch of it in which the Mabinogion claim to fill an important place.

King Arthur, Sir Gawaine, Sir Percival, and other knights of the round table, are personages whose fame, though now somewhat wasted by time, in the fourteenth century made all Europe ring from side to side; and whose heroic deeds formed the staple of many a metrical romance, as early as the thirteenth, or in some cases, even the middle of the twelfth century.

The principal romances of which Arthur, or his immediate attendants, are the heroes, are, "The Romance of Merlin," "The Gestes of Arthur," "Sir Tristem," "The Chevalier au Lion," "Lancelot du Lac," "Eric and Enide," and "Perceval de Galles." Of these some were translated even into the Norwegian language as

early as 1226; and others are also found in the Danish and Icelandic, in which the Scandinavian Saga have commemorated King "Artus of Bertingaland," and various Arthurian knights. These romances evidently reached the North through the kindred channel of German literature. In Germany we find "Lancelot du Lac," "Eric and Enide," "Le Chevalier au Lion," and "Tristem," making their appearance as early as the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century. "Percival," "Wigalois," and some others were imported a little later. The Germans derived the basis of these romances from France; but it was not the manner of that imaginative people to become copyists merely. The names indeed remain tolerably intelligible; but the tales were, many of them, taken to pieces and reconstructed after the German fashion. In this form the Arthurian romances were far more generally read in Germany than they were ever in France, to which their origin was equally foreign. From Germany they spread into Flanders and the North, and were incorporated with other national romances, diffusing themselves widely through the Teutonic literature. The evidence of the diffusion is, however, confined to the names and mere outlines of some of the tales, and does not appear to have affected the character of the literature to any perceptible extent.

It is admitted on all hands that the continental nations derived the stocks of their Arthurian romances from France; but whence France derived them has been a theme of much dispute. "Sir Tristam de Lyounoys" was written in French about 1170. It is in part prose; and probably the oldest prose romance upon record. "Le Chevalier de L'Epee," "Sir Lancelot" and the "Chevalier au Lion," were all written in metrical French by Christien le Troyes about the same time; and the "St. Graal" certainly not later than 1200. Besides these French versions of the Arthurian romances, others of the same school have appeared in England. Of these, the version of "Sir Tristam," attributed originally to Thomas the Rymer, and of the date of the middle of the thirteenth century, is the best known, and the most complete. Recently also three metrical Arthurian romances have appeared, under the care of the Camden Society, edited by Mr. Robson, who claims for them, with every appearance of truth, what Sir Walter Scott seems to have established for "Sir Tristam," a local origin and an independence of any foreign version.

It is well known that the debased Latin of the middle ages, gave rise in the twelfth century, in France, to the two grand divisions of the "Langue d'oil" and the "Langue d'oc." The Troubadours or Provençal Minstrels who used the latter, were famous for ther sirventes and love songs; but they composed no metrical romances; and preferred fablian or comic tales to those of a stirring personal character. They were learned in the intricacies of metre; and trusted much to music to aid the effect of their lays.

The Minstrels, or Trouveurs of Normandy, who cultivated the "Langue d'oil," were of an opposite character. They did not boast much original invention; but they obtained possession of the Arthurian tales, and worked them up into metrical romance. The character of their poetry was what might have been expected from its origin; they trusted rather to stirring imagery, to narrative, than to harmony, to produce their effects. With the names of Arthur and Tristam, and the places whence they sprung, they mixed up others of Norman and chivalresque origin, producing a confusion not unlike that made by Maurice de Bracy, the leader of the Free Companions, in Ivanhoe, who described the chivalry of the tribe of Benjamin as obtaining a dispensation from his Holiness the Pope. The Trouveurs thus founded the metrical romance.

From this origin also arose, but at a later period, those prose romances of chivalry, of which Amadis de Gaul may be regarded as the type. In these, however, the confusion is still "worse confounded:" to them, each age has contributed its heroes; and in their pages, knights of all times and countries take their seats side by side at the round table, arrayed in all the splendour of fully developed chivalry, in total scorn of geography or chronology. Arthur, a hero of the sixth century, unites with a Duke of Clarence, and assumes customs and a degree of gallantry suited to the later period. Amys becomes Alexander; Peredur, Percival; and we scarcely recognize the old Arthurian heroes under their altered names and costume and strangely amplifiedadventures. The round table is overlaid with a diaper of modern fable and oriental imagery, derived probably through the crusades, and containing much that is offensive, not merely to conventional good manners, but to natural morals. We forbear to repeat old Ascham's well known censure; but it is not undeserved. Sir Gawain, that stainless knight, sadly deteriorates in the later romance; and Merlin, from an accredited prophet and the son of the Prince of Darkness, becomes a mere vulgar demon of ungentle birth, whose father, enclosed in a magic stone, carried "le sage clerc Raymon" through the air.

The deeds of Arthur, King of Britain, sufficiently acceptable to Anglo-Norman ears, in France soon shared their exclusive interest with those of their great emperor. The lays of Arthur and the round table were woven up by the French minstrels with those of Charlemagne and his paladins, and a compounded fable

> Of Roland and of Oliver,
> Of Alexander and Charlemagne,
> Of King Arthur and Gawaine

was the result. But still even the romances of Charlemagne, widely as they differ from the tales that first marked the dawn of the langue d'oil, bear ample traces of their parentage: the origin of "Ferragus" and of the "Fay Morgana" are not to be concealed.

In England, metrical romance held its ground still more firmly; nor was the prose corruption ever popular with us to any great extent. The "Morte d'Artur," the principal English prose romance, was compiled by Sir Thomas Mallony from a variety of romances of the French School, including "Merlin," "Lancelot," "Meliardus," "Gyron le Courtoys," the "Graal," and some others, either less known, or which, like "Idoyne" and "Amadas," have vanished for ever. Sir Thomas reproduced his materials in one work, which was printed originally by Caxton, and has in later days been admirably edited by Mr. Southey.

It appears, then, that in the romances both early and late of the greater part of Europe, we find mixed up with much that is foreign and incongruous, certain elements common to the romance of each country, but not indigenous or native in any. As the romances have travelled more widely or have reached later times, these elements become overlaid and less apparent; but in proportion as we trace them upward, their points of difference disappear, their resemblances become more apparent, and we seem to approach nearer to a common origin. These marks of relationship, possessed by the less adulterated romances, consist in the structure of the story and in the primitive habits and manners to which they refer, and which are with care separable even from the additions due to the dawn of chivalry. Evidence of this kind, which could not be simulated, is of course peculiarly valuable. Unfortunately, however, no critic, combining with sufficient learning and acuteness the requisite degree of judgment, has yet devoted his attention to this branch of the subject.

Another species of evidence, far more striking, and perhaps from its nature equally convincing, consists in the peculiar names, both of persons and places, of animals, of weapons, and of some other objects; all which are not only Celtic, but belong, so far as any peculiarity attaches to them, to the Cymric dialect. Sometimes, indeed, these evidences have been dragged into a romance, the incidents of which are derived from another quarter; and prove only the general popularity of the Celtic legends, whose names are thus used like that of a modern editor, to attach an interest to the work. The romance of "Havelok the Dane," for example, abridged as early as the middle of the twelfth century, is a lay of Danish England, and has nothing whatever to do with the Celts, save that Arthur's name has been pressed into it. Nothing, however, can be clearer than the pedigree of the regular Arthurian metrical romance; and it is a marvel that its Scandinavian or Arabian origin should ever have been credited.

Let us next inquire by what channel and whence these Celtic tales found their way into the hands of the Anglo-Norman Trouveurs, and into England.

Robert Wace, a native of Jersey, and the author, in 1160, of the pure Norman romance of the "Roman de Rou," is known also to

have published an Anglo-Norman metrical romance called the "Brut d'Angleterre," as early as 1155. The "Brut" was popular in Normandy, and seems to have preceded by a few years the "Chevalier au Lion" and other Arthurian romances; and indeed is by some supposed to have been actually their parent. Layamon, a Saxon, was the author of a very early English version of "Le Brut," which he translated from Wace; and Rusticien de Pese is known to have followed the same authority in his translation of "Le Brut" into French prose. Wace was certainly the author of many, and may indirectly have given origin to all, the French metrical romances.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, who flourished a few years before Wace, put forth about 1128 what he called a "History of Britain," in Latin prose, in which we find the root, or what might have been the root, of Wace's and the Anglo-Norman works. Part of Geoffrey's work consists in a grand epic, of which Arthur is the principal hero. As a history, it is no doubt fabulous; but whence did he derive that part of the fable of which he was not the inventor? Geoffrey, who was once a great authority, has of late years been regarded by critical historians as a mere putter forth of old wives' tales, and the reputation is probably not unjustly bestowed. Geoffrey, however, was certainly as far from being an original inventor as he was from being a faithful translator; the evidently Celtic parts of his story, without doubt, he derived from others. He says he collected British (that is, Welsh, not Breton) traditions, from written authorities, through his well-known friend Walter de Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford. The fact is probable enough; and, excepting Geoffrey's assertion, there is no reason to doubt it. His local position as Archdeacon of Llandaff, the correspondence between his legends and certain independent evidence still existing in the Principality, render it highly probable that he derived his traditions direct from Wales; working up what he borrowed with what he invented, the fictions of other people with his own. Nennius, a Welsh historian of the ninth century, and Gildas, who was certainly earlier, though it may be doubted whether his claim to have written in the sixth century be firmly established, might have furnished Geoffrey of Monmouth with portions of his history. Nennius in particular gives the descent from Brutus, upon which Gildas is silent. There exists also a notion that the "Chronicle of Tysilio," a Welsh history, attributed to the seventh century, is the original whence Geoffrey translated, and whence he drew the "Pedigree of the Britons" from the "Trojan Brutus." The "Tale of Troy Divine," was no doubt brought into Britain by its Roman masters, and received and circulated, and even adopted among the Britons, at a very early period; but old as it is, neverthless, the account of the origin of the Cymri contained in the Welsh triads is still older, more poetical, and more consistent with other authorities.

It seems probable, both from historical and internal evidence, that

Geoffrey was the root whence, through Wace, the Anglo-Norman romances for the most part arose. But these contain certain Celtic particulars not found in Geoffrey, and which were probably derived through some other channel, whether also from Wales, or from whence is not known. There is, however, no evidence whatever that either Cornwall or Armorica ever possessed any complete romances, other than those they might have derived from Wace or from Geoffrey in common with other nations. Some confusion has arisen on this head by the occasional conversion of the word "British" into "Breton," in quotations from the literature of the former people; but no Armorican writings have been produced of an earlier date than the middle of the fifteenth century, and no evidence has been adduced of a complete Armorican tradition, still less of a tradition perpetuated by writing; and even should M. de la Ville Marque carry his proposed publication on this subject into execution, we confess that we shall be prone to regard it with more than the ordinary suspicion that attaches to such works.

It is remarkable how completely the Celtic parts of these romances are Cymric, and not Erse. The literature of the two languages is perfectly distinct. Whilst we find topographical traces of Arthur in Armorica, Cornwall, and Strathclyde, even to the Highland border, we hear nothing of him or any other Cymric hero in the Highlands, in Ireland, or even in Man. The conclusions thence derived support and are supported by those drawn from history and philology.

Saxon-England, however, seems to present some evidences of a communication with the Cymri other than through the regular channel of Geoffrey. "Sir Tristam" is supposed by Sir Walter Scott to be drawn from the then floating tradition of Strathclyde; and the "Antwrs of Arthur," just edited by Mr. Robson, appear certainly to have been collected by some Saxon gleeman, from the traditions of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Those who are acquainted with Arthur and his knights, only as the centre and basis of the romances of European chivalry, will be surprised to learn upon how slender a foundation so ponderous a superstructure has been reared. The deeds of the Arthur of romance, if combined into one story, would involve the most extraordinary anachronisms in time, and confusions, in place, that can be well imagined; but if we set aside the contributions of the Norman, the Saxon, and the German romances, and of the early monastic writers, and draw up a life of Arthur from those facts alone that are recognised by the Welsh authors, the result is very different; the legend ceases to be extravagantly inconsistent; a number of other heroes assume by degrees a more prominent place in the picture; Arthur, though still celebrated as a chief and a warrior, is by no means the invincible hero of the Anglo-Norman fictions, the leader of

Beois, Guy, and Gawain,
Of Ascapart and Owain,
Of Tristem and of Percival,
Of Rowland Rys, and Aglaval,"

but one only of many rival and equally valiant warriors. Thus, the story of the "Graal or Cup" supposed to have been sent from heaven to Joseph of Arimathea, the quest of which forms so bold a feature in the metrical romances, disappears altogether. The earlier accounts of Gawain are very simple, and the round table is entirely a later addition. Geoffrey's history is sufficiently flowery, but it is simplicity itself, compared with those to which it gave rise. Under this divaricative process, Saracens and winged monsters, St. George, and a variety of Eastern additions, due either to the crusades or to the wars in Spain, fall to the ground, or take their flight, and leave behind them incidents and actors of a much humbler description.

"The Saxon Chronicle," written probably just after the death of king Stephen, mentions Geraint and various British leaders who distinguished themselves against the Saxons, but does not mention Arthur; neither does Florence of Worcester. William of Malmsbury, who wrote about 1143, mentions Arthur as the destroyer of certain giants, and lays the scene of these exploits upon the "Hill of Frogs," "in montem ranarum, nunc dictum Brentenol," a Saxon name still borne by a singular knoll or eminence, forming one of the western outlyers of the Mendip chain upon the Severn, not many miles from Avalon. William, however, regarded Arthur as a hero, whose deeds the Britons were wont to exaggerate, and in whose return they trusted. Bede, an earlier writer, enumerates the great men amongst the Britons, who opposed the Romans and the Saxons; and himself, probably well acquainted with the history of the latter conflicts, after mentioning Cassivelan, Vortigern, and other chiefs, is altogether silent respecting Arthur; and yet the fame of a great military leader is not confined to his own adherents. The Saxon Ida appears not to have been better known to his nation than he was under the name of "Flamddyn" or "Flame-bearer" to the Cambrian Britons, whose territory he ravaged. The silence of Bede appears to be strong evidence, either that the Arthurian traditions had in his time reached to no great degree of exaggeration, or that the legends respecting that chief were confined to the Britons, with whose private history and literature Bede was but little acquainted. The latter is probably the truth. Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, enumerates Arthur's twelve battles, in all of which he makes him victorious; and the last, that of Cær-Badon, he wins by the slaughter of nine hundred and sixty men by his own hand; an extraordinary exaggeration, at that time probably current in Wales. Gildas however, also a native writer, certainly of very early date, and possibly of the sixth century, although he notices the siege of Cær-

Badon, does not, according to the most authentic MSS., even mention Arthur's name. In the life of Gildas, of uncertain but early date, commonly prefixed to his writings, Arthur is mentioned as "Rex totius Majoris Britannia," which however, the context explains to mean a petty prince of Devon and Cornwall; and he relates besides certain matters of a very unheroic nature.

If we turn to the Triads, and to the early poetry of the nation, we shall find Arthur's derivation may be carried still further. It is no light evidence both of that chief's real existence, and of the antiquity of many of these remains, that they are by no means extravagantly laudatory. They do not tell us of heroes, like those of the "Grand Cyrus," who engaged whole armies,—not "one down another came on," after the plan of Captain Bobadil, but all at once,—and overthrew them in numbers so astounding, that on one occasion, even the narrator is astonished at his tale, and adds "mais en ce temps là on faisait en arismetic que cinq centz faisoient ures." That there really was such a personage as Arthur is, we think, nearly as certain as that there was no such person as the Arthur of romance, but of whom the real Arthur was probably the scant original. Without offence to Uther Pendragon however, his reputed father, it is but just to say, that Arthur owes his existence as a real living man to Mr. Sharon Turner, who has certainly, as is phrased of benevolent people, been "more than a father to him."

Let us next see what Arthur's contemporaries say of him. Llywarch the aged, who lays claim to have been the personal friend of Arthur, is by no means, at least in his extant poems, extravagant in his praise. They fought side by side in many conflicts; but though Arthur did well, he does not appear to have surpassed many others of Llywarch's compeers. Geraint, for example, is a greater hero in his eyes. Urien of Rheged, was to the full as much celebrated by contemporary bards; Caradoc is styled in a verse attributed to Arthur himself, "the Pillar of the Cymri." The sixth century, the era of Arthur, and the golden age of British history, was a period of defeat though not of dishonour. The British, attacked upon all points, and unsupported from without, gave way gradually before the overpowering numbers of the Saxons, recruited by fresh and continually arriving hordes. The Cymri, in Strathclyde, in Wales, in Cornwall, disputed every point of ground. That they fought, and bravely, their visitors allow. Doubtless they gained many victories; but on the whole they lost ground, and their general warfare was retreating and defensive. Somerset, Hampshire, part of Devon, Gloucester, and the Northern counties, fell gradually into the power of the Saxons, and were never recovered from their iron grasp. During this struggle Arthur lived. He appears to have been a chieftain either of Western England or South Wales, during the earlier part of the sixth century. The Loegrian Britons were already

swept away or driven in upon their countrymen. The Saxon Cerdic, that "debellator Britanni littoris," pressed upon the Britons of Hants and Devon, whilst other hordes under the Flame-bearing Ida devastated Strathclyde and Rheged. To oppose them were found a band of leaders, then the equals of Arthur, in after ages his attendant knights. Such were Urien of Rheged; Llywarch the aged, prince of Argoed; Aneurin, chief of the Gododin; Peredur, of steel-arms; the Sir Percival of romance, leader of the North Welsh; Rhyderch the Generous, Kai, Morgaunt; Mynuyd-Mawr, prince of Eddyn (Dun-edin,) and many more, "fortemque gygem fortemque clanthum," all men of renown in their generation, and for the most part of Northern origin.

Arthur's contemporary character is probable enough. He was brave, cruel, revengeful, of fiery mood. Amongst the battles in which Arthur was engaged, Llywarch particularly dwells upon that of Long-Porth, supposed to be a southern haven, at which the bard was present and Arthur commanded, supported by Geraint ab Erbin a Devonian chief. Llywarch also records the battle of Llawen, in which Arthur did not retreat, a very moderate expression. But some of Arthur's deeds are of a less patriotic character, and therefore less likely to be invented in his praise. The Britons, though an attacked, were not a united people: Arthur fell in the battle of Camlan, the Roncesvalles of Cymric story, fighting against his nephew Mordred, who was too intimate with his uncle's wife.

Another great chieftain, Urien of Rheged, he who "sleeps upon his craggy bed," son of Cynvare the aged, who led the Britons at the great battle of Cattraeth or the Gododin, fell like Arthur by the hand of a fellow-countryman, stigmatised in a triad as one of the three felon-strikers of Britain. There is no disposition to conceal these facts, nor would a contemporary have attempted to do so, they were too notorious; but a later bard would surely not have invented them. Aneurin also in his account of the battle of the Gododin, does not disguise the dreadful slaughter of the Cymri, which he attributes to their being drunk with mead, a very probable but somewhat unheroic cause.

Arthur was buried in the Isle of Avalon,—upon a shore no longer trodden by his countrymen, and separated from their present dwellings by "the white wave mantled with foam" flowing wide between. The exact place of his sepulture was, however, not revealed; and it is probable that this uncertainty tended much to preserve his memory, and to make him a fitting subject for prophecy. His fame was thus kept alive among his people; and it was but natural that a warrior who was to return from the grave, should be expected when he did appear, to be invincible. This, however, and much of his previous history, were the additions of a later age. The bards contemporary with Arthur might celebrate his deeds, but could scarcely be expected to write his history. Their effusions poured forth on particular

occasions would naturally assume the lyric form. They would not be the results of cogitation, or a general view in the epic.

It is curious to observe the growth of Arthur, from the chieftain of a barbaric tribe to a European and civilized hero. Virtue constant to itself, and struggling against overpowering strength, is truly heroic, and harmonised well with the depressed state of the Cymric race. The earlier exaggerations of Arthur's character were doubtless Welsh; and to that country his fame appears for some considerable period to have been confined. They mingled his deeds with a few Roman and a few ecclesiastical legends; and at the period of the Norman conquest, had probably erected him into a national hero, whose fame had extended into Cornwall and Armorica, and had dawned in Saxon-England. Up to this period it appears to us that the view taken of Arthur's character is no bad collateral test of the age of a Welsh story. In the hands of Geoffrey of Monmouth, Arthur became the "Rex præclarus et spectabilis super omnes homines;" and thus exalted he was introduced to the Anglo-Norman minstrels, who agreed with the Welsh in scorning the Saxons, and who wisely preferred grafting their fiction upon an approved stock to planting one altogether new, even had their ability gone so far. Arthur had not, indeed, like Charlemagne, the good fortune to be converted into a religious hero, with a fabled archbishop for his biographer and a pope to vouch for the correctness of his story; but on the other hand, he possessed the still greater advantage of having lived in a remote age, and being ready therefore to wear unchallenged any honours that might be thrust upon him. Arthur was speedily invested with an Anglo-Norman robe. The chief was received into the pale of knighthood, was decorated with all the appendages of rising chivalry, and was placed at the head of the great warriors of the world. His contemporary chiefs became Paladins and attendant knights, united for the quest of danger in the Order of the Round Table; their enemies, lions and dragons and serpents, recreant knights, giants and black men, who detained distressed damsels against their will: the petty chief became a powerful sovereign; the circular wigwam of poles plastered with clay and whited with lime, as we read it described in the pages of Tacitus, or see it carved upon the column of Antonine, became a stately palace; and the rude embankment of heaped up stones and earth was lost in the moated fortress. The simple javelin and rusted buckler were exchanged for a Norman lance, emblazoned shield, and bright armour glittering in the sun. Arthur, under the sounding titles of the "Thunderbolt of War" and the "Whirlwind of Battle," stepped forth from history into fable, and became the great founder of that cycle of romance which employed the imagination of Europe from the dawn of letters well nigh to the Reformation. From mythology he passed into romance; and even now, when romance has lost its power, the fictitious monarch,

like his real prototype, still defends his narrowing influence, and holds disputed empire in our "Mabinogion" with the "Seven Champions of Christendom," "Jack the Giant Killer," and other worthies of Teutonic descent. But under the glittering pile of the mediœval romance, the real Celtic hero is entirely obscured; and were it not for that singular law, which even through languages so dissimilar preserves proper names almost unchanged, we should in vain attempt to trace the British Arthur through tales

> "Of foreign lands, of people different,
> Of kingdoms' change, of divers government,
> Of dreadful battails, of renowned knights;"

though possessing this clue, a number of other evidence may be detected.

It has been a matter of surprise that the minstrels should have adopted a rude mountaineer as the personification of

> "Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame,"

or have selected the praises of a British prince as a fitting theme for the ears of monarchs and nobles of untainted Norman descent. But in the first place, the advantage of building upon an accredited story was a grand point gained. The Greeks so used the Argonautic expedition; and both Greeks and Romans, the legends of the Trojan war. Neither was Arthur at all likely to be so unpalatable to the Normans as might at first appear. They knew little about his race. He had opposed the Saxons, and they oppressed them. The Britons also had long been Christians, and their legends had not the strong Pagan cast that is apparent in the songs of the more recently converted Saxons. By an easy transition the Norman monarchs of England regarded themselves as the natural successors of Arthur and the heirs of his renown. They cast in their lot with the ancient lords of the island, without reference to race; and after a time even the Saxon bards drew from the common fountain of fiction, without regard to their own blood that had stained the spring.

So early had Arthur become naturalised at the English court, so well the "golden circlet him beseemed," that Henry the Second made search for his grave, and upon its real or fancied discovery, replaced the remains in great state in the Abbey of Glastonbury; where Edward the First and his Queen paid it a visit of honour in 1276. Richard Cœur de Lion also presented Calibum, the supposed sword of Arthur, to the Prince of Sicily, as the most appropriate present one warrior-king could put into the hands of another. The Britons, indeed, disapproving of these premature resuscitations, and not willing to see the "Rex quondam rexque futurus," or his renowned brand in the hands of a stranger, give a different account of all this. According to them, in later fictions, Arthur, as he lay

mortally wounded on the field of Camlan, caused his sword to be cast into the lake, whence a hand rose to receive it into the waters; and they hold that the chief himself sleeps with his knights in the cavern under the hazel tree on the summit of "Craig-y-dinas," each with his sword girt and his spear by his side, ready to awake when the blast shall sound, the cavern burst in sunder, and the earth tremble at the contest between the black and the golden eagle.

But though the Welsh were unwilling to allow the bones of their sovereign to be whitened by the sun or stirred by the wind of the country of the stranger, the Saxon and the Norman have proved no traitors to his fame. Arthur lives in the verse of Chaucer and of Spencer. Milton and Dryden proposed to "raise the table round again" as the subject of a national epic; and it is no slight proof of his vitality that he survived the disloyal attempt of Sir Richard Blackmore. Thus has it been the singular fate of this British chieftain, whose very existence is the subject of doubt, to have been adopted by the Saxon, Norman, and English races, and to have been regarded by all as a mighty prince, the fitting theme for heroic poetry.

We have seen the growth of Celtic fiction when transplanted into a foreign soil; we are next to see how the same fictions have sprung up in their native land.

The evidence for the literature of a rude people—the Welsh antiquarians will pardon us,—living in the monntains, an unrestrained, but savage life, under a climate and upon a soil not naturally bountiful in providing food, and engaged in fighting for their existence with a powerful and encroaching enemy, is necessarily of a character liable to be distorted and obscured. It is of course for the most part oral; and although the general outline and leading incidents of a tale may be thus handed down from remote ages, the details must be expected to vary materially under the accidents of distance both of time and place. The literature of the Erse and Cymric tribes are very dissimilar. Both no doubt possess certain qualities in common, due to their kindred but highly remote origin; but there is no other resemblance. Their names, the incidents of their tales, are different, as is the literary history of the two tribes. The Erse, as exhibited in Ireland, was extensively cultivated, and at a very early period. Feargal or Virgilius, who asserted the existence of antipodes in the eighth, and Johannes Scotus, so celebrated in the ninth century, were both natives of Ireland; and the writings of the Irish Annalists, probably of the twelfth century, and the "Psalter of Cashel, attributed to the end of the tenth, are certainly older than any existing Welsh manuscripts.

The literary remains of the Cymri are probably confined to Wales. Those claiming high antiquity are of two kinds: fragments of triads or triplets both in verse and prose, and certain tolerably complete

legends or mabinogion in prose. Upon the poems and the triads, by far the more attractive part of the subject, we shall not enter at length. The subject has been critically examined by Mr. Sharon Turner, whose book is in the hands of all who are interested in its discussion. The verse bears for the most part ample traces of an indigenous growth, and is remarkable for a wild barbaric melody, unfettered by rule, and strongly tinged with sadness, mingling the song of triumph with the "hearse-like airs" of lament over the fallen. In the triads, three persons or events, supposed to have some analogy or dependence upon each other, are connected together in a form readily committed to memory. Some of them appear to be of remote antiquity, relating to the origin of the race, and giving an account by no means materially different from that derived from other independent evidence, and singularly coinciding with certain Danish traditions upon the same subject. Whether, however, these triads embody the traditions of ages prior to Arthur, and of heroes whose names are lost and their deeds attributed to Arthur and others, we believe to be at this time beyond discovery. Doubtless the Celts were ever, as they were in Cæsar's days, a bardic race; and probably, therefore, careful of their traditions; but the utmost that can safely be advanced in favour of the early triads, is, that they are consistent with later conclusions, and very unlike the tales of Troy and Brutus, that are known to have passed current as early as the sixth or seventh centuries. Other triads contain moral aphorisms, or relate to natural objects, and are probably early, but may be of any age. Others again, and very many, are certainly as late as the reign of Edward the First, and some are evidently translated from Geoffrey of Monmouth. The most complete series of the Triads, is that printed in the Myoyrian Archæology, taken from a MS. of 1601, purporting to be in part copied from a MS. of Caradoc of Llancawon, who wrote in the twelfth century.

The Welsh do not attribute to their longer poems, the works of Aneurin, Taliesin, and Lywarch Hên, a date much earlier than the beginning of the sixth century. There does not appear to exist any Welsh MS. of these or any other composition older than the twelfth century; but there exists strong evidence both internal and derived from foreign sources, that these bards did live at that earlier period, and that the fragments that have come down to the present day are on the whole genuine. Mr. Sharon Turner is the only writer who has bestowed any critical attention upon this subject. Ritson, in an Essay on the Celts, of 369 pages, allots barely three to their poetry. The Welsh antiquaries, with much industry, are not critics. Mr. Owen, for example, not only regards the round table as a Welsh fiction, but suggests its derivation from the circle formed by the course of the pole-star. Mr. Davies supposed Mordred, Arthur's nephew, to be the raven Noah sent forth from the ark. We may truly say

with old Varro, "non mediocres tenebræ in silva ubi hcæ captandæ." The Saxon in full force, those "cyllell hirion," men of the long knives, could scarce make wilder work than does the "desperate hook" of a regular critic among the Welsh hypotheses.

But if the poetry of Wales has been much neglected, its prose literature has remained utterly unnoticed, although its study promised materially to elucidate the early history of European fiction. There have long been known to exist in Wales, and in the Welsh language, certain prose tales, called "Mabinogion," or "Juvenile Legends," celebrating many of the heroes of the metrical romances, though with various important points of difference. Athough the existence of these tales was generally known, and portions of them have been translated and printed from time to time, they have never yet been collected in one book, nor has until recently any critical attention been paid to their contents. The literature of Wales has indeed long been indebted to her poorer and humbler children. Mr. W. Owen is believed to have collected and translated the Mabinogion with a view to publication; but he met with little or no encouragement on the part of the richer natives of the Principality. The natural consequence of this neglect, combined with Macpherson's forgeries, and the absurd and angry demands upon our credulity advanced by Celtic antiquaries, both in Wales and Ireland, who

> "So much did vaunt, but did so little show,
> Vouching antiquities which nobody doth know,"

has been to produce an almost equally absurd degree of scepticism, and a disinclination to see either merit or antiquity in the Celtic legends. Another consequence of the collected or uncollected state of these manuscripts has been a great degree of uncertainty as to what tales really constituted the Mabinogion. In the absence of a canon, no man could distinguish between the real and the apochryphal.

In this state of things, Lady C. Guest could not have bestowed a more acceptable gift upon her adopted countrymen than the collection of the Mabinogion placed at the head of this article. The authority whence the text has been derived, is the "Llyfr Coch o Hergest," or "Red-Book of Hergest," a well-known MS., now in the library of Jesus College, Oxford, and supposed to be of the date of the close of the fifteenth century. To the Welsh text has been added a literal English translation, some few explanatory notes, and fac-similes of the oldest manuscripts in this and other countries, of the romances corresponding to each Mabinogi. The work is printed by Mr. Rees, at Llandovery, and is a very fine specimen of typographical skill.

The four numbers of this work now before us contain the four principal of these tales, and the rest are to follow. Lady Charlotte Guest has not yet stated whether she purposes to confine herself to

the Mabinogion contained in the "Llyfr Coch," or to include those derived from other sources; but in either case, the celebrated Dream of Rhonabwy will we presume occupy the next number. As the stories are altogether new, and peculiarly interesting from the relation which some of them bear to the old metrical romance, we shall attempt such an abbreviation of two of the most characteristic of the four, as may enable us afterwards to comment upon the features common to the whole.

Our readers will, we trust, however, pardon us if for a moment we postpone the deeds of Arthur, to call attention to those of an Armoric knight," of an Order very different from that of the "Table Ronde."

A short time ago, there appeared in Paris an edition of the Mabinogion, claiming to be a direct translation of these tales from Welsh into French. This announcement somewhat surprised us, on account of the extreme difficulty and expense of procuring authentic transcripts of manuscripts, not known to exist out of England. Upon turning over the pages, however, our wonder ceased. The work is not what it professes to be; it is a translation, not from the Welsh direct, but from the English version of the Welsh.

The English is a literal version, which the French also professes to be, and of course two literal versions of the same author will closely resemble each other. It happens, however, in the present case, that the Welsh is sometimes obscure, and sometimes too idiomatic to admit of a literal translation. Where this occurs, the reason for a close agreement ceases, and the existence of such an agreement to any extent renders the independence of the versions more than doubtful. Now, we have selected a few of these sort of cases, and arranged them in parallel passages. The reader will be struck with the results of our "Harmony."

The Lady of the Fountain, p. 3, l. 8.

Original Welsh.	*Lady C. Guest.*	*Ville Marqué.*	*Literal Translation.*
eithauoed byt	distant regions	les contrées lointains	the extremities of the earth

An evident plagiarism.—P. 3, l. 25,

gordwal brith	variegated leather	cuir bigarré	variegated cordovan

If M. de la Ville Marqué knew the meaning of the original, why did he not render it by the corresponding French word "cordovan?" —P. 4, l. 6.

gwniaw pali	embroidering satin	brodait du satin	sewing satin

In the original there is nothing about "embroidering." Its in-

troduction is an error in the English version, which Ville Marqué has implicitly followed.—P. 4, l. 19,

Original Welsh.	*Lady C. Guest.*	*Ville Marqué.*	*Literal Translation.*
ludeticwisc	soiled garments	habits sales	fatigued garments

The original is peculiar, and not readily translatable; but why should "sales" have been selected, if not from "soiled?"—P. 6, l. 15,

hagr	exceedingly ill-favoured	extrêmement laid	ugly

The adjective does not occur in the original. Why has M. de la Ville Marqué introduced it?—P. 6, l. 25,

hoffach oed	more astonished	épouvanté	more to be admired

Here also the English version is in error, as is the French.

These are a few instances only, and all, be it observed, selected from the first six pages. Generally, M. de la Ville Marqué has taken some pains to differ slightly from his original; but these and many other points have escaped his attention. The evidence they afford of piracy, is surely of the strongest kind. In the notes the fraud is even more evident, though by transposition and other artifices some care has been taken to conceal it.

It is also singular that the French translation should be confined to the only three tales at that time published in English.

M. de la Ville Marqué, however, we must confess, is not absolutely silent respecting the existence of the English translation. In one flippant paragraph he styles Lady Charlotte Guest "Une Jeune Galloise," &c.; and in another place he quietly appropriates to himself a share in the merits of her ladyship's work. Since he stated this, however, some additional facts have appeared before the public. It appears from Mr. Rees' statement, that M. de la Ville Marqué was employed as a scribe by Lady C. Guest to copy, at her expense, the MS. of the "Chevalier au Lion," preserved in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, and from which transcript the copy of that singularly curious romance is printed by her ladyship in the notes to her first number. It is upon this assistance that M. de la Ville Marqué claims to be a part author of the work. Enough, however, of this; we gladly pass on to the first of the Mabinogion.

THE LADY OF THE FOUNTAIN.

At the opening of the story we find Arthur at Caerleow on Usk, attended by Owain the son of Urien, Kynen the son of Clydno, and Kai the son of Kyner. Gwenhevywar and her maidens are sitting at work in the window.

Arthur, who is reposing upon green rushes, covered somewhat incongruously with flame-coloured satin, falls asleep whilst waiting for his dinner, having recommended his attendants to occupy themselves with eating and drinking and telling stories.

Kai, who is seneschal and pantler, provides vivers, on condition that he is not asked for a story; and after interchange of compliments between Owain and Kynon, the latter recounts the following adventure:—

Kynon, an only son, set forth in his youth to seek adventures, entertaining no small opinion of his own prowess: "I thought there was no enterprise in the world too mighty for me." He arrived at a castle, before which two youths, clad in yellow satin, had set up their daggers, and were shooting at them with bows and arrows. Near them stood a man in the prime of life, also in yellow satin, who introduced Kynon to the castle.

In the hall were four-and-twenty damsels of surpassing beauty, who quitted their employment of embroidering satin, to divest the stranger of his armour, and to care for his horse and himself. They dressed the knight in yellow satin, and seated him to a banquet, every part of the service of which was either of gold or silver or buffalo horn. The meats were in keeping with the dishes, the carving with the gilding, and there was plenty to drink. The hosts were silent from courtesy until dinner was over, when, learning Kynon's taste for adventures, they informed him of one not far distant, which next morning he issued forth, duly instructed, to seek.

Kynon, as is usual in such stories, speedily gets into a wood, in this case varied by being full of wild animals, and comes to a black man, larger than two ordinary mortals, seated upon a mound, and wielding an iron club which four warriors could barely lift. In romance generally, strength appears to increase in geometrical size only in arithmetical proportion,—the reverse, we believe, of what obtains in real life. The black giant, when interrogated as to his power over the wild animals, struck a stag with his club; the stag brayed, and the animals, serpents, dragons, &c. assembled. The giant told them to go and feed; they bowed their heads and departed. Kynon then received directions what to do, and commenced the next stage of his journey.

At the top of a wooded steep, in an open space, stood a tall green tree, under which was a fountain, and by its side a marble slab, provided with a silver bowl and chain. Kynon, as directed, threw a bowl full of water upon the slab; a mighty peal of thunder was heard, and down came a storm of hail, of so penetrating a quality as to pierce the flesh and stop only at the bone. The knight converted his shield into an umbrella, and thus protected himself and his horse. The storm rolled away, but the tree remained, stripped of its leaves. A flight of birds, singing with surpassing harmony,

next appeared and alighted upon the tree, and a murmuring voice demanded why, thus unprovoked, the stranger brought down a shower so destructive to man and beast. The Earl of the Fountain then appears, the two knights joust, Kynon is vanquished, and the victor takes away his horse. Kynon returns very much crest-fallen, but the twenty-four ladies provide him with a palfrey, which he possesses up to the time of his telling this story.

Arthur then wakes, but Owain is of course moved by the tale to attempt the adventure. He sets forth secretly and is successful. The Earl flees to his castle, Owain follows close, but the portcullis divides his horse en croupe à la Munchhausen, and shearing off the rider's spurs in its descent, Owain thus remains, shut in between the two gates. "And Owain was in a perplexing situation!"

A maiden, as usual, in yellow satin, comes to his aid, and gives him a Gygean ring, by the aid of which, when the gates are opened, he walks out unseen. Owain goes home with the lady, and is only disturbed by an outcry, the occasion of which is the administration of extreme unction to the Earl, who shortly afterwards dies of his wounds, and is buried in great state. At the funeral, Owain sees the widowed countess in yellow satin, and falls in love with her. His hostess then shaves, washes, and puts him to bed, whilst she goes forth to woo in his behalf. This amiable personage is Lawhed, the countess's attendant. She raises her mistress's curiosity, and recommends Owain as a fitting person to succeed the earl. Owain is then presented, duly equipped in a court dress of yellow satin and gold lace, and the lady recognises in him the knight who slew her husband. She consoles herself with the reflection, "that there is no remedy for what is past, be it as it may." Next day, having made up her own mind, the countess asks the advice of her bishops and archbishops, and the marriage is celebrated. Owain takes possession of the earldom, defends the fountain, and thus pass three years.

By this time Arthur begins to miss Owain; and guessing which way he had gone, passes forth with his court to seek him. They go through the same adventures; and Owain, as Lord of the Fountain, overthrows Kai twice and the rest of the knights once, excepting Arthur, who proposes to enter the lists, and Gwalchmai who obtains permission to precede him. Gwalchmai and the knight tilt for three days with equal success, until both having dismounted, Gwalchmai's helmet is turned over by a sword stroke, and Owain recognises him. Like courteous knights, each declares himself vanquished; but Arthur, to whom they appeal, pronounces them equal. They all return to Fountain Castle, and are occupied three months in discussing a banquet that has been three years in preparation. Arthur then departs, and Owain obtains from the Lady of the Fountain an unwilling permission to be absent with them for three months: in other words, to go out to dinner.

Out of sight, the lady was out of mind. Three years passed away, when one day a damsel appeared at Caerleow, drew Owain's ring from his finger, and denounced him as faithless and beardless. The latter reproach was felt; Owain retired to the mountains, probably slew a boar or two, and soon became as hirsute as ever. One day, when nearly dead from weakness, Owain was discovered by a second widow, also a countess, who brought him to himself by the application of a balsam; which, however, is of so high value, that the handmaid is scolded for applying it too freely. The result is, that Owain, under the care of the handmaid, becomes in three months more comely than he ever was before. In gratitude, he overcomes a neighbouring earl, the countess's enemy, and though pressed to remain, departs in quest of further adventures.

His next foe was a serpent dwelling in a cleft of the rock, and attended by a black lion, whom he holds in durance. Owain cuts the serpent in two, and liberates the lion, who follows him like a greyhound. In his subsequent adventures the beast takes literally the lion's share. It also waits upon him, provides his food, and watches over him at night.

Whilst thus attended, he hears the voice of his old friend Luned, who has been imprisoned, and is to be burnt, for taking Owain's part at Fountain Castle. Owain, of course, proceeds to the rescue. On his road he stops at a castle, the lord of which is in great sorrow, a giant having seized his two sons, and given notice of his intention to eat them on the morrow, if their beautiful sister be not given up to him. Owain and the lion go forth to meet the giant, who objects to the beast as not fair. The lion is therefore shut up in the castle, and his master and the giant fall to. Owain begins to get the worst of it, when the lion leaps from the castle battlements, and tears the giant to pieces. The lion's leap forms part of the subject of a very pretty woodcut. The knight admires the young lady very much, but virtuously declines her hand, and goes on his way to where Luned was imprisoned, where, by the aid of the lion, who breaks out as before, he vanquishes the two champions, and sets the lady free.

Owain then returns to the Lady of the Fountain. The knight and the lion attack and overthrow the black man of the mound, who holds the twenty-four ladies in duresse; but Owain spares his life on condition that he converts his castle into a free hotel, which the giant agrees to do. Owain and his wife then take the ladies to Arthur's court, where he resided as chief officer, until he departed with an army of three hundred ravens; and wherever Owain went with these he was victorious.

Such is the Welsh version of this romance, better known in England and Germany as "Ywaine and Gavin," or "Sir Ywaine," and in France as "Le Chevalier au Lion."

The corresponding French metrical romance is of the 12th century,

and is attributed to Christien de Troyes; from it the English version is translated almost word for word,—Ellis is of opinion, by Clerk of Tranent. The romance seems to have been imported from France into Germany by Hartman Von der Auc, to whom is due the German metrical version, also of the twelfth century. The romance has also been naturalized as "Ywaine," "Ivain," and "Ivent," in Denmark, Sweden, and Iceland, probably as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. The foreign versions follow the French, and in neither do the incidents differ very materially from that of Wales. The two Mabinogion next in order, are "Peredur," the "Sir Percival" of romance, and "Geraint the son of Erbin," better known as "Eree and Enide." These belong to the same class with "The Lady of the Fountain; and the story of each, like that of the "Lady of the Fountain," has given origin to a metrical romance. We pass on to the fourth Mabinogi of "Kilhwch and Olwen," which belongs altogether to a different class.

KILHWCH AND OLWEN.

"Kilhwch," or "Swine's Burrow," was the son of Kilydd, son of Prince Kelyddon and his wife Golenddydd, daughter of Prince Anlawdd. He was born by reason of the prayers of their people; but his mother was wild during her pregnancy, and was frightened by some swine, near whose burrow her son came into the world, and whence he derived his singular and unclean appellation. Golenddydd after this fell sick and died. She made her husband promise not to marry again until a briar with two blossoms bloomed upon her grave, and she required him to dress the grave annually that nothing might grow there. The King had the grave dressed at first every morning; but by degrees he neglected it, and finally forgot it altogether. One day when hunting he visited the grave; saw there the bifarious briar, and began, "modo Gallico," to look about for somebody else's wife. His ministers recommended the wife of King Doged. Doged was accordingly slain, and his wife and daughter were brought the king.

One day the new queen discovered the existence of her husband's son, and Kilhwch was presented to her. The queen's immediate topic of conversation was wedlock. She tells Kilhwch to marry none but Olwen, the daughter of Yspaddaden Penkowr, that is to say, Yspaddaden the "Gigantic Headed," or the head of the giants; for the word is ambiguous as a commentator could desire, and will bear either interpretation.

The description of Kilhwch as he sets forth upon his quest is so characteristic of this Mabinogi, that we are tempted to transcribe it. Page 252—3 (32 lines.) Thus arrayed, he seeks his cousin King Arthur, who is to cut his hair as the first step towards obtaining Olwen. He reaches Arthur's palace when the knife is in the meat

and the drink in the horn, and there is revelry in the hall, or in other words at dinner time; and is refused admittance further than the guest chamber. Kilhwch threatens to give three shouts, the effect of which would render the office of Lucina for ever a sinecure in Arthur's palace. Glewlwyd, who receives his message, reports it to Arthur. He enumerates the countries he has visited, the great deeds he has witnessed, and the mighty men whom he has seen, "but," says he, "never did I behold a man of equal dignity with him who is now at the door." Arthur orders him to be admitted notwithstanding an objection from Kai; and the stranger rides into the hall. Kilhwch then demands a boon, to which Arthur assents, "as far as the wind dries and the rain moistens, and the sun revolves, and the sea encircles, and the earth extends, save only my ship, my sword, my mantle, my lance, my shield, my dagger, and my wife." This magnificent answer is a prelude to the hair-cutting, which Arthur proceeds to execute; and on discovering whom he is cropping, and their relationship, he promises a second boon.

The second boon is the gift of Olwen, whom Kilhwch demands at the hand of Arthur, and at the hands of two hundred of his friends and allies, whom he names at length, and some of whose qualities are very marvellous. Arthur has never heard of Olwen; but he requires a year to seek her. The search is unsuccessful; and Kilhwch taxes Arthur with breach of faith, for which he is reproved by Kai. Kai's qualities as related here are very peculiar. "His breath would last eight days and eight nights under water; he could exist the same period without sleep; no medicine could heal his sword stroke. He could become as tall as the tallest tree; and his nature was so hot, that when it rained hardest, what he carried remained dry a handbreadth above and a handbreadth below his hands; also he served his companions instead of fuel." This singularly qualified personage went forth to seek Olwen; with him Arthur sent Bedwyr, remarkable for his swiftness and power of shedding blood in battle; Kynddelig, who was as good a guide in a land he had not seen as in his own; Gwrhyr Gwalstawt Ierthoedd, who knew all tongues; Gwalchmai, who never returned unsuccessful; and Menw, son of Hirgwaedd, who could make the whole party invisible by his charms. Such were the worthies who attended Kai and Kilhwch in quest of Olwen.

After a long journey they come to a vast flock of sheep guarded by a herdsman, with a terrible mastiff larger than a horse, with burning breath. Gwrhyr declines approach alone; but Menw casts a charm over the dog, and they all advance. The herdsman, Custennin, is Olwen's uncle, and is oppressed by her father. Kilhwch gives him a ring, which he carries to his wife, who thus recognises her sister's son. She comes out to meet him, and prepared to throw her arms round their necks. Kai presents a billet instead, which is

crushed by her embraces. She then takes her surviving son out of a stone chest, and explains that Yspaddaden has slain his twenty brethren. The youth then joins Kai. Upon a promise that no harm shall arise, Custennin sends a message for Olwen, who makes her appearance. After describing the person of Kilhwch, to omit that of the lady would be less than gallant. She was clothed, &c.—page 275—6 (15 lines.) Kilhwch, whose mode of wooing is altogether peculiar, asks the lady's hand; she refers him to her father, whose life is to cease when his daughter is matched. Kai and his party follow Olwen, slay nine watch dogs and nine porters who oppose the passage, and entering the hall of Yspaddaden proclaim their errand. They are desired to return next day for the answer. As they retire, Yspaddaden flings one of three poisoned darts after them, which Bedwyr catches and flings back with surer aim. Next day Yspaddaden demands time to consult his daughter's eight great grandsires and dames, and flings a second dart at them, which Menw the son of Gwaedd catches and retains. On the third day the remaining dart is thrown back by Kilhwch, and Yspaddaden receives a third severe wound. They now proceed to serious business. Yspaddaden can hardly be blamed for preferring the celibate state for his daughter; but his mode of securing this is somewhat peculiar. He requires from his proposed son-in-law a particular shaving apparatus, which lies between the ears of Twrch Trwyth, an enchanted boar; in order to overcome whom, a great variety of subordinate marvels are to be performed, besides some few others of an independent character. Having learned Yspaddaden's conditions, Kilhwch and Kai and their companions proceed to fulfil them.

They first go to the castle of Gwrnach the Giant, whose sword they obtain under pretence of burnishing it, and then cut off his head. Arthur himself then commands Glivi to render up Edioel, whose assistance is needed to find Mabou, the son of Modrou. The court, however, requests Arthur to remain at home, as that adventure was not worthy of his prowess.

They next demand of the Ousel of Cilgwri tidings of Mabou the son of Modrou, who was taken when three nights old from between his mother and the wall. The Ousel says he has been in his place so long that he has had time to peck away a smith's anvil down to the size of a hazel nut, and he has never heard of Mabou. He refers them to the Stag of Redynore, who was created before him. The stag says when he first came to his lair there was an oak sapling, which he has seen grow up into a tree with an hundred arms, but which is now a withered stump, and he never heard of Mabou. The Stag guides them to the Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd, who was created before him. The owl has seen three generations of woods grow and pass away, but he never heard of Mabou. He guides them to the Eagle of Gwern Abwy, the oldest animal in the world. This

eagle tells them that when he first came to his eyrie, there was a rock, from the top of which he pecked at the stars, and now it is not a span high, he thinks it possible that the Salmon of Llyn Llyw, from whose back he took fifty fish spines, may assist them; and he guides the embassy to his pool. Kai and Gwrhyr stand upon the shoulders of the salmon, who takes them up to Gloucester, whence they hear Mabou the son of Modron groaning in the prison dungeon. He tells them that nothing but force will relieve him.

Arthur then summons his warriors to Gloucester, and they attack the prison by land, whilst Kai and Bedwyr attempt it from the salmon's shoulders by water. Kai enters first and brings the prisoner out on his back.

The next marvel is to seek the cubs of Gast Rhymlir. Arthur enters his ship Prydwen, and finds them under the form of two wolf cubs at Aber Cleddyf; but at his request God restored them to their own form.

The next marvel is to collect the nine bushels of flax-seed sown before Olwen was born, which have not sprung up. This Kilhwch was enabled to do by the aid of some friendly ants, excepting only one flax seed which, however, a lame pismire brought him before night.

One day Kai and Bedwyr were sitting upon a beacon carn on Plinlimmon, in the highest wind in the world, when they saw Dillus Varvawe scorching a wild boar. Whilst Dillus was asleep they squeezed him into a pit, and twitched out his beard before they slew him. Kai plaited the beard into a leash, and took it to Arthur at Galli Wic in Cornwall. Arthur answered,

> "Kai made a leash
> Of Dillus son of Eurei's beard,
> Were he alive thy death he'd be."

Kai took this respectable triplet so much to heart that he left the court and never again supported Arthur. Arthur then seeks Drudwyn, the cub of Greid, one of the marvels required.

Two marvels still remained to be performed, one of which gives name to the whole tale—the hunt of the Twrch Trwyth, a mighty boar. This required some preparation.

Menw was sent in the form of a bird to see if the shaving apparatus was really to be found between the ears of Twrch Trwyth. He found him in Ireland, and tried to snatch the treasures; he took nothing, however, but a few bristles; and the boar shook some venom after him, which he felt ever after.

The next step was to obtain the cauldron of Diwrnach Wyddct, to seek which Arthur went to Ireland, slew its defenders, put to flight the other Irish, and brought away the cauldron full of Irish money. Arthur then made a second expedition, to aid the Irish in destroying

Trwyth, who had wasted the fifth part of Ireland. The Irish fought him, then Arthur's household fought him, and and lastly Arthur himself fought him for nine days and nine nights, without killing so much as one of his little pigs.

Arthur then sent Gwrhyr as a bird, to ask Trwyth to come and speak to him. Twrch, whose bristles were like silver wire, grunted a refusal; and is informed that Arthur is hunting him for the comb, razor, and scissors, that lie between his two ears, and which Twrch will defend with his life. The boar then gets him into Wales, Arthur follows and the hunt begins on a gigantic scale. Twrch lands at Porth Cleis in Dyved, and kills man and beast in Aber Gleddiff. He is hunted to Cwm Kerwyn, and brought to bay; here he slays eight champions, and is wounded. In his retreat to Aberteivi and Dyffryn Llychwr, Twrch is often brought to bay, and kills many champions. In the next run he loses four pigs, who are slain, but whom he amply revenges. He runs by Mynydd Amame to Ceredigiawn and Garth Gregyn, where we hear of the King of Armorica.

The Twrch then passes between Tawy and Enyas; and Arthur summons Cornwall and Devon to prevent his crossing the Severn, into which he determines to force him. There is a grand struggle in the Severn, in which they obtain the razor and scissors, but Twrch escapes into Cornwall with the comb, where their previous trouble was as nothing to what they then incurred. At last, however, they obtained the comb, and drove the Twrch into the deep sea, where he was for ever lost.

The final marvel was to obtain the blood of the witch Orddu, or the "pure black," who dwelt on the confines of Hell. Arthur slew her himself with his dagger, and Kaw of North Britain preserved her blood.

Kilwch then returns with the trophies to the court of Yspaddaden, who sits down quietly to be shaved. Kaw, who acts as barber, shaves away skin and flesh, to the bone, from ear to ear! "Art thou shaved, man?" said Kilhwch; "I am shaved," answered he. The son of Custennin then cuts off his head; and Olwen becomes the bride of Kilwhch, and so ends the tale.

Such are two of the four Mabinogion now for the first time laid before the world. That they are of two distinct classes, the readers even of our compressed version will have doubtless observed. To the former class belong the three first tales. In these, the manners and customs of the actors are Norman, almost to the exclusion of those of Wales. The buildings, cornmills, comforts, luxuries, arms and armour, are all Norman. We have lances, swords, and daggers, a golden-collared stag, glass windows in private houses, the ceremony of conferring knighthood, tournaments, falconry, vows of silence, knights put to ransom and dismissed on parole, pagans conquered and baptized. The portcullis is also mentioned, a Norman invention, and very rare even in the eleventh century.

The Welsh encampments were almost always on high ground, and if near water, it was a natural pool, whereas the castles in these tales are placed commonly in a meadow, and their lake is evidently an artificial appendage to the castle, as is common in many of the Norman strongholds.

We also meet with bishops and archbishops, paternosters, the great feasts of the Church, and many of the forms of Christianity. We have also India, and the Empress of Constantinople,—all of Norman, or at least of foreign growth.

Much of the machinery is oriental. Such are the "arts of talisman and spell," venomous serpents, lions, huge black cannibals, dwarfs, rings that make the wearer invisible, life-restoring balsams, gold and silver and precious jewels. The singing birds and the tree, and the enchanted fountain, are all obviously gifts from the land of magic to that of romance.

The general character of the compositions is Anglo-Norman. Knights-errant seek adventures. They slay giants, punish discourteous knights, and liberate distressed damosels. They display, however, little constancy and nothing of that devotion to the sex apparent in the later romance. The forms of religion are occasionally grafted on the story; but religion itself does not form part of its structure, or influence the conduct of the actors. There is no unity in the general composition of these three Mabinogion; they are broken up, Peredur especially, into distinct sets of adventures, with little or no general connexion.

These tales, however, are not wholly Norman. The names of almost all the persons and places, and some few of the customs, are Welsh; and the division of the fines mentioned in Peredur is found in the laws of Howell Ddha. There is also a strong tendency to bring in the number three. Here Arthur appears in the character of a great sovereign and a valiant knight, well known to be capable of achieving the greatest feats, but invested with dignity that rarely permits him actually to exert himself. Here also we find him seated at Caerleon, a city all whose present remains are Roman and Norman, but which was held for some time by the Welsh upon the withdrawal of the Roman forces.

The internal evidence of these three Mabinogion, though decisive as to their birth, is by no means equally so as to their education. Their character is certainly early Anglo-Norman, probably of the twelfth century; but they are very different from the versions of the same tales known to be current among the Normans at that or any other period. They are far more simple, far more Welsh, far more closely confined to Welsh persons and places. It has been supposed that they are of Norman construction, translated back into Welsh. This is thoroughly improbable. A Norman would have followed the Norman versions, and added the usual flowery decorations; nor could any native bard, or indeed any one in that age, have stripped them of the Graal and

other less apparently Norman fictions, and have brought them to a state admirably calculated to deceive the Welsh as to the civilisation of their ancestors. Our opinion, and we advance it only as an opinion, is, that the present version of these three Mabinogion has never travelled out of Wales. Whilst those rudiments taken up by Geoffrey of Monmouth, Christien de Troyes, the Rymer, and others, were adorned and expanded in foreign lands, these appear to have grown up at home. As the Normans crossed the border, which they did at an early period from Chepstow to Pembroke, their customs and habits penetrated to the mountains; the Welsh poets and legendary writers incorporated these into their native fictions, and received, perhaps, at a later period, certain adulterated versions of the tales current in the east. No doubt also in this way portions of the regular Norman romance might find their way into Welsh literature. We regard these, however, on the whole, as collateral independent versions of the European romances. They contain just so much exaggeration as was suited, by raising the character of Arthur and the manners of his court, to flatter the Welsh, and to exhibit their ancestors in the possession of that wealth and civilisation, for the want of which the Normans despised them; but they stop short of the point when, by making Arthur European, the foreign romancers had withdrawn him from Wales. It might be difficult, from Welsh evidence, to prove the existence of the roots of these Mabinogion even as early as the eleventh century; but that point has been settled by the fact of their having then been found on the English side of the border. This fact, however, does not furnish a clue to the extent, at that period, of the Welsh legends; for the discovery of Kilhwch and Olwen, and some others yet unknown out of Wales, proves that Geoffrey and his compeers only touched the great mass of Cymric romance upon a few salient points.

With respect to the age of these Mabinogion in their present form, judging from the degree of elevation which they bestow upon Arthur, and from their imperfect chivalry, they appear to us to be as old as the beginning of the thirteenth century. We cannot believe in a traditional prose romance possessing any degree of purity, nor in any complete prose romance at all, of a much earlier period. They have been supposed to be the old oral traditions, existing formerly in a detached form, collected and recorded in prose when the art of writing became known.

The fourth, or Mabinogi of Kilhwch and Olwen, belongs, together with the Dream of Rhonabwy and others not yet published, to a totally different class. Olwen Gulael Langallon "of the slender eyebrow," pure in heart, is celebrated by the Welsh bards; but Kilhwch was scarcely if at all known to them. Here the customs are for the most part Welsh; we have no armour, but few castles, less allusion to gold and silver, and the horn is the drinking vessel. The structure

of the tale is different, though the incidents are rude, and there is much repetition; but the images are drawn from nature, the descriptions are often highly poetical, and there is much unity in the general composition. The heroes moreover are not errant knights; they do not seek danger for danger's sake. A long list also occurs of Welsh and Cornish warriors; and in the general tale and the hunt of Twrch Trwyth, there are many allusions to persons recorded in the triads, and to places even at the present day bearing the same peculiar names. This topographical correspondence is very remarkable; and whatever may be thought of it, goes far to establish the great antiquity of the tale.

It is also worthy of notice, that the marvellous qualities in this Mabinogi are chiefly those of exaggerated nature: such as seeing by night as by day, hearing words spoken at many miles distance, travelling with the speed of thought, &c. These, as well perhaps as the tendency to repetition and to dwell more on the incidents of the scene than the characters of the actors, savour of eastern descent, though probably they denote only that general resemblance of character that nations of common origin might be expected to retain. They are certainly not strong enough to prove any subsequent communication. In this tale, also, Caerleon is not mentioned. Arthur resides at Gelli-wic, supposed to be Kellywick, or Callington, in Cornwall. A Norman minstrel would have seated him either at Caerleon or at Tintadgel, the "Chastel fier" of romance, which disappeared twice in every year.

Kilhwch and Olwen, even in its present form, certainly is far older than the three preceding Mabinogion; but it also seems to be marked, though slightly, by certain Norman additions, such as might find their way from mouth to mouth even into a part of Wales remote from the Norman dwellings. It has never before been translated: and, though admirably suited to the purpose, has given rise to no metrical romance. We have here, therefore, a decided Welsh Mabinogi, preserved in Wales, unknown even by report in any Norman or Saxon land, and affording a strong evidence that a certain infusion of Norman customs does not prove the legend that bears them to have left the bounds of its native country.

It is also singular, that, although Kilhwch is introduced with a considerable flourish, he is suddenly displaced to make room for Arthur and his followers, who are the real heroes of the tale. But though its heroes, they have no necessary connexion with its structure, and have, we think, been violently inserted at the expense of Kilhwch. Those who are of this opinion, and who support the hypothesis of the ante-Arthurian Myths, will probably cite this as an example. It is remarkable, that whilst on the one hand Kilhwch and Olwen, perhaps the best of the Mabinogion, has not travelled abroad; on the other, the original of Sir Tristem, amongst the most

renowned tales of romance, and of undoubted Cymric origin, has no place in the Mabinogion, and has not been discovered in Wales.

These Welsh Mabinogion have not been found in any other Cymric country. Cornwall and Strathclyde early ceased to exist as separate kingdoms; but in Britanny such may possibly remain, in a more or less perfect state; and it is much to be wished that M. Rio, or some other Breton gentleman of character and reputation, would undertake to examine critically into the subject. With Scotland, indeed, north of Dun-Edin, the Welsh had no communication, but Ireland enters by name into many of their legends. It is remarkable, however, that in Ireland we find no trace whatever of the Arthurian Cycles, no similarity of tradition, nothing in common, but the same touching melancholy that characterises even the lighter poetry of both nations. This is indeed what we should expect from the evidence of history and philology, and what is consistent with the common but remote origin of the two people. When they separated, neither had any literature. Arthur is a hero of Cymric origin, in whom Erse and Gael claim no part either of birth or adoption.

The present collection of the Mabinogion is undoubtedly an acquisition to English literature, but to the Welsh the gift has been most valuable. The three first tales are interesting to all Europe, because they throw a light upon the origin of their favourite romances; but in them the Welshman has but little peculiar interest. He will far prefer the less adulterated legend of his own mountains, less changed by the infusion of Norman novelties, which bears a close resemblance to the ancient poetry of his sires, and is regarded by him as an integral part of the literature of his country. "No man," says Dr. Johnson, "can be a poet who has not seen a mountain." There does indeed seem to be a natural connexion between the two. The mountaineer is commonly the representative of an old and more extended race, and the past greatness of his nation is a never-failing theme for the exercise of his imagination and his invention. If not himself a bard, the mountaineer is yet susceptible of the influence of poetry, to a degree which the sober inhabitant of the plain regards as savouring of insanity. Of the native of Wales, this susceptibility is peculiarly true; the "sedgeing tale" early enters into his heart. The mountain and the strath and the brawling stream, whose names are vocal in his ear, and for the possession of which his ancestors fought so well, are not more dear to him than the legends with which those scenes are associated in his mind.

These traditions, to us matters of curious but indifferent speculation, are to the Welshman little short of the words of inspiration. He believes in them as a man believes in the virtue of his wife, or in the honour of an unstained name. They are known to him as a man knows his own threshold, by an early and irrefragable associa-

tion. They were the pride and boast of the Cymri of old. They stirred up a nation to action. They were heard with the sparkling eye, the knit brow, the beating heart, the compressed hand; but they present here and there one of those gentle domestic allusions, which could in a moment soften the hardest heart, and draw a tear down the roughest cheek. Of

> "Their empire to the rising sun
> By valour, conduct, fortune won,"

even the memory has nearly departed, or "stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops." The "flowers, fields, and all that pleasant grows," are theirs no longer. The fiery Saxon drove them forth, and grudged them even their rugged seat on the confines of the paradise they had lost; that full burst of song, which once rose like a refreshing fountain amongst the nations, is now wasted; its waters flow abroad over the broken cistern and neglected grot. The refreshing sparkle is dimmed, the beauty and the pleasure are wellnigh departed.

ART. II.—*Narrative of a Voyage Round the World.* By Captain Sir EDWARD BELCHER, R.N. 2 vols. Colburn.

THIS voyage took place in H.M.S. *Sulphur*, and occupied a period from 1836 to 1842. The work also includes "Details of the Naval Operations in China," &c., and is "Published under the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty." Now, do not our readers anticipate from the title of the book and the circumstances just mentioned,—from a six years' voyage, and from the auspices under which these volumes have made their appearance,—a mass of information and a variety of entertainment worthy of a large scientific undertaking, and of a naval officer who has not only during these late years circumnavigated the globe, touching at almost numberless points and islands, but who had previously visited many of the places here mentioned, and must therefore have had abundant opportunities of instituting interesting comparisons, as well as of recording a multitude of striking facts? If, however, such be the reader's expectations, and he be induced to put his hand into his pocket in order to purchase a publication of so much promise, he will very soon make a discovery, meet with a disappointment, and find that the performance is meagre and unsatisfactory, beyond, perhaps, any former instance of a book of prolonged and widely diversified voyaging or travel.

In the first place, the gallant author has deliberately discarded from the present pages whatever appeared to him to have a scientific character, so that one is not a little puzzled to understand what par-

ticular claim this work can have had to the highest patronage. But secondly, the Captain has contrived, while manufacturing tomes of considerable bulk, to convey what he means in a remarkably indistinct and dry sort of way; so that the general reader who looks for entertainment, arising from novelty of matter or vividness of manner, will hardly be better pleased than the party who may happen to be in search of geographical or any other branch of scientific knowledge. It may be true that the voyager collected a great deal that was valuable, and he may have amply stored his own mind, or even supplied the Admiralty with important details; but, from all that we can go by, he has not the faculty, even when his writing is elaborate and his style most highly coloured, of supplying precise intelligence; being in the habit of uttering generalities, of expending his time in fits of admiration, and of jumping away from the explanation that is most anxiously anticipated, often merely to assure you that he himself was greatly delighted or much benefited.

It is impossible, however, for any man who is capable of conducting a nautical survey, to voyage for six years consecutively, circumnavigating the world, to give you two volumes that are entirely empty of useful information, or that do not contain interesting notices both of men and things; and it shall now be our business to glean a few such specimens, but without any attempt to trace with the Captain the course of his progress, or to mention more than two or three points at which he touched. The first of these shall be the English factory on the Columbia; erroneously named, it would appear, Fort Vancouver, which is eighty-two miles, as the crow flies, from Cape Disappointment. This station is within the territory of Oregon, and therefore, owing to the dispute at present existing between Great Britain and the United States, with regard to its possession and the boundary line, the region has assumed some political importance.

It stands about three hundred yards within the northern edge of the river; is a picketed enclosure three hundred yards square, the pickets being eighteen feet high, composed of roughly-split pine logs. No particular attention to strength has been paid in its construction. It is furnished with three gates, two of which are invariably open by day. The houses of residence, as well as store-houses of the company, are within this enclosure, forming two squares. No guard is observed. The trading store is open during working hours, and any increase of number amongst the Indians would not excite uneasiness on the part of the officers. Such was my impression: and conversation, short of putting the direct question, confirmed it. To the westward are situated, without the palisades, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, the hospital and houses of the Canadian establishment, forming a complete village. All is apparently defenceless; although when turned out every man will be found with a well-tried rifle and couteau de chasse, or other efficient means of defence; and their partners are efficient helpmates, in the literal sense of the phrase. Yet, comparing this spot with Sitka and other places, it speaks volumes for the discipline to which the Indians have been reduced,

as well as for the *content* with which all the tribes are evidently imbued. As to the appellation of Fort Vancouver, it is clearly a misnomer; no Fort Vancouver exists; it is merely the mercantile post of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Among other striking particulars mentioned relative to the factors at this post, this is the most singular,—that the women, many of whom are Canadian half-castes, are still almost totally unacquainted with the language of their husbands. The character of the Indians on the Columbia, together with their practice of compressing the head, are the subjects of our next extract.

Among primitive nations, it is not uncommon to find them attempting to improve nature's handi-work by some peculiar method of distortion. We will pass over the Chinese and Europeans. They condescend to control the feet and waist; our friends here have a nobler aim, and set to work on the head. In that part of the coast more particularly known as the north-west, it is universal with the women to incise the lower lip, and, by gradual distention, to insert a piece of wood of no small dimensions, even to upwards of two inches in length. When this is removed, a second mouth is exposed, rivalling in dimensions the first. And even this practice has its fashion and variety. The custom of compressing the head in infancy is not practised here extensively. On the coast it is limited to a space of about one hundred and seventy miles, extending between Cape Flattery and Cape Look-out. Inland, it extends up the Columbia to the first rapids, or one hundred and forty miles, and is checked at the falls on the Wallamettee. In this small compass there are several tribes having this one distinctive badge. Those with whom travellers are most likely to come in contact are the Cheenooks, Clatsaps, Killimooks, Chee-hee-lees, and Shlakatats. We first witnessed the practice in the house of Choonamis, a chief of the Cheenooks. The infant, very soon after birth, is placed horizontally in a small wooden cradle wrapped up in a fur, and lashings are repeatedly passed across it, so as to render the body nearly motionless. At the top of the cradle is a well, rather below the level of the rest, in which the head is sunk, and compresses are fitted in between the head and the extremity of the box, till the required pressure is produced. The compresses were of basket-work, and some were ornamented with bells. I imagine the children do not suffer much. We saw one placed in the machine. It cried at first, as a baby in England would when put in a cradle, but a little rocking soon quieted it. The practice would not appear to be prejudicial to the development of the mind; and the testimony of those long acquainted with these people supports this opinion. As a nation, the first thing that struck us was their facility in picking up our words, even to short sentences, and repeating the whole tolerably correctly. Their pronunciation is also good, though the intonation of our respective languages is widely different. The women are always plying their fingers over some basket-work, or constructing mats. Formerly both sexes spent much of their time in carving rude figures of men or animals; but their communication with Europeans is yearly rubbing off some old custom. They are fond of colours; the women construct

showy leggings with cloth and beads, and the men often display gaudy shot-belts, and other articles of the chase. Like all Indians, they are patient in the pursuit of an object. They will dub away at a tree for months, till it becomes a canoe, and then sell it for three blankets. They are exceedingly lax in morals, and attached to spirits; yet we have found them undeviatingly honest. Their forms of religion would appear few. In their houses they have some few wooden images, and to imply their functions point to heaven. Parental affection would not appear strong. Abortion is much practised. They have usually very few children. These they display some affection for, which is often indifferently met by the offspring. Towards their dead they exhibit the greatest respect. After death the body is placed in a canoe, wrapt up in mats; the whole is then covered over, and the worldly property of the deceased is placed near him. They will not allow strangers to approach the place of sepulchre. Curiosity must be gratified at a respectful distance. The entombed bodies are placed in open spaces in the woods, often near a foot-path; but we were not allowed to overstep the road towards them. As they advance in age the flattening becomes gradually removed; thus few persons of forty or fifty have a very compressed head. The children often have heads twice as broad as long; but nothing like this have I witnessed in after life. The compression is carried to a greater excess in persons of high rank or caste than in others: thus the chiefs and their wives usually have the flattest heads. Slaves and their children are not permitted the practice. The operation is usually completed under a year. The Indians called flatheads live on the upper branches of the river, and, we were informed, have not this practice—*lucus a non lucendo*. It is, however, not quite confined to the Columbia.

We have already alluded to the advantage which Captain Belcher enjoyed for comparing the condition of the people of certain islands and coasts, as witnessed in the course of the voyage, with what he had on former occasions observed. He has made some use of these opportunities; but, unless he is strongly biassed, the changes that have taken place are, for the most part, far from flattering to the European character, even when the settlers are the professed teachers of Christianity. We are aware that there are two sets of witnesses on the subject of missionary efforts in remote countries,—viz. the nautical reporters on the one hand, and the evangelizers on the other. The exact truth most probably lies between the two extremes. Still, we cannot doubt that indiscreet zeal, and perhaps, in sundry instances, gross hypocrisy, are deserving of the strong language of condemnation made use of by the Captain; and that the retrogression of the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, for example, is more apparent than their progress in morals and social prosperity, since the time that the white religious teachers settled amongst them. In the way of discipline, the missionaries are said to treat these people more severely than the slave-masters do their bondsmen and bondswomen in any part of the world; to the destruction of industrial habits and mental vigour. Our author thus speaks:

What idea can the chiefs have of the amelioration they were to experience from a change of religion? How can these islands rise in the scale of importance, if the climate and amazing fertility of soil which has been bestowed on them, is not to be made available? What have the missionaries done for them? This question is beyond my powers of reply. But I can safely assert that, in the years 1826-7, above eighty sail of whale-ships, as well as traders, entered the port of Honululu; and that number was, I understood, present at one time. At this moment it is almost deserted. And, instead of the thriving plantations, which at that period promised well, we have now a great increase of spirit shops. Formerly the streets were clean and quiet, and it was rare to notice a native intoxicated. They indulged freely in aquatic exercises, ablutions, &c., and were apparently free, happy, and cheerful; but a miserable contrast remains; they are now chapfallen and miserable.

Again, and at the Tonga Islands, where war is said to have been waged on the native opponents of the missionaries.

Upon the subject of this "*religious war*," in Tonga—(or better perhaps known as Tonga-taboo)—and in which Mr. Thomas appears to take a strong interest, I am much inclined to believe that its origin proceeds from a *harshness in making Christians*, instead of inducing them to become so by persuasion. The punishments for offences against a *forced* religion, by a people not long converted, are dealt too unmercifully—are indeed so severe, that we were informed some of the women died under them, and that they were only induced, by the interference of one of our ships of war, to adopt milder measures. It was openly asserted that *three and a half inch rope* has been used to inflict punishment on women!

Whether Captain Belcher judiciously interfered on all occasions, and for the real benefit of the natives of the parts he visited, it is not for us to speak positively, although from his own showing he was not slow to act practically. We cite his account of a part of his conduct while at the Society Islands.

I was much surprised, on the day following, by a visit from the consul, who, to my astonishment, informed me that he was the bearer of a message from the queen, intreating my stay until the May meeting (on the Wednesday following), as the king, in a fit of intoxication, had treated the queen in a most brutal manner, in the high road; having attempted to kill her with a stone. Being foiled by her female retinue, and two young men who were passing, he had seized her by her hair, and had it not been for those about, doubtless would have destroyed her. The queen fled to the house of a cooper, where she was concealed. It appears that he had fallen from his horse in a fit of intoxication, and she had rushed to his assistance with all the warmth of affection, which was thus repaid. On his return to the house, he destroyed all her presents of dresses, bonnets, ornaments, &c., and attempted to fire the house. It was the professed intention of the queen "to move for a divorce, and that he be returned to Huaheine." The consul immediately took the queen under his protection, and having requested my

interference, I assured her that four days' delay was important to me, but if she would *assure me* of her determination to rid herself of such a dangerous and detestable character, and immediately summon the judges, I would not only wait, but also convey him to his island (Huaheine.) To my utter astonishment, the consul informed me the day following, that she had forgiven him, and returned; thanking me in the warmest terms for my attention.

It is pleasing to hear that the scene of some of the missionary labours, especially that of the martyr Williams, in the island of Raratonga, is one of peace, industry, and moral improvement. These beautiful results do not appear to have been impeded or neutralized by the influx of run-away seamen or of speculating adventurers of any kind; so that the influence of a benign religion, and the judicious measures and example of certain Christian instructors, the most eminent of them having just been named, have had their proper fruit. Here is part of the picture.

With all the difficulties incident to missionary progress, one is not a little surprised to meet, not only with the conveniences, but also the comforts, of a well-furnished house. These are principally native, but the result of missionary instructions; care having been taken to teach them useful arts. They manufacture tables, chairs, and sofas, with cane bottoms, fit for any of the middling classes in England. These form an article of export to Tahiti, and a pair of their arm-chairs grace my cabin. The wood of the Tamanu, from which they are manufactured, may vie with Honduras mahogany in beauty, and is far superior in durability. Four very neat stone cottages were just completed, having two good rooms each; these are intended for the students in the college about to be built where Mr. Buzacott's house now stands. In the present school-room, where they have also a printing-press, I was shown the production of one of the native scholars, being a manuscript copy of the New Testament, in progress, the writing clear and intelligible, the scholar a native missionary, probably to be forwarded to some island where Christianity is unknown. The church is an extensive wood and plaster building, capable of accommodating about one thousand persons; it occupies one side of the road, and the native school the opposite.

If our author's account of the Feejee Islands be correct, he has furnished a conclusive answer to those persons who are incredulous on the subject of cannibalism. He thus reports:

The sequel will hardly be credited, yet it is beyond doubt; cannibalism to a frightful degree still prevails amongst this people, and, as it would seem, almost as one of their highest enjoyments. The victims of this ferocious slaughter were regularly prepared, being baked, packed, and distributed in portions to the various towns which furnished warriors, according to their exploits; and they were feasted on with a degree of savage barbarity nearly incredible! They imagine that they increase in bravery, by eating their valorous enemy. This Garingaria is a noted cannibal, and it

is asserted that he killed one of his wives and ate her. This he denied, and accounted for her death (which took place violently by his order) on other grounds. He did not attempt a denial of his acts at Banga, nor did Phillips. These occurrences are of late date. I am told they threw one or more of the heads (which they do not eat) into the missionary's compounds. The population of the Feejees are very tall, far above the height of any other nation I have seen. Of five men assembled in my tent, none were under six feet two inches. It was rather an awkward subject to tax Garingaria with in his own house, and solely attended by his own dependent, our interpreter; but he took it very quietly, and observed that he cared not for human flesh, unless it was that of his enemy, and taken in battle. When he used this expression, I could not help thinking that his lips were sympathetically in motion, and that I had better not make myself too hostile. I therefore bid him good evening.

Much of Captain Belcher's second volume is taken up with the naval operations in China, previous to taking Canton; for in these transactions he took an active share. We shall not allow ourselves to be detained at any considerable length on this part of the work; and not at all by the botanical papers which the surgeon of the *Sulphur* has appended. It is necessary, however, to mention, that besides a variety of illustrations inserted throughout the book, giving us sometimes a notion of what the letter-press has failed to describe, there is a good chart of the extensive track of the vessel. And now for our very brief notice of John Chinaman, and an anecdote characteristic of mandarin negotiation.

I was then despatched with a flag of truce to Napier's Fort, accompanied by Mr. Morrison, interpreter and secretary to the plenipotentiary. The flag of truce made use of on this occasion, was a large white silk flag, captured at First Bar Fort, and possibly recognised by some of the runaways here. After delivering the despatch, the mandarin in command agreed to give up the fort next day, if I would permit him "to make plenty of bobbery," "and not put that plum in the gun." I told him, as I should probably have the job, that I would not trouble him, provided he ran away in time.

ART. III.—*Narrative of a Journey to Kalat, including an Account of the Insurrection at that Place in* 1840, *&c.* By CHARLES MASSON, Esq. Bentley.

MR. MASSON has in this volume given us some exceedingly interesting additions to the variety and accuracy of information which his former work furnished. The "Memoir on Eastern Balochistan," treating of the geography of that wild region, of its productions, and of its inhabitants, is of itself a valuable as well as an elaborate contribution; for our author likes to examine for himself, and speaks

at large from his personal observation and experience. To this section of the volume, however, we shall not further address ourselves; but turn to the journey to the capital of the country just mentioned, to the account of the outbreak at that place in 1840, and other particulars, which have the interest of strange adventure, of severe endurance, and of unlooked-for escape.

Mr. Masson journeyed, as he had done on a previous occasion, from a port not far from the mouth of the Indus, directing his steps towards Kalat, where he resided for some time, and where he also suffered confinement, together with being subjected to all that dreadful uncertainty and foreboding natural to a person who feels himself to be entirely at the mercy, and knows the import of the threatenings, of the unscrupulous and vengeful Orientals.

It is a matter of history, that our army, when advancing upon Candahar, not only encountered many unforeseen difficulties, such as the want of supplies, but repeated hostile attacks, owing to the treachery of the tribes through whose territory the march was conducted. The suspicion and blame fell chiefly on the Khan of Kalat, who had promised to provide supplies as well as to prevent his people from offering molestation. According to our author, however, the Khan had undertaken more than he could perform, although desirous to be faithful to his engagements. Be this as it may, the obstacles and harrassments which the army met with were set down to his treacherous designs; and to chastise him and to teach a British lesson, it was ordered that his capital should be stormed, which was done at the earliest opportunity,—the Khan with certain of his chiefs and adherents falling while gallantly defending his house. Kalat having been carried in the way mentioned, the family of the Khan was passed over, and another chieftain raised to the supreme power, but only nominally; for Lieutenant Loveday was appointed president.

It was posterior to these events that our author made his second journey from Karachi to Kalat, and consequently there was much of novelty and additional interest to engage his attention, arising from the devastations wrought by the army of the Indus, west of that natural boundary. The passage which we first of all extract will enable the reader to comprehend the nature and extent of some of the tragedies and revolutions which had suddenly been produced by the demon of war. Mr. Masson thus describes a scene, his feelings, and his strange position:

> The sun had not risen when we descended upon the plain, with the little town (Wad) before us; and the first objects presenting themselves to our sight were three new tombs, covered with white cement, erected over the remains of Wali Mahomed, Taj Mahomed, and another of the Wad chiefs, who had fallen at the same time with their ill-fated lord, Mehrab Khan. They were buried on the open plain, beneath a mulberry-tree, and contiguous to

each other. In death they had been united, and their countrymen now reverenced them as shedidan or martyrs.

I may acknowledge that I approached the town with clouded feelings. I was conscious there was no cause for apprehension; still there was the awkwardness of a meeting with the relatives of the slain to be encountered; and, worse than all, I knew that the calamity, which had involved so many chiefs of the family in destruction, might, with due understanding, have been averted. On crossing the dry bed of the torrent, on which Wad stands, we came upon the houses inhabited by the chiefs now living; and the first person we met was a darogah of Isa Khan, who conducted us to the vacant house of Mir Rahmat, a son of Taj Mahomed, above noted as one of the slain at Kalat. Mir Rahmat was with Khan Mahomed, in attendance upon Shah Nawaz Khan, the new ruler of Kalat in Zidi. The darogah hastened to report our arrival to the family of Isa Khan, leaving me to my reflections on the strange accident of being quartered in the house of a chief who had fallen by the hands of my countrymen.

On his arrival at Kalat, and still more after residing there for some time, he found that not only were the Baloch tribes deeply dissatisfied with the deposition of the former chief's family, and, of course, mortally offended at the cause and manner of his death, but that the resident's haughty and tyrannical conduct rapidly ripened these bad feelings into revenge, and anon into insurrection. The folly and cruelty of this British functionary can surely find no parallels in our history; for he kept bull-dogs to worry the people when they were unlucky enough to give him offence. The following is a statement to the horrible effect mentioned.

About this time an accident occurred, which served, perhaps, to precipitate the revolt which speedily followed. Among the many tyrannical acts, of which Lieutenant Loveday stood accused by the general voice of the country, was that of worrying people with his dogs; and to describe the horror in which he was held on that account, would be an impossible task. Yet, so incredible did such a charge appear to me, and so revolting was it to every notion of humanity, that I felt inclined to conjecture trivial circumstances had been magnified, and an accidental mishap construed into a premeditated deed. I was frequently told, that since I had been at Kalat he had discontinued to use his dogs: and when I expressed anxiety to proceed, I was entreated to remain, that Lieutenant Loveday might behave himself decently. However, any restraint he might have imposed upon himself, in consequence of my presence, did not suffice to prevent the ebullition of his passion; and a miserable and fatal testimony confirmed, beyond power of denial, how justly he was feared and disliked. Yaiya, a dehwar or agriculturalist of Kalat, employed as a begar, or forced labourer, in some works connected with the house in progress of erection, incurred the displeasure of Lieutenant Loveday; who gave the necessary signal to his dogs, and they inflicted several wounds on the wretched individual. He was carried home in a grievous state, and in a few days died. The consternation excited by this man's unhappy fate among the community

of Kalat, to be conceived must have been witnessed; the dread of vengeance limited the expression of public feeling to low and sullen murmurs, but rumour spread the catastrophe with rapidity over the country, and there indignation was loudly avowed and revenge determined upon.

When our author waited upon the patron of blood-hounds, it was plain that even a subject of the British crown was not to consider himself entitled to the ordinary courtesies which pass between gentlemen. However, when the revolt broke out, a common danger and disaster forced them into companionship; for they were both made prisoners and robbed of all they possessed. How gloomy must have been the prospects of both, but especially those of the incapable and wanton lieutenant! They were not only kept in durance vile in chambers bearing horrible and ominous titles, and recently before the scenes of fearful doings, but they could overhear conversations that spoke of dividing their respective garments, of course after a deed of blood that it was determined should be perpetrated. We must present to the reader some of the particulars belonging to the period of imprisonment.

Wali Mahomed sat with us until evening. He was brother to the late Nur Mahomed, shaghassi of Mehrab Khan, and one of his most effective adherents. Nur Mahomed was slain at the capture of Kalat, while gallantly fighting, after having previously sacrificed his wives and other females of the family. Wali Mahomed alluded to the disasters which had fallen upon his house, but assured Lieutenant Loveday that he should be kindly treated, and should experience what generosity a Baloch was capable of. I suspect Wali Mahomed was not permitted by the darogah to act as handsomely as he wished.

We were inundated with tales of the plunder of Lieutenant Loveday's house, and indeed during the day witnessed the many conflicts that took place on its roof between the spoilers themselves. It seemed to be considered by the multitude rather as a good joke than an atrocious act. Two or three persons killed themselves by drinking vitriol instead of wine; and this accident brought bottles and their contents into such distrust, that numbers were made over to us. So great a store had we of both wines and liquors of various descriptions, that Lieutenant Loveday consigned them to the charge of Diwan Ramu, who had, on his own part, contributed a tea-pot, jug, and other articles of plated ware, which were not much prized after it was discovered they were not silver. He also provided Lieutenant Loveday with a few articles of his own clothing, and the young Khan sent him a chair and his postin; the latter, however, deprived of a number of jewels which had been sown over it, the youth asserting they belonged to him and not to Lieutenant Loveday. Wali Mahomed had promised a bed to Lieutenant Loveday, but it was not sent; and neither he nor I had any thing to sleep upon but the coarse carpet spread under us. Our food was supplied twice daily from the Khan's kitchen, and was the same he himself partook of. Tea and coffee were furnished by those who had rifled our late abode; so that, on the whole, our fare was what we had least to complain of

Lieutenant Loveday's house was most rigidly examined, the floors were all dug up, excavations were made in the cellars, and the walls were minutely searched. The pair of bull-dogs, the ministers of his anger, were literally cut to pieces.

Mr. Masson was at length so fortunate as to be sent to Quetta, as a bearer of letters, and thus escaped that death which eventually awaited Lieutenant Loveday at Kalat. But our author's trials and adventures were not yet over; for even at a British post, where Captain Bean, the political agent, happened to be the "great man," the traveller was arrested and doomed to suffer imprisonment for four months. We quote paragraphs bearing upon the treatment at Quetta. Says our author—

In the morning I followed Lieutenant Hammersley to Captain Bean's residence, and had a long conversation with him on the affairs of the Brahuis, as well as on the situation of Lieutenant Loveday. I regretted, for the latter officer's sake, that I was too plainly addressing a weak man, puffed up with absurd conceptions of his official importance, and so uninformed of the nature of things that it was wasting words to speak to him. He had not the politeness to ask me to be seated, and gave audience much in the same way as a heavy country magistrate in England would do to a poacher.

Urging the necessity of making every effort to relieve Lieutenant Loveday, I noticed the interest taken by the darogah, and others in the rebel camp, as to Rehimdad, one of the Bakkar prisoners, and proposed that some assurance should be made about him, with the view of creating among his friends an interest in the preservation of Lieutenant Loveday. This did not accord with Captain Bean's notions; but he said he would write to the darogah now, which I understood he had not before done, and likewise to Molahdad (Lieutenant Loveday's keeper), offering him a sum of money to effect the escape of his charge. I knew this would be useless, still it might be tried.

When I alluded to the subject of my return, Captain Bean said there was no reason for it, and he should write to the darogah that he had detained me for a few days, to know better about his affairs. I observed, that to give me a fair chance, if I was to return at all, it was right I should be punctual. He replied, that my return could not save Lieutenant Loveday, nor improve his condition; moreover, I had brought no letter from the darogah. He affected to believe that no harm would befall Lieutenant Loveday, as the Brahuis never killed their prisoners.

Captain Bean finally informed me, that he had been so good as to provide an abode for me while I might remain at Quetta, and he directed a person to show the way to it. I was conducted to the upper apartment of a Hindu's house, and immediately an armed guard of troopers and chaprassis was placed over it. Beyond doubt I was a prisoner, though Captain Bean had not let fall a word to intimate his intention: and I could but smile at the oddness of a man inviting me to breakfast, and then sending me into confinement.

But a prisoner may be either ill or well treated as such; he may be subjected to prison discipline and put upon prison fare; or he may be afforded every allowance consistent with detention of person. Then, how went it with Mr. Masson, and after he had lost all his property at Kalat? We cite the account of that passage of his life.

I had now, awaiting the result of these several applications, to linger in confinement, which Captain Bean's inhumanity made as annoying as possible. His first intention seemed to be literally to starve me, and on one occasion, I passed two entire days and three nights without food. As I scorned to refer to him on such a point, I might have fasted longer, had not one of the guard, unsolicited by me, gone and reported the circumstances. Colonel Stacey, besides, who was in the camp, and the only officer who, in face of the known rancour of Captain Bean, had the courage to call upon me, made some representation to the political officers, which procured a promise that I should be kept from dying of hunger, and the consequence was, that two cakes of dry bread were brought to me morning and evening from the bazaar. On this fare I subsisted several days, until a second representation from Colonel Stacey procured me the addition of three-farthings' worth of sheep's entrails also from the bazaar, and brought in an earthen platter; a mess, certainly, which any dog in Quetta might have claimed for his own. I thought this kind of insult was carried too far, and sent the foul mess to the camp. Colonel Stacey did more than I wished, as I had merely written to him to witness it; for he showed it to his brother officers, and then had it conveyed to Lieutenant Hammersley, the assistant of Captain Bean. This brought Lieutenant Hammersley in haste to me, and he exclaimed, very innocently, "Good God! why did you send that mess to Colonel Stacey? Why did you not send it to me? It will disgrace us." I thought that was a subject for his consideration, not mine, and I told him so; when, after some conversation, he proposed to make me an advance of one hundred rupees, to which I consented; and I may also observe, that some time after I repaid him the amount. At the commencement of my incarceration, a felt cloak had been stripped from the back of a Hindu walking in the street, and this was intended to cover me by night. I could not use a garment filled with vermin, and suffered somewhat from cold, until Colonel Stacey kindly supplied me from his limited camp stock with such articles as relieved me from cold, and enabled me to change my clothes.

Now, there is much in the few passages we have quoted, to add to the surprises that have already arrested and aroused the public mind in connexion with the war which the British so recently waged in regions west of the Indus,—that is, if Mr. Masson's statements be correct and honest, or if they have only the slight colourings which even the most upright man can hardly avoid lending to a narrative of facts, in which he has been closely concerned, and especially when he conceives that he has been deeply injured and perseveringly persecuted. How far our author compromised himself by interfering in political matters at a critical period, to the danger or damage of

the British cause, as was alleged, it is not for us to utter a word; Mr. Masson, in the meanwhile, having addressed the East India Company on the subject. We have only this to remark, that he was well known to have been a persevering traveller in the East, and had actually been at one period officially employed by the Company. But to pass entirely from this question, it must strike every reader of our extracts, that if there be truth in them, if the things there stated be essentially consistent with the facts, the British public owe a debt of gratitude to our traveller, for having still more widely opened their eyes to the folly, the incapacity, the recklessness, and the listlessness also, which characterised the war so recently waged by the army of the Indus. Is it true that the Khan of Kalat was guiltless of the treachery laid to his charge? Is it in accordance with truth that, when the city was stormed, the "usual horrors of war," as asserted by Mr. Masson, marked the event? Did the officer whose appointment as resident took place after the military achievement, aggravate the feelings of the inhabitants by the employment of his worrying dogs? And can it be gainsaid, that Captain Bean, out of mere caprice or personal dislike, put a British subject to torture in a far distant and barbarous land, where no prompt appeal could be made to our laws,—where it was most difficult to bring those who were clothed with a little brief authority to a tribunal that would fix responsibility and exact the same with a signal firmness? Last of all, by whom were these incompetent, thoughtless, yet tyrannous officials appointed? Would it be ill-judged to press Lord Auckland on the subject?

ART. IV.—*A Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon.* By DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P. Vol. I. Dolman.

ON the first announcement of "A Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon, by Daniel O'Connell," we had misgivings, and half suspected that some heedless wag was playing with the Repealer's name. The initials M.P., however, together with the publisher's character and position, could not but dispel every incredulous idea; so that our next process of thought was to speculate with regard to the manner in which the work was likely to be executed. No person doubts Mr. O'Connell's activity, ability, and vigour. As an orator, a lawyer, or a statesman, his resources and political sagacity need not here be characterized. But respecting his literary attainments in a general sense, the world had yet to be informed; while as a historian, and especially when Ireland was to become the theme, there were ample grounds for questioning his fitness, and for predicting that calmness and candour would be wanting,—that patient research, critical nicety, and sustained reflection, suited to the closet, would be sacrificed to passionate advocacy, unmeasured assertion and abuse, and

that sort of reeling declamation that fails not to agitate the Milesian multitudes when crowding around the speaker in street or green.

Now, it will require but a few observations, backed by three or four samples of this first volume, to satisfy any dispassionate and sensible reader, that the "Memoir" falls short of being a careful or even a powerful piece of writing, to a much greater extent than will readily be anticipated; while to name it a *history* would be a burlesque upon the meaning of that dignified term.

Let us first of all learn what is the professed purpose of Mr. O'Connell's work. Having stated that he has "long felt the inconvenience resulting from the ignorance of the English people generally of the history of Ireland," the Agitator and Repealer proceeds to express himself in the following fashion: "I am very desirous to have it unequivocally understood, that one great object of mine is to involve the people of England in much—in very much of the guilt of their Government. If the English people were not influenced by a bigotry, violent as it is unjust, against the Catholic religion on the one hand, and strong national antipathy against the Irish people on the other, the Government could not have so long persevered in its course of injustice and oppression. The bad passions of the English people, which gave an evil strength to the English Government for the oppression of the Irish, still subsist, little diminished and less mitigated." Again, "It has pleased the English people in general to forget all the facts in Irish history. They have also been graciously pleased to forgive themselves all those crimes! And the Irish people would forgive them likewise, if it were not that much of the worst spirit of the worst days still survives."

These and similar accusations and assertions, are not only repeated with an extravagant indignation, frequently appearing to be forced, and but faintly felt, but the spirit and *animus* towards the English by this *historian* in return is that of a malignant fury, who rejoices in the distress of the British people, and who, for aught that we can discover, would lend a willing hand, if not to sweep them as a nation from the face of the earth, or to reduce them to the very lowest state of humiliation and wretchedness, yet recklessly to embroil the two nations—to awaken and preserve alive the worst passions that can be engendered in either country against its sister. We cite a passage in proof of this hateful purpose and effort:—

> What the Sovereign and the Statesmen of England should understand is that the Irish people feel and know that there cannot happen a more heavy misfortune to Ireland than the prosperity and power of Great Britain. When Britain is powerful, the anti-Irish faction in this country are encouraged, fostered, promoted; Irish rights are derided; the grievances of Ireland are scoffed at; we are compelled to receive stinted franchises, or none; limited privileges, or none!—to submit to a political inferiority, rendered doubly afflictive by the contrast with the advantages enjoyed by

the people of England and the people of Scotland. The Tory Landlord class—exterminators and all—prime favourites at the Castle, countenanced and sustained as the nucleus of that anti-Irish faction which would once again transplant the Catholics of Ireland to the remotest regions, if that faction had the power to do so; and which actually drives those Catholics to transport themselves in multitudes to every country out of Ireland.

The worst result of British prosperity is, the protection it gives to the hard-hearted and bigoted class among the Irish landlords.

It is also of the utmost importance that the Sovereign and Statesmen of England should be apprised that the people of Ireland know and feel that they have a deep and vital interest in the weakness and adversity of England. It was not for themselves alone that the Americans gained the victory over Burgoyne at Saratoga: they conquered for Irish as well as for American freedom. Nor was it for France alone that Dumourier defeated the Austrian army at Genappe; the Catholics of Ireland participated in the fruits of that victory.

At the present day it would be vain to attempt to conceal the satisfaction the people of Ireland feel at the fiscal embarrassments of England. They bitterly and cordially regret the sufferings and privations of the English and Scotch artisans and operatives. But they do not regret the weakness of the English Government, which results from fading commerce and failing manufacture. For the woes of each suffering individual they have warm compassion and lively sympathy; from the consequent weakness of the Government party they derive no other feelings than those of satisfaction and of hope.

Mr. O'Connell will have it that there never was a people so cruelly and basely treated as the Irish have been by aliens and Protestants; and to inculpate the people of England rather than the Government, who he asserts were cruel to the extent of being guilty of the wish to exterminate the Irish nation, he assails Cromwell and the Cromwellians according to a truly *Irish* method of exaggeration, of recklessness of facts, and of ludicrous *blarney*. Says the *historian*,—

Cromwell gorged himself with human blood. He committed the most hideous slaughters; deliberate, cold-blooded, persevering. He stained the annals of the English people with guilt of a blacker dye than has stained any other nation on earth.

And—after all—for what? *What* did he gain by it? Some four or five years of unsettled and precarious power! And if his hideous corpse was interred in a royal grave, it was so, only to have his bones thence transferred to a gibbet!

Was it for *this* that he deliberately slaughtered thousands of men, women, and children? Female loveliness and the innocent and beautiful boy—aged but seven years [and rising three feet six inches]—of Colonel Washington?

It has often been said that it was not the people, but the Government of England, who were guilty of the attempts to exterminate the Irish nation. The observation is absurd. The government had at all times in their

slaughter of the Irish, the approbation of the English people. Even the present administration is popular in England in the precise proportion of the hatred they exhibit to the Irish people; and *this* is a proposition of historic and perpetual truth. But to the Cromwellian wars, the distinction between the people and the Government could never apply. These were the wars, emphatically, of the English people. They were emphatically the most cruel and murderous wars the Irish ever sustained.

We are obliged to a contemporary for reminding us that neither Cromwell nor his troops had anything at all to do with the slaughter, and that the tale about the "beautiful boy," if not apocryphal, appears here in a new version, and unsupported by Mr. O'Connell's alleged authority.

Next listen to the way in which our author attacks and denounces a man of cool and philosophic research, a habitual sifter of evidence, and an acute logician, whose great work will ever hold a foremost place among histories, while the "Memoir" before us would have gone forth unheeded, or as an ephemeral burst of intemperance, but for the name that figures on the title-page:—

Notwithstanding all this, for considerably more than a century after the Restoration, the Catholics of Ireland were set down as wholesale murderers, and were charged with murdering 50,000 Protestants on the 23rd of October 1641. And this atrociously false calumny was reiterated in books and pamphlets, in speeches and sermons and acts of parliament! The arch liar, Hume, the man who of all historians is least to be relied on—for throughout his history scarcely one fact is stated accurately—has given great circulation to this enormous falsehood; and *he* is the more criminal, inasmuch as shortly after the appearance of the volume of his history containing the reign of Charles the First, documents were furnished to him demonstrating the utter falsehood of his account of the alleged massacre. But all in vain. The immoral infidel adhered to his falsehood, as it gave a greater interest to his fictitious history.

Mr. O'Connell has avowed, as we have already heard, that his great object in writing the "Memoir," is to involve the people of England "in much—in very much of the guilt of their Government." In other words, his grand aim seems to be the repeal of the Union, and to produce that result by exasperating the two nations,—by insulting the one and exciting the other. Nor is he diffident or uncertain with regard to the issue, as the passage which we last of all quote testifies:—

The Precursor Association declared, in the name and with the assent of the Irish people, that they *might* have consented to the continuance of the Union, if justice had been done them;—if the franchise had been simplified and much extended—if the Corporations had been reformed and continued —if the number of Irish members had been augmented in a just proportion

—and. if the tithe system had been abolished and conscience left completely free.

But on the other hand, these just claims being rejected—these just demands being refused—our just rights being withheld, the Irish people are too numerous, too wise, and too good, to despair, or to hesitate on the course they should adopt. The restoration of the National Legislature is therefore again insisted upon; and no compromise, no pause, no cessation of that demand, shall be allowed until Ireland is herself again.

One word to close. No honest man ever despaired of his country. No wise enemy will place his reliance on the *difficulties* which may lie in the way between seven millions of human beings and that liberty which they feel to be their right. FOR THEM THERE CAN BE NO IMPOSSIBILITY.

I repeat it—that as surely as to-morrow's sun will rise, Ireland will assert her rights for herself, preserving the golden and unonerous link of the crown—true to the principles of unaffected and genuine allegiance, but determined, while she preserves her loyalty to the British throne, to vindicate her title to constitutional freedom for the Irish people.

In short, Ireland demands that faction should no longer be encouraged; that the Government should be carried on *for* the Irish people, and not *against* them. She is ready and desirous to assist the Scotch and the English Reformers to extend their franchises and consolidate their rights—but she has in vain insisted on being an equal sharer in every political advantage. She has vainly sought EQUALITY—IDENTITY. She has been refused—contemptuously refused. Her last demand is free from any alternative—

IT IS THE REPEAL!

The tone and object of the "Memoir" become much clearer from these few extracts, than can ever be the case when a calm, candid, and reflecting writer publishes his thoughts and the results of grave investigation. But we must not dismiss the volume without giving some account of its plan, of its scope, and of its execution.

The "Memoir" has been drawn up, says its author, "to facilitate the comprehension of the facts of Irish history," arranging it by what he considers to be "its chronology," and in such a manner "as to bring out in masses the iniquities practised by the English Government upon the Irish, with the full approbation, or at least entire acquiescence of the British people." The epoch in the first volume extends from 1172 to 1660. A large portion of the book consists of what are called "Proofs and Illustrations," being extracts from authors and contemporary documents; while there are, in the shape of "Observations," comment, and heated declamation, such fillings up as might be expected from the *Repealer*, were he making use of his compiled notes on any sudden emergency, and when addressing a few thousands of his countrymen.

It is to be remarked that the Proofs are professed to be obtained chiefly from Protestant authorities. But this is not uniformly the fact; neither, when appealed to, does Mr. O'Connell always care to

quote them fairly. But what is not less vicious,—he scruples not to cite for authority anonymous writings, and such as are clearly the opinions or testimonies of partisans; thus exhibiting a total indifference to critical discrimination, and a skilful examination of evidence. On the other hand, there stands the expert advocate, the special pleader, the adroit maker-up of a case of alleged facts and testimonies; while the inferences, the arguments, and the appeals which follow, or are interlarded, are such as would naturally operate strongly on a popular audience.

There can be no difficulty in establishing a strong case under the head of English misrule, and tyranny in Ireland. Neither, however, can it be questioned that anarchy and faction characterized the social and political history of the Irish themselves; so that no dominant party could have ruled them but as a turbulent and comparatively barbarous people must, for their own sakes, be governed. It was in the nature of things also, that when those in the ascendant found that they were a superior race in regard to intelligence, the arts of peace, and general civilization, that pride would be fostered on that side, just as jealousy hatred, and rancour, would gather strength on the other. It is in vain to tempt denying that a strong English prejudice of the kind alluded to at one period existed. But Mr. O'Connell may be fearlessly challenged to prove that this prejudice is not daily losing a portion of its injustice and virulence, or that the great majority of the British people would not lend their voice in support of any feasible method of regenerating Ireland,—of placing the Irish on a level with themselves.

Is the repeal of the Union this feasible and practical measure? Mr. O'Connell's assertions on the subject, ought, we think, to be met with a direct contradiction, and an appeal to such facts as these:—the Union was too long delayed; when it took place it was incomplete, and made subject to so many conflicting interests and opinions, like all other great Irish questions, as to have brought discredit on the general principle of such fraternal bonds; and lastly, the Irish nation has been making progress, and at a marked pace recently, however slowly the movement might have been at first, towards that eminence which the people of Great Britain have already attained. And yet there are multitudes of Irishmen who have been so misled as to advocate a more than doubtful measure, and certainly one that has never yet been so explained by the Repealer himself, as to promise aught but confusion, and perhaps terrible disaster to his country; and all this at a period of observable amelioration and advancement.

We have shortly characterized the plan and scope of the Memoir, the mode of compilation adopted in it, and the sort of comments and arguments made use of by Mr. O'Connell. The tone and *animus* of the writer cannot be mistaken. As to the execution of the work, in a mere literary sense, a word may suffice, and it is this,—that the

composition is irregular; it is like a thing produced at bursts, and its strength is far from equal to the noise of the phraseology. Vigour as well as fervour are not wanting in parts; but to speak generally, there is a far greater amount of vehemence and exaggeration than of eloquence,—of the rhetorical than the terse,—of heavy bathos than of deep and melting pathos.

ART. V.—*Pleasant Memoirs of Pleasant Lands.* By Mrs. SIGOURNEY. Tilt and Bogue.

MRS. SIGOURNEY'S work is the result of the travels of an American lady and poetess through England, Scotland, and part of France. It is no regular account of a journey, but a series of separate notices, partly prose, partly in verse, of various places and persons of more than common interest, mingled with such reflections and remarks as might naturally suggest themselves to the fair traveller's mind. The production, therefore, is of no very laboured chcracter; but that does not prevent it from being very entertaining, and by no means uninstructive. The prose is generally very good,—some of the poetry excellent; and the whole,—free from any shade of querulousness or its frequent cause, national prejudice,—makes a delightful volume. These "Memoirs of Pleasant Lands," we are pretty sure, will be found by numerous readers as pleasant as (by her application of the epithet) we hope their authoress found the tour during which they were compiled. We care not how many works of the sort, conceived in the same right spirit, spring up interchangeably, from alternate visitors, between England and America. Their obvious and desirable tendency is to promote between the two countries that good feeling which the true friends of either would never wish to see interrupted; and, consequently, however feeble the attempt, some praise and thanks are always due for the intention. In this instance we have nothing to do, after general commendation, but to extract two or three of the numerous passages which have pleased us; but we should be no true critics did we not find some fault in the work even of a lady; and we must take leave to say, that we should not have regretted the omission of the greater number of the poems in blank verse. It is not that it is *bad*, but it is *not good*; and that, from the days of Horace, has been held a fatal fault in poetry. Why will people try to write blank verse? It is a hopeless task. Take away Milton, Shakspeare, Thomson's Seasons, and one or two more, and we have hardly a line of it worth reading in the language. Why, then, attempt what, ordinarily speaking, none can hope to accomplish? Mrs. Sigourney, however, has only failed where success would have been almost superhuman: that she can and does write elegant and graceful poetry is easily shown.

LOCH LOMOND.

While down the lake's translucent tide
With gently curving course we glide,
Its silver ripples, faint and few,
Alternate blend with belts of blue,
As fleecy clouds, on pinions white,
Careering fleck the welkin bright.
But lo! Ben Lomond's awful crown
Through shrouding mists looks dimly down;
For though, perchance, his piercing eye
Doth read the secrets of the sky,
His haughty bosom scorns to show
Those secrets to the world below.
Close-woven shades, with varying grace,
And crag and cavern, mark his base,
And trees, whose naked roots protrude
From bed of rock and lichens rude;
And where, mid dizzier cliffs, are seen
Entangled thickets sparsely green,
Methinks I trace, in outline drear,
Old Fingal with his shadowy spear,
His grey locks streaming to the gale,
And follow'd by his squadrons pale.
Yes, slender aid from fancy's glass
It needs, as round these shores we pass,
Mid glen and thicket dark, to scan
The wild Mac Gregor's savage clan,
Emerging, at their chieftain's call,
To foray or to festival;
While nodding plumes and tartans bright
Gleam wildly o'er each glancing height.
But as the spectral vapour roll'd
Away in vapours dropp'd with gold,
The healthier face of summer sky,
With the shrill bagpipe's melody,
Recalls, o'er distant ocean's foam,
The fondly treasur'd scenes of home;
And thoughts, on angel-pinions driven,
Drop in the heart the seeds of heaven—
Those winged seeds, whose fruit sublime
Decays not with decaying time.
The loving child, the favourite theme
Of morning hour or midnight dream,
The tender friend so lowly laid
Mid our own churchyards, mournful shade,
The smitten babe, who never more
Must sport around its father's door,
Return they not, as phantom's glide,
And silent seat them at our side?

Like Highland maiden, sweetly fair
The snood and rosebud in her hair,
Yon emerald isles, how calm they sleep
On the pure bosom of the deep;
How bright they throw, with waking eye,
Their love charms on the passer by;
The willow, with its drooping stem,
The thistle's hyacinthine gem,
The feathery fern, the graceful deer,
Quick starting as the strand we near,
While, with closed wing and scream subdued,
The ospreys nurse their kingly brood.
High words of praise, the pulse that stir,
Burst from each joyous voyager;
And Scotia's streams and mountains hoar,
The wildness of her sterile shore,
Her broken caverns, that prolong
The echoes of her minstrel song,
Methinks might catch the enthusiast tone
That breathes amid these waters lone.
Even I, from far Columbia's shore,
Whose lakes a mightier tribute pour,
And bind, with everlasting chain,
The unshorn forest to the main,—
Superior's surge, like ocean proud,
That leaps to lave the vexing cloud;
Huron, that rolls, with gathering frown,
A world of waters darkly down;
And Erie, shuddering on his throne
At strong Niagara's earthquake tone,
And bold Ontario, charged to keep
The barrier 'tween them and the deep,
Who oft, in sounds of wrath and fear,
And dark with cloud-wreath'd diadem
Interpreteth to oceans's ear
Their language, and his will to them;
I—rear'd amid that western vale,
Where Nature works on broader scale,
Still with admiring thought and free,
Loch Lomond, love to gaze on thee,
Reluctant from thy beauties part
And bless thee with a stranger's heart.

We now give a favourable specimen of the blank verse. Notwithstanding what we have said above, we should most assuredly have been sorry to have missed this article from the volume. We are much pleased, both with the subject and the manner of its treatment.—Victoria opening the Parliament of 1841.

It was a scene of pomp. The ancient hall
Where Britain's highest in their wisdom meet,
Show'd proud array of noble and of peer,
Prelate and judge, each in his fitting robes
Of rank and power. And beauty lent its charms;
For with plumed brows the island peeresses
Bore themselves nobly. Distant realms were there
In embassy, from the far-jewell'd East
To that which sretcheth toward the setting sun,
My own young native land.
Long was the pause
Of expectation. Then the cannon spake,
The trumpets flourish'd bravely, and the throne
Of old Plantagenet, that stood so firm
While years and blasts and earthquake shocks, dissolved
The linked dynasty of many climes,
Took in its golden arms a fair young form,
The lady of the kingdoms. With clear eye
And queenly grace, gentle and self-possess'd,
She met the fix'd gaze of the earnest throng,
Scanning her close. And I remember'd well,
How it was said, that tears o'erflow'd her cheek,
When summon'd first for cares of state to yield
Her girlhood's joys.
In her fair hands she held
A scroll; and with a clear and silver tone
Of wondrous melody, descanted free
Of foreign climes,—where Albion's ships had borne
Their thunders, and of those who dwelt at peace
In prosperous commerce, and of some who frown'd
In latent anger, murmuring notes of war,
Until the British Lion clear'd his brow
To mediate between them, with a branch
Of olive in his paw.
'Twas strange to me,
To hear so young a creature speak so well,
And eloquent of nations and their rights,
Their equal balance and their policies,
Which we, in our republic, think that none
Can comprehend but grave and bearded men.
Her words went wandering wide o'er all the earth,
For so her sphere required. But there was still
Something she said not, though the closest twin'd
With her heart's inmost core. Yes, there was one,
One little word embedded in her soul,
Which yet she utter'd not. Fruitful in change
Had been the fleeting year. When last she stood
In this august assembly to convoke
The power of Parliament, the crown adorn'd

A maiden brow; but now that vow had pass'd
Which death alone can break, and a new soul
Came forth to witness it. And by the seed
Of those most strong affections, dropp'd by Heaven
In a rich soil, I knew there was a germ
That fain would have disclos'd itself in sound,
If unsuppress'd. Through her transparent brow
I could discern that word close wrapp'd in love,
And dearer than all royal pageantry.
Thy *babe*, young mother! Thy sweet first-born babe!
That was the word! And yet she spoke it not;
But rose, and leaning on her consort's arm,
Pass'd forth. And as the gorgeous car of state,
By noble coursers borne exultingly,
Drew near, the people's acclamations rose
Loud, and re-echoed widely to the sky.
Long may their loyalty and love be thine,
Daughter of many kings, and thou the rights
Of peasant as of prince maintain, and heed
The cry of lowly poverty, as one
Who must account to God.

On their passage home in the Great Western, they were at one time in considerable danger from icebergs and being surrounded by field-ice. Part of Mrs. Sigonmey's account of their hazardous position and extrication shall furnish us with another and last extract.

At seven (on Sunday, April 18th,) we went on deck to see a most glorious sunset. The king of day, robed in surpassing splendour, took his farewell of the last Sabbath that we were to spend at sea. While we were gazing with delight, a huge dark mass arose exactly in the brilliant track of the departed orb. It was pronounced by the captain to be an iceberg three-quarters of a mile in length, and its most prominent points 100 feet high. Of course its entire altitude was 400 feet, as only one-third of the ice mountains appear above the surface. (There is some slight mistake here; 300 must have been meant—one hundred feet above the water, and two below.) It presented an irregular outline towering up into sharp and broken crags, and, at a distance, resembled the black hulks of several enormous men-of-war lashed together. Three others of smaller dimensions soon came on in its train, like a fleet following the admiral. We were then in north latitude 43 deg., and in longitude 48 deg., 40 min. We literally shivered with cold; for, on the approach of these ambassadors from the frigid zone, the thermometer suddenly sank below the freezing point, leaving the temperature of the water 25 deg., and of the atmosphere 28 deg. On this strange and appalling scene the stars looked out, one after another, with their calm pure eyes. All at once a glare of splendour burst forth, and a magnificent aurora borealis went streaming up the concave. The phosphorescence in our watery path was unusually brilliant, while over our heads flashed and dazzled this vast arch of scintillating flame. We seemed to be at the same time in a realm of fire and in a realm of frost, our poor, fleshly natures surrounded by contradictions, and the very elements themselves bewildered,

and at conflict. And there they were, dashing and drifting around us, those terrible kings of the arctic, in their mountain majesty; while, like the tribes in the desert, our mysterious path was between the pillar of cloud and the pillar of flame.

At nine, from the sentinels stationed at different points of observation, a cry was made of "ice a-head! ice starboard! ice leeward!" and we found ourselves suddenly imbedded in field-ice. To turn was impossible; so a path was laboriously cut with the paddles, through which the steamer was propelled, stern foremost; not without peril, changing her course due south, in the teeth of a driving blast.

When we were once more in an open sea, the captain advised the passengers to retire. This we did a little before midnight, if not to sleep, at least to seek that rest which might aid in preparing us for future trials. At three we were aroused by harsh grating and occasional concussions which caused the strong timbers of the ship to tremble. This was from floating masses of ice, by which, after having skirted an expanse of field-ice fifty miles in extent, we were surrounded. It varied from two to five feet in thickness, viz., from eight inches to a foot and a-half above the water, and was interspersed with icebergs, some of them comparatively small, and others of tremendous size and altitude. By the divine blessing upon nautical skill and presence of mind, we were a second time extricated from this besieging and paralysing mass; but our path still lay through clusters and hosts of icebergs, which covered the whole sea around us. The captain, who had not left his post of responsibility during the night, reported between 300 and 400 distinct ones, visible to the naked eye. There they were, of all forms and sizes, and careering in every direction. Their general aspect was vitreous, or of a silvery whiteness, except when a sunbeam pierced the mist; then they loomed up, and radiated with every hue of the rainbow, striking out turrets, and columns, and arches, like solid pearl and diamond, till we were transfixed with wonder at the terribly beautiful architecture of the northern deep.

The engine of the Great Western accommodated itself every moment, like a living and intelligent thing, to the command of the captain. "Half a stroke!" and its tumultuous action was controlled; "a quarter of a stroke!" and its breath seemed suspended; "stand still!" and our huge bulk lay motionless upon the waters, till two or three of the icy squadron drifted by us; "let her go!" and with the velocity of lightning we darted by another detachment of our deadly foes. It was then that we were made sensible of the advantages of steam, to whose agency, at our embarkation, many of us had committed ourselves with extreme reluctance. Yet a vessel more under the dominion of the winds, and beleaguered as we were amid walls of ice, in a rough sea, must inevitably have been destroyed.

By nine in the morning of April the 19th, it pleased God to set us free from this great danger. Afterwards, when the smallest sails appeared on the distant horizon, our excellent captain caused two guns to be fired, to bespeak attention, and then, by flags and signals, warned them to avoid the fearful region, from which we had with such difficulty escaped. Two tiny barks came struggling through the billows to seek a more intimate conversation with the mighty steamship, who, herself not wholly unscathed from the re-

cent contest, willingly dispensed her dear-bought wisdom. There was a kind of sublimity in this gift of advice and interchange of sympathy between the strong, experienced voyager, and the more frail, white-winged wanderer of the trackless waste of waters. It seemed like some aged Mentor, way-worn in life's weary pilgrimage, counselling him who had newly girded on his harness "not to be high-minded, but fear."

ART. VI.—*The Life and Remains of Lucretia Davidson.* Tilt and Bogue.

IN our article on the "Life and Remains of Margaret Davidson," a few months back, we introduced as a fitting preface, notices of her sister Lucretia, who although of elder birth, was altogether twin-like in temperament, gifts, premature development, and early departure from this scene of yearning solicitude. We took as our text the biography that had been drawn up by Mr. Morse, published at New York, in 1839; but we at the same time mentioned that Miss Sedgwick had more recently performed a similar service; the history of the extraordinary and seraphic girl being a theme so lovely and rich as to merit repeated examination, and, beyond any other that we at this moment can name, demanding the delicate appreciation and the kindred sympathy of a female mind. Who is there that can so faithfully read woman's heart and nature as woman? Now, if what has been said have reason and propriety in it, of course, there is a full warrant for our recurrence to the subject, especially as a different hand has conducted the review.

Lucretia Maria Davidson was born at Plattsburg, in New York, in 1808, and died shortly before the completion of her seventeenth year. She seems to have added another to the list of instances wherein genius, after having for a few years dazzled all eyes by its early development, has been snatched from their view, by the death of its possessor, just when it might have been expected to be entering upon the brightest parts of its career. There exists, we think, a general, and certainly a very rational feeling of doubt and distrust with regard to the manifestations of precocious genius:—a consciousness that the awarding to them the fame which, according to their admirers, they *would* have earned, if spared to attain their meridian; is, in fact, begging the question, that their marvellous early exhibitions were really the healthy movements of an infant, though colossal mind, and not the exhausting struggles of a morbid precocity; and giving to the premature profusion of blossom in an early spring the credit of a ripened and abundant harvest. Everything observable in nature so thoroughly bears out this opinion—the grand and the powerful being always seen proportionably slow of growth,—that it is no wonder that it has widely spread. Here, however, we think we

have one more exception to the rule. In the account of Miss Davidson's short and secluded life, there occurs not the least trace of any unnatural excitement of the mental faculties. All apparently free from the besetting sins of youthful genius—void of all presumption and self-opinion—beautiful in person though fragile in form—kind and affectionate in disposition—and truly and earnestly religious—she was as pure and unsophisticated as gifted and beautiful. It seems only reasonable here to believe, that her after-days would have amply realized all that could be inferred and expected from her juvenile productions.

Coming to extract from the poems, beautiful and, for her age, astonishing as some of them are, it is easy to see that, as would be natural, they were frequently and in many parts suggested by her previous reading; she had not as yet acquired confidence to rely wholly on herself, and her own powers of observation and creation. With the perfect absence of any invidious intention, we give one or two instances of what we mean, especially as they embrace some of the best passages we have met with in her works. We take the following lines on "The Last Flower of the Garden," to be proof positive that the fair lips of its authoress had often previously murmured in delight Moore's beautiful melody, "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer."

The last flower of the garden was blooming alone,
The last rays of the sun on its blushing leaves shone,
Still a glittering drop on its bosom reclined,
And a few half-blown buds 'midst its leaves were entwined.

Say, lonely one, say, why ling'rest thou here?
And why on thy bosom reclines the bright tear?
'Tis the tear of a zephyr—for summer 'twas shed,
And for all thy companions now wither'd and dead.

Why ling'rest thou here, when around thee are strown,
The flowers once so lovely, by autumn blast blown?
Say, why, sweetest flow'ret the last of thy race,
Why ling'rest thou here, the lone garden to grace?

As I spoke, a rough blast, sent by winter's own hand,
Whistled by me, and bent its sweet head to the sand;
I hasten'd to raise it,—the dew-drop had fled;
And the once lovely flower was wither'd and dead!

From "Chicomico," a long and very intricate tale of the native Indians, we now take a glimpse of forest scenery. The whole poem, though betraying the youth and inexperience of the author in a slight want of skill in the management of the story, is full of beautiful thought and elegant diction. These lines also put us much in mind of the opening of one of the cantos of the "Fire Worshipper" of

Mr. Moore (whom, with Byron, we imagine from her works to have been among her most favourite authors). Who would have thought it possible that they should have been written by a girl not yet fourteen?

The lake is calm, the sun is low,
The whip-poor-will is chaunting slow;
And scarce a leaf through the forest is seen
To wave in the breeze with its rich mantle of green.
Fit emblem of a guiltless mind,
The glassy waters calmy lie,
Unrippled by a breath of wind,
Which o'er its shining breast may sigh!
The shadow of the forest there,
Upon its bosom soft may rest;
The eagle-heights, which tower in air,
May cast their dark shade o'er its breast.

But hark! approaching paddles break
The stillness of that azure lake!
Swift o'er its surface glides the bark,
Like lightning's flash, like meteor spark.
It seem'd, as on the light skiff flew,
As it scarce kiss'd the wave's deep blue,
Which, dimpling round the vessel's side,
Sparkled and whirled in eddies wide!
Who guides it through the yielding lake?
Who dares its magic calm to break?
'Tis Montonoc! his piercing eye
Is raised to where the western hill
Rears its broad forehead to the sky,
Battling the whirlwind's fury still.

We give one more passage, on which we ground our belief, stated in a few lines above, that Byron must have been among her favourite authors. Notwithstanding that in one of the minor pieces, while appropriately eulogising the noble Poet's talents, our young moralist had borne rather hard upon his character; it would be difficult to make us believe that her "Maritome, or the Pirate of Mexico," was not written by one fondly and familiarly acquainted with the Corsair. In fact, Maritome and Conrad are one and the same person. Both have the same peculiarity of courting bad rather than good report—in both stands there out the ardent and unchanged love of one woman as the sole redeeming quality—and over both hangs and broods the same mystery and reserve. Maritome indeed was in one respect less fortunate than Conrad; he had borne away the person of his love by violence from the house of her father—but her love in return for his own he had been unable to win. Still his was unalterable.

And when the maiden cursed him in her breast,
Those curses came not o'er him—he was blest—
For but to gaze upon her, and to feel
That she whom he ador'd was near him still,
Was bliss! was heaven itself! And he whose eye
Bent not to aught of dull mortality,
Shrunk with a tremulous delight whene'er
The voice of Laura rose upon his ear.
* * * * * * *
He had a friend, one on whom fancy's eye
Had deeply—rashly stamp'd fidelity:
Traitor had seem'd,—worm,—viper,—aught—
The vilest, veriest wretch e'er named in thought;
For he was sin's own son, and all that e'er
Angels above may hate, or mortals fear.
There was a fascination in his eye,
Which those who felt might seek in vain to fly.
There was a blasting glance of mockery there,
There was a calm, contemptuous, biting sneer
For ever on his lip, which made men fear,
And fearing shun him, as a bird will shun
A gilded bait, though glittering in the sun;
But still the mask of friendship he could wear,
The smile, the warm professions, all were there;
Let him who trusts to these alone—beware!
A lurking devil may be crouching there.
Shame on mankind, that they will stoop to use
Wiles which the imps of darkness would refuse.
Henceforth let friendship drop her robes of light
And follow desolation's blasting blight.

ART. VII.—*The History of Woman in England, and her Influence on Society and Literature from the Earliest Period.* By HANNAH LAWRANCE. Vol. I. Colburn.

MISS LAWRANCE has undertaken in this work to display the condition and habits of woman, and her influence upon the institutions and the character of the nation. It has not been her design, neither has she shown any desire, to take a side with regard to the intellectual or moral rank of her sex as compared with man; but merely to trace, and with all the lights which records, relics, and tradition can afford, the history of England in that of her dames, or, in other words, the progress and development of our civilization, going back to the most distant dates, where a glimmering can be obtained.

Very few persons could have been so well prepared for the task as the author of "Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England;" who, while reading for that work, must have had her attention frequently

directed to the social position of women of every rank; thus drawing materials for the present work. It is true that the period embraced by the volume is exceedingly barren of facts, and of direct rays of information; but all that industry, love of the subject, or a poetical and picturesque fancy could collect and set forth, has been here pictured with force, a high degree of elegance, and remarkable vividness. Nor, after all, is the volume so shorn of lights as the scantiness of chronicles would lead one to presume; for while the general view given of woman's social state, during remote centuries, forms a necessary introduction to the subject of Miss Lawrance's work, much is to be inferred even with regard to the period she has traversed in the present pages, and many extremely interesting indications detected for philosophic as well as ingenious interpretation.

Well, then, in the volume before us, we have the skilful and beautiful gleanings of a patient and earnest labourer, beginning with the earliest records, and concerning not merely the fair inmates of the palace, the baronial castle, or the titled recluse of the convent, but the condition of the middling and lowlier orders of the sex, whether these were viewed in their household position or in the farm-field.

It is a testimony of no small value to the honour of woman, that, from the very earliest period of English history, there was not only a female influence distinctly felt, but it was beneficently directed. The Romans have bequeathed to us the most authentic notices of the internal condition of the country at the remotest date to which records extend; and, according to these notices, women held a higher place in the social system than generally obtains among barbarous races. What has been transmitted to us regarding the heroic Boadicea is conclusive on this point. Still, the warlike queen must have been an exception; for, from the usages and the laws of the period that elapsed between the Roman and the Saxon invasions, as well as from the contemporary romantic tales, the fair sex among the Britons must have had assigned to them a station far inferior to that which a modern Englishman would reckon honourable in his pedigree; nor could they have obtained much more of homage than is accorded to a domestic slave or an immured mistress. The following extract gives a curious insight into the customary privileges and domestic arrangements of the palace.

In the laws regulating the interior arrangements of the palace, abundant proof is given of the low station occupied by the queen. While each officer of the king, down to the falconer, has his appropriated place in the hall, the king's wife occupies her solitary chamber, waited upon by a single attendant handmaid; a steward, who is to "serve her in her chamber with meat and drink;" and a page, who "is to convey messages between the chamber and the hall, keep the keys of her coffers, and supply the chamber;" and two or three inferior attendants. That in this state of melancholy seclusion the queen should

occasionally ask the solace of song, seems to have occurred to the law-makers as no unlikely circumstance; they therefore enact that "when the queen shall will a song in her chamber, let the bard sing a song respecting Camlin," (the battle in which Arthur fell), "and that *not loud, lestt he hall be disturbed !*"—lest the amusement of the queen should interrupt that of her servants, the boisterous mead-drinkers carousing round the blazing hearth.

It does not appear, that from the time of Boadicea to the invasion of the Saxons, there was one instance of a queen reigning in her own right. Indeed, according to the curious laws and usages already alluded to, woman was held in such low estimation, that the value of a wife was only *one-third* of that of her husband. A woman, it would seem, could not hold lands. And yet there is good ground for inferring, that the inferior class of the sex possessed more independence than the higher; as is shown by a passage quoted from the laws, which enacts, that in case of separation by mutual consent, the joint property was very fairly shared between man and woman; demonstrating, that in certain circumstances, although the wife was not held to be the *better-half*, she was at least regarded as an equal. We cite a part of the law referred to:

If husband and wife separate, the husband has the swine and the sheep; if only one kind, to be shared. Goats are to the husband. Of the children, the eldest and youngest to the husband; the middlemost to the wife. The household furniture shared; but the milking vessels, except the pail, to the wife; the husband the drinking vessels and riddle; the wife the sieve. The husband has the upper stone of the hand-mill, the wife the lower one. The upper garments are the wife's, the under garments the husband's; and the kettle, coverlet, bolster, fuel axe, settle, and all the hooks except one; the pan, trivet, axe, bill, ploughshare, flax, linseed, wool, and the house-bag, to the wife; if any gold, it is to be shared between them. The husband to have the corn above ground and under, and the barn, the poultry, and one of the cats; the rest to the wife. To the wife, the meat in the brine and the cheese in the brine; those hung up belong to the husband. The butter, meat, and cheese in cut, belong to the wife; also as much meal as she can carry between her arms and knees, from the store-room to the house. Their apparel to be divided.

Upon some parts of these ancient laws, Miss Lawrance appears to the best advantage as an interpreter and commentator. For example, after mentioning that the wife had an exclusive right to her jewellery and wearing apparel, she observes that this was no trifling boon, in that early stage of society, when the former supplied the place of a current coinage, and the robe or the mantle purchased food during famine. The wife of a "privileged man," which she supposes means a *free* man, might lend her under garment, mantle, head-cloth, and shoes, "and this was probably wellnigh her whole apparel," without her husband's consent; and could give meat and drink unreservedly; she could even lend the furniture. But the wife

of the "bondsman" could only lend her head-covering; and of her household utensils only her sieve and riddle, and these but at the distance she could be heard calling with her feet on the threshold. "The reason for these restrictions in regard to the wife of the bondsman was, probably, owing to the fact, that the household goods, and even the clothing, were the property of the bondsman's master."

We must cite another passage which satisfactorily elucidates a rather paradoxical point, exhibiting the writer at the same time in a most favourable light as an expounder of slender and scattered facts. Having stated that she finds the middle classes among the Britons to have been in possession of privileges apparently denied to the highest, she proceeds to explain how such a seeming anomaly would arise out of the rude state of society.

Although no "swords might be ready to leap from their scabbards," to avenge the wrongs or maintain the rights of the fair and noble lady; although no place of honour was assigned to *her*, and no admiring homage paid, as she sat in her solitary chamber weaving the delicate web, or engaged with the distaff, the *housewife* was valued at a higher rate, for on *her* depended whether the labour of her husband should be in vain. On her devolved the joint care of the cattle, and the exclusive care of the dairy; and the active and laborious wife, like the good milch-cow, could not but be prized, since the comfort of the rude household depended on them both. Woman, in the abstract, among our Celtic ancestors, occupied a sufficiently low station; but individual woman gained that consideration from her useful drudgery which among the Teutonic nations was awarded to her higher qualities; and thus the British law, whilst it estimated her value at only one-third of her husband's, allowed her an equal participation of his goods.

But the moral influence of woman during the era of the ancient Britons must have been considerable; for they knew the use of the distaff, were skilful in weaving cloth, and also in framing baskets of delicate grass. They had even some knowledge of embroidery, and could make use of colours as dyes. Now, these were all arts of peace and domestic thrift. They were more,—they were operations that must have led the mind to the exercise of sweet fancies and winning associations. However, not to pause longer over such a distant period, we arrive at the Saxon era, a blessed one for woman, and from which we have derived much of what is most valuable as well as characteristic in our manners and institutions. In the history of this race we find the queens possessing many rights and privileges; but those of private ladies were still more illustrative of the high esteem in which the fair were held.

From the earliest period of their history, woman among the Saxons occupied a station far higher than that assigned to her among the later Britons, is proved by their laws and their usages no less than by the accounts of the

later Greek and Latin historians, who remark with astonishment the lofty station maintained by the Teutonic matron, compared with that assigned to women among the polished but degenerate Greeks. "It was in Germany," says the eloquent but accurate Michelet, "that woman became the companion of man in his dangers, united to his destiny in life as in death. She withdrew not even from the battle-field, but watched and hovered over him —the fairy president of the combat—the fair and awful walkyriur, who bore away, as a gathered flower, the spirit of the expiring warrior;" and anxiety to prove himself worthy of her applause nerved the arm of the Saxon chieftain in many a perilous conflict, and to deck his bride in the gold and gems of southern climes launched "the long ship" of many an adventurous pirate on the stormy ocean.

With regard to the usage of their queens by the Saxons, we have, among other illustrative passages, the following, which contrasts strongly with what was before cited concerning the aborigines of Britain.

Although a rude, and in the earlier periods of their history a savage people, the Saxons never excluded women from their feasts or their amusements. The queen took the place of honour in the festive hall, and presented the mead-cup to the most honoured of the guests, as the highest mark of distinction they could receive. Thus, when Beowulf entered King Hrothgar's "mead-hall," the queen Waltheowa, "encircled with gold, mindful of her high station, greeted the warriors in the hall," and presented the cup, and then taking her seat beside her husband remained "while the cup continued to flow, the song to arise, and the revelry to increase." And thus in the monkish chronicles we read of high-born ladies presiding at splendid feasts given by them to the monarch and his numerous retinue; and lady-abbesses, too, welcoming their clerical and royal guests to the noble banquet; and thus many a rude illumination exhibits the male and female guests seated alternately round the well-covered table, engaged in conversation or listening to the songs of the minstrel.

And as to the condition of private ladies, Sharon Turner has given us this account and picture:

They were allowed to possess, to inherit, and to transmit landed property; they were present at the witena-gemot and the shire-gemot; they were permitted to sue and be sued in the courts of justice; and their persons, their safety, liberty, property, were protected by express laws. That the Anglo-Saxon ladies inherited and disposed of property as they pleased, we have many instances. A wife is mentioned who devised land by her will, with consent of her husband, in his lifetime. We read also of land that a wife had sold in her husband's lifetime. Widows selling property is also of common occurrence; so is the incident of women dividing it.

Thus we see that the Saxon dames not only mingled in the revels of their lords, but that they sat in the county courts,—a circumstance which demonstrates that they possessed higher civil rights in

some respects than the sex enjoys at the present day, and were nearer an equality with their "masters." Then with regard to the inferior classes, it is known that their protection was insured by a *double* fine. The influence of woman, therefore, must have been felt throughout the community in all that natural and rightful force and tenderness of which the age was susceptible. Who were the first to welcome and patronise the missionaries of Christianity to Britain? The women. Under whose rule were the first Saxon monasteries, even when intended for men, instituted and conducted? That of an abbess or prioress. Having stated, that in the vicinity of the female convent another was erected for men,—canons, whose duty it was to officiate at the altar and perform out-door offices,—and that the abbess had the supreme command, their prior depending on her choice, and being bound to regulate his conduct by her instructions, Miss Lawrance proceeds to assign reasons for what appears to be an anomalous pre-eminence. She says,—

In the first instance, we should bear in mind that nearly all the monasteries—we might, indeed, say *all*, if we confine our attention to those founded during the seventh century—were founded by *women*, and by women of royal birth. Now with that strong feeling of respect for high rank, which, as we have seen, the Saxons possessed, it must have been less repugnant to their notions of fitness that the lady-abbess, of royal descent, should rule the priory of canons as well as her own sisterhood, than that she, the daughter, or sister, perhaps, of the reigning monarch, should submit to the sway of the mere freeman, or, it might be, actually of him whose parents had been bondslaves. But a more weighty reason may probably be found in the superior fitness of the high-born Saxon women for conventual rule, which, after all, was but domestic rule, exercised in a wider sphere, than of the men, who, though equally high-born, had been trained up to consider war and the chase as their sole occupations.

A sketch of the history of the Lady Hilda, the canonised abbess of the famous Abbey of Whitby, offers Miss Lawrance a happy opportunity of illustrating the condition of the highly-born and the learned women of the age; the venerable Bede supplying her with the most valuable particulars. It is to be regretted, however, that, excepting as relates to the royal and the noble, the notices are necessarily meagre in the extreme, although our author's research has been eager and widely directed. Her concluding general remarks, however, with regard to the Saxon period, show how much she has learnt and can indicate by means of few and feeble lights.

With the two Edithas, sisters in beauty, in royal state, and almost in misfortune, the first portion of view of our female society in England closes. And looking at the mournful details of public and domestic sorrows which the lives of these later Saxon queens present to us, we may well doubt whether Norman domination, crushing as it was, could bring severer sufferings to

the noble and high-born women of the land, than did the misgovernment, the intrigues, the foreign invasions, and the sanguinary domestic feuds and assassinations of the last century of Saxon power. Whatever were the popular rights—whatever were the rights conceded to women, by Saxon jurisprudence, and they were important—the turbulence, the lawlessness of this later period, rendered them wellnigh nugatory. The right of the strong hand was the only law recognised by the Leofrics, the Algars, the Godwins, of that day; and as vainly might the wife and mother of kings, as the poor tiller of the ground, demand justice or seek redress from those whose will was the sole law.

The early portion of the Norman period continues barren, and limits Miss Lawrance almost entirely to the records of queens and life as it existed in the courts of royalty, if we except the results of her antiquarian researches into the daily walk and conversation of those who betook themselves to the convent. Here, indeed, she is full and entertaining; the doctrine in regard to substantial and permanent influence being, that the Saxon women were especially benefited by the Conquest. But how scanty the information as to the sex in general! This is confessed; for after relating the story of Gilbert de Plumpton, in the reign of Henry the Second, the authoress observes:

It were greatly to be wished that more of these characteristic stories had been recorded; but the chroniclers of the 12th century, chiefly occupied in detailing the particulars of the civil wars of Stephen's reign, or the subsequent contests of Plantagenet with the ecclesiastical power, seldom turn aside from pursuing their narrative of public events to introduce those episodes, which often, far more than incidents connected with political history, illustrate the character and manners of the period. For this reason, we have scarcely a passing notice that could enable us to ascertain the condition, the occupations, or the habits of the female class immediately below the nobility. This class was, however, unquestionably small; for during this unsettled period the number of inferior landowners was limited, and the wealthy traders in the cities, who, during the three following centuries, rivalled the noble in wealth and splendour, had scarcely as yet appeared.

Again,

Even more scanty is our information respecting women of the lower class. These are seldom alluded to; but the entries in the "Boulden Book" exhibit, as we have seen, the general respect paid to the "housewife." From passing remarks in the chronicles of this period, we find, too, that among the lower class, women were the general medical advisers,—at least of those whose distance from the convent prevented their obtaining that advice which the nun, and the lady-abbess herself, were always ready to afford. In too many instances, however, these women professed to cure by the more questionable agency of charms and spells; and we find that, down to even a later period, the potent "Runic rhyme" was still muttered by many a village crone, while her list of remedies boasted a far higher antiquity than those

of the convent infirmary,—since the vervain of classical celebrity, and the rue and mistletoe of druidical use, were numbered among them. * * Little can be known, too, of the village maiden of these early times. Although she doubtless took her part in agricultural labour, she certainly never performed those heavy and toilsome services which women in France and Scotland, even in the present day, perform. In the rude illuminations of this, and the preceding century, which exhibit rural occupations, we constantly find men engaged in the various out-door employments; and, when females are seen, they are either tending the huge cauldron-shaped pot that swings from the crook over the log-fire, or holding the primitive distaff in one hand, while the other is occupied in twirling the thread. Indeed, the very term, appropriated from Saxon times to the unmarried woman, "spinster," in itself bears witness to the easy and feminine duties which were chiefly required during these ages at female hands.

The present volume carries us down to the close of the twelfth century, and closes with a period when the records and other testimonies become more plentiful and indisputable. By this time chivalry had arisen with all its romantic illusions, and had begun to exert a peculiar and beneficent influence on both sexes; not merely by creating new relations between them, and the deepest sentiments of devotion, but by exciting to high enterprise and deeds of renown, the most generous gallantry, and the tenderest courtesy; the tendencies of all these feelings and reciprocations being to exalt and to refine, to inspire and to polish.

ART. VIII.—*Notabilities of Wakefield.* By JOHN CAMERON. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

WE have been sadly puzzled how to dispose of this book. It came under our notice in its turn, among the heap of new and nameless books that crowd a reviewer's table; and, finding in its title no clue to the probable nature of its contents, we referred to the prefaratory note, by which we were informed that the "Notabilities" were seven gentlemen living at or near Wakefield, on whom that imposing title had been conferred by the author. At this stage of the investigation we were strongly tempted to lay the work at once aside, on the ground of pure and harmless insignificance; judging the writer to be some well-meaning but mistaken individual, who, in the clergyman and physician of a country parish, together with a member of parliament and one or two of the neighbouring gentlemen, some of whom happened to have written a few verses, saw a second edition of the seven wise men of Greece, and in himself a worthy biographer of the illustrious synod. Had the book been really no more than this, it would most assuredly have passed us unremarked upon; the mistake, gross as it was, would neither have concerned us nor the

public; the book might have been bought by, or presented to, half-a-dozen of the author's personal friends; it is very nicely printed, and would thus have made no discreditable appearance on a drawing-room table, with a neat inscription, "from the author," and no harm would have been done.

But most men, with a newly published book in their hands, will at the least turn over a few pages before putting it down; and, following this natural rule, we soon perceived the real subject of the work —Mr. John Cameron, its illustrious author. The names of the seven gentlemen of whom it professes to treat, are only prefixed as a blind; it is easy to see, that in Mr. Cameron's opinion the only *real* "notability" is himself.

Not one-fifth part of the work has anything on earth to do with the professed subjects of notice, every thing being sacrificed to the proclaiming "ex cathedra" the author's opinions concerning "Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses." What these opinions are it is not easy to ascertain; for, to a mere Englishman, the language in which they are conveyed is perfectly overwhelming, if not actually incomprehensible. If Mr. Cameron does make use of English, he has certainly "borrowed Garagantua's mouth" wherewith to speak it. In short, the book is a heap of the most grandiloquent nonsense,—of trite sayings about poetry and genius decked out in absurd phraseology,—and redolent in every page and line of the most offensive personal vanity. We will not flatter one already so evidently conceited, by assigning to him any lengthened space in our pages; but we yet could not let him pass quite scot-free,—without a few lines to assure him of the utter worthlessness of his production; and, as we must not make charges without adducing evidence of their truth, we are compelled to inflict upon our readers a small taste of the composition,—a homœopathic dose, we fancy, will be found sufficient.

Poets may be divided into two great classes, the Neptunists and the Vulcanists; and as their names, so are their works, aqueous deposits or igneous formations—detritus, worn away by gradual abrasion from the firm land of some pre-existing continent, settled down as mud and gravel to the bottom of their dead sea; or granite fused, and while in fusion, projected into a homogeneous whole. We sometimes look into the works of the Neptunists, and are, at each inspection, more and more confirmed in our belief that "their new world is the old one done over again!" That the strata in their world are all secondary, let these fossil remains testify. But although we look occasionally into the *formations* of the Neptunists, it is our special employment to study the *creations* of the Vulcanists. Their perfect fusion is evidence of Promethean heat, and that "*igneus vigor est illis.*" The greatest of the Vulcanists is Shakespere. Of the inexhaustible riches in the dynamic depths of his nature, what we call his works are but the overflow. Wonderful is the matter poured out by him in prodigal profusion, and inexhaustible the infinite variety of forms whereunto it shaped itself. The

works of many, who, think they have a right to sit in the synagogue of poetical notabilities, are composite, the result of manifold agglutination. The works of Shakespere are creations—living incarnations, as the body is the incarnation of the soul,—the embodiment of the artist's idea, as the world is the embodied idea of the Divine artist. Each Shakesperian drama is in itself a world, "a countless world of wonders in itself;" and yet, it is but an incomplete exposition of the world as it pre-existed in the soul of Shakespere. Each world, of the many that Shakespere created, existed in the creative depths of his nature, before he approximately realised it in the ideal. Hamlet, the solemn, the transcendental, putting an infinity of questions to himself, to which he can find no answer, at least no exhaustive answer, his deep tragic gloom dashed with the wildest fantasy; and Falstaff, the fellow of infinite humour, his mirthful mood sometimes swelling into the pathetic; these are, as it were, the antipodes of Shakespere's world, and between them lies "the world and all that it inhabit."

Now, what is the meaning of all this fine language about "Neptunists," and "Vulcanists," and "creations," and "formations," and "dynamic depths?" That great poets create more than minor ones, and that Shakspeare was a great poet? "There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave to tell us this." It is the very counterpart of the harangue with which Mr. Curdle favoured Nicholas Nickleby at Portsmouth, on the subject of the drama, mentioning the "changing and prismatic colours with which the character of Hamlet is invested" ("prismatic" is almost as good as "transcendental"); and giving his luminous exposition of the nature of the dramatic unities. None can admire real grandeur or beauty of language more than ourselves; good as it is, it is generally joined with something still better; for, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the "thoughts that breathe" and "words that burn," go hand in hand. It has been well remarked, that "Shakspeare and Milton were not more remarkable for the superhuman grandeur of their thoughts, than for the unimprovable felicity of their diction." But to find, as we do here, page after page of pompous and inflated sentences, stuffed with hard words, but void of rational meaning, is miserable indeed.

We have taken one passage to show forth the nonsense, and had at first marked one or two more as specimens of the conceit, but we will not spare the space for so unimportant a matter; it would be really too complimentary. Those who are not satisfied may look into the book, and they will find tokens of its presence in every paragraph; in the dictatorial and arrogant manner in which the author's own opinion is everywhere assumed as the test of right or wrong,—as of authority to preclude even the admissibility of any evidence to the contrary. He may say that many men of acknowledged genius have given out their decisions dogmatically enough, and yet escaped the charge of conceit. This is very true; but then they *were* men of ac-

knowledged genius; and, in attaching great weight to their own opinions, they did no more than was also done by the world at large. A man known by his neighbours, and ascertained by actual admeasurement, to be really six feet high, has a perfect right to assert the fact when he pleases. It may not be an amiable trait of character to be often reminding other people of his superiority; but that is not the point; he cannot be called conceited for stating what is true. It is he who, being barely five feet high, calls himself a son of Anak—who, easily seen to be a shallow pretender, demands for his dicta the weight attached to those of a man of great genius,—who is the object of ridicule. On these considerations we make the charge. Were we asked the name of the most conceited man of whom we had ever heard, we should unhesitatingly answer, "Mr. John Cameron."

ART. VIII.—*Lusitania Illustrata: Notices on the History, Antiquities, Literature, &c. of Portugal. Literary Department. Part 1. Selection of Sonnets, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors.* By JOHN ADAMSON, M.R.S.L., F.S.A., F.L.S., &c. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, J. Hodgson, 1842.

To the lover of genius and of high, heroic enterprise, the land of Camoëns and of Faria—of Vesco da Gama and of Magellan—must ever teem with associations of the loftiest interest. Bright and beautiful as are the shores of sunny Portugal, the memories of her bards and great men of old shed an inspiring influence over her radiant cliffs and promontories, which no spell of solar splendour could alone impart; and clothe her silver lakes and rivers—her serene valleys, and hills of vine-embowered loveliness—with a freshness and tenderness of colouring, that no physical objects, however impressed with the lavish charms of nature, might ever aspire to possess. If we cast our rejoicing glances over the blue and sparkling billows, that swell with such graceful undulations as they approach her coasts or bays,—curling their snowy-crested summits, as they rise with eager impatience to behold her green and calm-felt beauty; how does the image of the daring and renowned Da Gama present itself to the gaze of our musing fancy; while the strain of the impassioned Camoëns vibrates through the recesses of our enchanted spirit! Or if we turn our delighted gaze upon the verdant mountains and castellated steeps, that overhang her delicious vales; or repose our excited vision amid the solemn shadows of her noonday groves or sparry grottoes; or seek the calm, soft-gliding eddies of her medow-loving brooks, whose tiny cascades murmur a sweet echo to the hum of garden-bees,—how do the spirit-melodies of the enraptured Faria, blending their ever-changeful inflections of thought and feeling with the scenes and objects around us, embue with added loveliness the

tints of the varied flowers, the bright gush of the limpid current, and the balmy, soul-beguiling notes of the woodland choir! To such deep and inward wanderings of the imagination, it is a luxury to surrender ourselves; we breathe a newer existence;—the dull and care-enchained presence of every-day life is suspended beneath a charm of magic illusion;—and we gaze, with mingled awe and reverence, with growing love and impassioned admiration, on the great and noble of loftier times than our own;—the spirits of a mightier mould than that of the perishing mass of humanity; and the trace of whose high existence was destined by the voice of eternity to survive that of the millions of co-animated beings that breathed around them! Hail to thee, glorious and all-triumphant Genius! Thine is a portion that princes and nobles vainly sigh for! The hand of truthful Time, which obscures the rays of the undeeded sceptre, and dulls the whiteness of the robe of hereditary ermine, approaches but to tinge with brighter hue the green and living freshness of the poet's, or the hero's laurel!

It will have been gathered from the title of our article, that the volume now submitted to us comprises the first part of an intended series of publications designed to illustrate the History, Antiquities, and Literature of Portugal, and that it consists of a Collection of Sonnets, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors. In selecting them, Mr. Adamson observes in his Dedication, that he has "endeavoured to give such pieces as best evince the abilities of the Poets, and the feelings and passions which appear to have influenced and directed them in their composition. There will therefore be found amongst them the impassioned effusions of the lover, marking the vicissitudes as smiles rewarded, or as misfortune clouded his career; the rich and playful extravagance of fancy displayed in the anacreontic pieces, the exulting or affectionate tribute paid to valour or departed worth, the praise of rural scenery, and the fond recollections of the country, the sober lesson of exhortation, and the deep repinings of regret for time mispent. In the perusal, will also be traced the early, or golden age, as it was called, of the Poetry of Portugal; next its decay, and lastly its restoration by poets whose productions have comparatively lately appeared in the world, and who have now departed from it."

The deservedly high reputation enjoyed by Mr. Adamson as the author of an original and extended Memoir of the Life and Writings of Camoëns, might in itself be cited as affording a strong presumption that a work so analogous in detail to its predecessor as the present, would be marked by the same traits of ability that distinguished such former production; and that the wider sphere of investigation opened by the more diversified nature of his present labours, would only call forth additional evidence of the writer's untiring exertion and skilfulness of research. Nor would such an inference be unsupported by

the character of the publication before us; which, independently of its high claims on our admiration as an erudite and well-authenticated digest of biographical information, conveys also a spirited and faithful translation of appropriate specimens of each succeeding poet,—thus affording us a lively knowledge of their several styles of composition. In the execution of this latter department of his design, it is but just that we should declare our approbation of the refined taste and critical knowledge evinced by Mr. Adamson; whose smooth and easy versification, and pleasing and harmonious language, cannot fail to inspire the reader with a heightened zest for the elevated beauties of the original pieces. The number of authors, of whose works we are afforded samples, is twenty-five. The list of names commences with that of Francisco de Sá de Miranda, who was born in 1495; and concludes with that of Belchior Manoel Curvo Semedo, who died at the close of the latter, or commencement of the present century. "I have chosen for the commencement of these publications," observes the author, "a selection of sonnets, a species of composition which has for ages been a favourite with the Portuguese poets; and I have given such accounts of the various authors, as I have been able to collect. It is probable that works of other poets, equally worthy of notice with some of those from which this collection has been formed, have been passed over. The apology is, the scanty knowledge hitherto obtained, and the difficulty of procuring their productions. It is, however, to be expected that the literary intercourse between the two countries will increase, and there is no bar to the merits of these poets being attended to in a subsequent publication." We shall now present the reader with a closely-compiled abstract of the literary character and works of the various authors comprised in Mr. Adamson's biographical notices, which must necessarily afford much new and valuable information.

1. *Francisco de Sá de Miranda*, descended from a noble family, born 1495. Accounted the founder of a new school in Portugal, and one of her most distinguished poets. His poems, through which a vein of melancholy runs, consist of sonnets, elegies, and redondilhas, and two comedies, which were remarkable productions for the time they were composed. He died at the age of 63. He was denominated the Theocritus of Portugal.

2. *Antonio Ferreira*, born 1528, opposed and overcome the prevailing custom of writing in Latin, composing his works in the vernacular language. The work upon which his fame rests is the celebrated tragedy, founded on the story of Dona Ignez de Castro; his other works embrace nearly every description of minor compositions, besides which he wrote two comedies. He died at the age of 41. He was denominated the Horace of Portugal.

3. *Luis de Camoëns*, born 1524, died in an almshouse in 1579. "It would be impossible," observes Mr. Adamson, "to give an account of this distinguished and celebrated poet, in a note like the present." The reader is referred to that gentleman's "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Camoëns." 2 volumes, 8vo. 1820.

4. *Pedro de Andrade Caminha*, a fidalgo of some rank, Gentleman of the Chamber of the infante Dom Duarte, brother to King John the Third. His works, consisting of poems of various kinds, were not collected and printed till 1791. He died 1594.

5. *Diogo Bernardes*, called by Machado, the Prince of Pastoral Poetry. He died 1596.

6. *Fr. Agostinho da Cruz*, born 1540. His works, consisting of sonnets, eclogues, elegies, &c., were collected and published in 1771. He died in 1619.

7. *Fernaõ Alvares do Oriente*, born about 1540. His "Lusitania Transformada" is a pastoral work, a mixture of prose and verse, in imitation of the "Arcadia Sannazaro."

8. *Francisco Rodriguez Lobo*, born of noble ancestry, about the year 1550, may be classed with the old and sterling writers of the golden age of Portuguese literature. He was the author of a prose work entitled "The Court in the Country;" three pastoral romances, consisting of prose and verse connected together by the narrative; and miscellaneous poems.

9. *Manoel de Faria e Sousa*, called by Lope de Vega, the Prince of Commentators in any language; born 1590, of noble parentage. Author of a "Poetical History of Portugal," which he afterwards turned into his Prose Epitome; moral and physical essays, entitled "Noches Claras;" four volumes of poems, called "Fuente de Aganippe." His great work was the "Commentary on the Lusiad." Some of his writings have not yet been published.

10. *Antonio Barbosa Bacellar*, born *circa* 1610, of illustrious descent. He died 1663. His poetic works were first collected and published in 1716 and the following years. He is ranked amongst the most distinguished of the writers of his country, and may be said to have been almost the inventor of those poems which acquired the name of Saudades, for which we have no corresponding word.

11. *Violante do Ceo*, born of distinguished parents, 1601, and acquired the appellation of the Tenth Muse. Died at the advanced age of 92. Her works were published at Lisbon, in two volumes, in 1733, under the title of "Parnaso Lusitano de Divinos e Humanos Versus."

12. *Francisco de Vasconcellos Coutinho*, author of a poem in octavo rima on the story of Polyphemus and Galatea, and a collection of sonnets.

13. *Pedro Antonio Correa Garçaõ*. If not the actual founder, he was chiefly instrumental in the formation of the Arcadian Society in 1758; and Portugal was deeply indebted to his example, genius, and exertions, for the results. He obtained the appellation of the second Portuguese Horace. His odes to Virtue, and on Suicide, are highly and deservedly prized by the Portuguese; and his Address to Dido is accounted one of the sublimest conceptions of human genius. He perished miserably in a dungeon, having incurred the displeasure of the government.

14. *Antonio Diniz da Cruz*, a distinguished member of the Arcadian Society, and known by the name of Elpino Nonacriense. He was celebrated for his successful imitations of the lyric style of Pindar, and, in his anacreontic pieces, stood at the head of Portuguese writers. He composed also a Century of Sonnets. He is, however, best known beyond the limits of his

own country, by his satirical work, a heroic-comic poem, in eight cantos, called "O Hyssope," in which he vies for distinction with Boileau, Pope, and Tassoni.

15. *Domingos dos Reis Quita*, elected a member of the Arcadian Society under the name of Alcino Micenio; died 1770. Besides being the author of eclogues, idyls, odes and sonnets, he wrote several tragedies, one of which, founded on the story of Dona Ignez de Castro, was translated into English, and appeared in the publication called the German Theatre.

16. *Claudio Manoel da Costa*, a distinguished poet. He was a native of Brazil, which has reason to be proud of this her first poet in point of time. Many of his sonnets approach the style of Petrarch, and his canzonets that of Metastasio. The resumption of an improved style in the poetry of Portugal may be dated from the works of this author.

17. *Joaquim Fortunato de Valadares Gamboa.* His poems were first published in Lisbon in 1779.

18. *Joaõ Xavier de Matos*, known by the name of Albano Erithreo amongst the members of the Society of Oporto. His works, which were first published in 1783, consist of sonnets, odes, &c. "Penelope," a free translation of the tragedy of M. L'Abbe Genest, in blank verse; and "Viriacia," an original tragedy, founded on part of the early history of Portugal.

19. *Paulino Cabral de Vasconcellos*, author of sonnets and other poems, published in 1786, and the following year, at Oporto. Bouterwyh says that he "deserves to be mentioned with honourable distinction amongst the Portuguese poets, who at the latter end of the 18th century reclaimed the national taste, and brought it under the rules of classic cultivation."

20. *Antonio Ribeiro dos Santos.* Some of his writings are esteemed for their eloquence and purity as amongst the best of later days in the language. They consisted of odes, sonnets, &c. He also left a translation of Horace, which is much esteemed. This poet was also a member of the Arcadian Society, under the name of Elpino Duriense.

21. *Manoel Maria de Barbosa du Bocage*, born 1766, a celebrated poet and extraordinary improvisatore. He was the author of odes, idyls, elegies, epigrams, &c., and of several excellent translations from the Latin and French. He died, 1805.

22. *Francisco Manoel do Nascimento*, born 1734. He contributed very considerably with Diniz, Garcao, and others, towards the restoration of the poetry of their country. No poet since Camoens has done so much for Portuguese poetry; and, although successful in every department, having left excellent proofs behind him, he rose above all in the composition of his odes. Besides his odes, letters, sonnets, and other original pieces, the Portuguese language is indebted to him for translations of Wieland's "Oberon," the "Punic War" of Silius Italicus, the "Fables of La Fontaine," and the "Martyrs of the Viscount Chateaubriand." He was also the author of several prose productions, which, with some translations of the Tragedies of Racine, form the contents of the best volume of his works. He died in 1819.

23. *O Conde da Barca*, a nobleman of high consideration and rank, Grand Cross of the Orders of Christ, and the Tower and Sword, of Portugal; and of the Spanish Order of Isabel. He translated Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," some of Gray's odes, and his elegy. Died 1807.

24. *Domingos Maximiano Torres.* He was a member of the Arcadian Society under the name of Alfeno Cynthio. His eclogues are said to rival those of Quita and Gesner; and his canzonets, after those of Claudio Manoel da Costa, are the best in the language. Died 1809.

25. *Belchior Manoel Curvo Semedo.* His works are quoted in the "Parnasso Lusitano," and are recommended as deserving of public approval by the Chevalier de Almeida Garrett, a critic of high authority.

We now turn to the more agreeable task of selecting from the numerous pieces of rival merit, that contend for our preference, such specimens as appear more congenial to our own taste. In doing this, however, we wish to remark, that, had we more impartially guided our choice, by extracting, as samples, such pieces as casually fell under our notice, the result would have been marked by the same exhibition of unlaboured elegance, and peculiar facility of composition.

Luis de Camoens.

The mountain cool, the chesnut's verdant shade,
The loit'ring walk along the river side,
Where never woe her sad abode hath made,
Nor sorrow linger'd on the silv'ry tide.—
The sea's hoarse sound—the earth with verdure gay—
The gilded pomp of Phœbus' parting rays—
The flocks that tread at eve their homeward way—
The soft mist yielding to the sunny blaze,—
Not all the varied charms and beauties rare
That nature boasts—when thou, my sole delight!
Art absent from me, to my aching sight
Can comfort give, but as a prospect drear
And cold before me stand—I onward go,
And joys as they increase, increase my woe.

Fernao Alvares do Oriente.

Plac'd in the spangl'd sky, with visage bright,
The full-orb'd moon her radiant beams displays;
But 'neath the vivid sun's more splendid rays
Sink all her charms, and fades her lovely light.
Spring with the rose and flowers adorns the field,
Yet they are doom'd to doff their gay attire—
The murmuring fountain to Sol's parching fire
The sparkling stream from rock distill'd must yield.
And he who founds on earth his hopes of ease,
Ill knows the order which this earth obeys;
Nor sky, nor sun, nor moon, a lasting peace
Enjoy, but ever change—and so the days
Of man precarious are, that though he seems
To flourish long, yet falls the fabric like a dream!

ANTONIO BARBOSA BACELLAR.

Gay, gentle bird, thou pour'st forth sweetest strains,
Although a captive, yet as thou wert free;
Like Orpheus singing to the winds with glee,
And as of old Amphion charm'd the plains.
Near where the brooklet's cooling waters lave
The meads around, the trait'rous snare was laid,
Which thee, unconscious of thy lot, betray'd,
And to thy free enjoyment fetters gave.
Just so with me—my liberty I lost—
For love, in ambush of soft beaming eyes
Seized on my heart, and I became his prize,—
Yet liv'st thou gladsome—whilst with sorrow cross'd
I linger sad.—How diff'rent do we bear
The chains which Fate has fix'd that we alike must wear!

ANTONIO DINIZ DA CRUZ.

Here lonely in this cool and verdant seat,
Gemm'd with bright flow'rs the smiling meadow yields,
While herds depasture in the neighb'ring fields,—
I long to see my torments all retreat.
How pure and fresh this eve—how soft the wind
Now moving o'er the river's surface clear,
As in yon poplar high the turtle near
In soothing murmurs mourneth forth her mind!
Joyous meanwhile, as if to banish grief,
The tuneful birds their sweetest carols sing,
And lovely flow'rs their choicest fragrance fling;
But to my sorrows they give no relief—
For cruel tortures all my thoughts employ,
Nor grant to hapless me but one short hour of joy!

MANOEL MARIA DE BARBOSA DA BOCAGE.

Scarce was put off my infant swathing band,
Till o'er my senses crept the sacred fire;
The gentle Nine the youthful embers fann'd,
Moulding my timid heart to their desire.
Faces, angelic and serene, ere long,
And beaming brightness of revolving eyes,
Bade in my mind a thousand transports rise,
Which I should breathe in soft and tender song.
As time roll'd on the fervour greater was;
The chains seem'd harsh the infant god had forged—
Luckless the Muses' gift—release I urg'd
From their sad dowry, and from Cupid's laws;—
But finding destiny had fix'd my state,
What could I do?—I yielded to my fate.

O Conde da Barca.

You who, when madden'd by the learned fire,
  Disdain the strict poetic laws, and rise
  Sublime beyond the ken of human eyes,
Striking with happiest art th' Horatian lyre:
Who streams of equal eloquence diffuse,
  Whether new Gamas or the old you praise;
  And with pure strain and loftiest language raise
Majestic more the Lusitanian Muse.
As the bold eagle in its tow'ring flights
  Instructs its young to brave the solar blaze,
  Skim the blue sky, or balance on the wing—
So teach you me to gain those sacred heights,—
On famed Apollo's secrets let me gaze—
  The waters let me quaff of Cabalinus' spring.

As a specimen of Mr. Adamson's terse and easy style in prose composition, we annex the following interesting passages from the dedication of the work, and regret that our limited space will not admit of our making more copious extracts:—

To His Grace the Duke de Palmella.

My Lord Duke,—In dedicating this little work to your Grace, I wish to make some slight return for the kindness with which you have honoured me.

Your Grace will remember that when the diploma and insignia of the Order of Christ, which the Queen of Portugal had graciously conferred upon me, were transmitted, your Grace was pleased to observe that this mark of Her Most Faithful Majesty's approval of what I had already done, would, your Grace felt persuaded, be an incentive to my continuing to illustrate the Literature of Portugal. That intimation I received as a command, and I now venture to send this volume into the world, as the commencement of a series of publications, chiefly devoted to the purpose to which your Grace referred; but which, not being solely confined to the Literature, are intended to treat also of the History and Antiquities of that kingdom and its possessions.

Distracted as Portugal has sometimes been by wars and revolutions, the most friendly relations have continued, with great constancy, to be maintained between that country and Great Britain; and this intercourse has been instrumental, although not to that extent which might be wished, in making her literary treasures known and appreciated amongst us. In times gone by we have had the Lusiad translated by Sir Richard Fanshaw, subsequently by Mr. Mickle, and in our days by Mr. Musgrave. We had also translations of some of her early Historians and Chroniclers; whilst in more modern times, through the works of Mr. Murphy, Dr. Southey, Mr. Kinsey, and others, much valuable information has been given to the British public, Mr. Kayley and Lord Strangford were the first to introduce the minor productions of Camoëns to our notice.

The care and labour I took in bringing together the materials for the Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Camoëns, have been more than repaid by the honours which have been bestowed upon me by Her Most Faithful Majesty, in conferring upon me the orders of Christ, and the Tower and Sword. But these marks of approbation were not the only gratifications I received; for to that work I am indebted for the honour of having become known to your Grace; for the kind attention shown to me in Paris by Dom Jose Maria de Souza, the editor of the splendid edition of the Lusiad; and for my acquaintance, either personal or by correspondence, with many other distinguished Portuguese; amongst whom I must not neglect particularly to mention my friend the Chevalier de Almeida Garrett, a fellow-labourer in the field of literature, and who, as one of her modern poets, and skilled in her ancient language and poetry, holds now so high a place in the Literary History of Portugal.

ART. X.—*Report and Appendices of the Children's Employment Commission.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of her Majesty.

WE have in a preceding paper seen, that down to the twelfth century, nothing positive is known of how the females in this country fared, if the inmates of courts, castles, and convents be exempted; all that can be said of the mass of the sex, of those who must have been the mothers of the swarming multitudes that people the island in our day, being pure conjecture, or merely matter of inference. Should Miss Lawrance, however, continue her "History of Woman in England" down to the present period, she will experience no lack of testimony or of documents in regard to this question; for the difficulty will be how to choose from the overflowing abundance, and how to bring within a moderate space an adequate representation, and a suggestive analysis of the entire subject. But when alluding to the plenitude of facts and of evidence which shall be ready to her hand, we must add, that until the publication of the Report before us, no writer, who was desirous of giving that subject a fair and ample treatment, could have possibly come properly furnished for the task; nor could the mind have had its sympathies fully attuned to its paramount seriousness and astounding magnitude.

The condition-question of Woman in England has now become one of appalling moment. The disclosures made in the course of the investigations, and the legislation which took place relative to the factory system, and still more unexpectedly the terrible facts which were brought to light concerning the collieries both in the north and the south of the island, smote the public mind with horror, dread, and shame. The evils and wretchedness that were thus made manifest, at first struck one as being greater than the nation could bear; but

still the mind was ready to think that the most virulent symptoms, the sorest parts, of the social disease had been detected and ascertained; and the hope was cherished that there was still health enough in the entire body to neutralise, counteract, and bring healing to the entire system. Alas! how fallacious was this hope of ours! how remote does the cure at this moment appear to the ills and sufferings that exist! how rapidly do vast masses of our teeming population seem to be sinking in corruption, mentally and bodily; menacing the whole community with infection and unbearable misery! The frightful maladies in our social condition and industrial development are not confined to those huge barracks, the factory mills; neither are they all hid and buried beneath the surface of the soil, in the mines. Worse evils and deeper sufferings, if possible, are within the reach of the whisper-tones of every one who treads the pavements of the metropolis;—they are at our doors, within the shadow of our roofs; they have absolutely swollen to such a monstrous magnitude, and prevailing intensity in the more populous provinces of the country, as must have stupified, hardened, and rendered callous the men of heart and humanity that are the daily witnesses of the leprosy; otherwise, how could the complacent boastings at public meetings, about our national character and the march of civilization, so uniformly pervade the speeches of our public men? Why should not our churches and chapels resound with dread tidings? and how could people of substance sit down at ease, when so much around is rottenness and pollution? Let not our readers be hasty to presume that we are overstating the truth. Let them first listen to the passages from the Report of the Commissioners on the Employments of Children, &c., before they accuse us of exaggeration or of morbid sentiment. When we have been indulged thus far, it will much astonish us, if they be not only ready to pronounce large masses of the people to be at this moment utterly neglected for any moral good, and terribly afflicted without means of redress as members of the community, but to join in the utterance that has gone forth from the senate, "that a generation is growing up around us more miserable, more debased, than any previous generation for the last 300 years."

The Report before us with its Appendices embraces both sexes; but it is the position and condition-question of the women and the female children to which we shall more particularly direct attention in our extracts. We begin with the milliners and dress-makers in London; nor need we strive, in the pressure of the month, which the heaps of volumes before us occasions, to avoid availing ourselves of such passages and evidence as we find some of our contemporaries to have carefully gleaned from the bulky official revelations.

It appears that the class of females employed in the metropolis just named, amounts in number to about 15,000; the age at which

they generally enter into the business being *fourteen* or *fifteen* years, —the most precarious era in the age and health of the sex. Many of them come from the country, and are plump and healthy; but the hours they are obliged to work at a monotonous task, and one that forbids bodily exercise, especially in the busy seasons,—that is, from April to August, and from October to Christmas,—soon produce a change in the complexion and frame, and, we may add, in the spirit. The average hours are *eighteen* out of the twenty-four; and this in an apartment sometimes containing scores of persons, and where no attention has been paid to ventilation. They often lodge with their employers, the bed-rooms and even the beds being generally overcrowded. Think of *five*, as in one instance, having been squeezed into a crib. Then their food consists chiefly of tea, and bread and butter. With regard to working-hours, this is the statement of one witness:

Miss O'Neil, of Welbeck-street, (who has been a dress-maker and milliner several years, and employed in several of the London houses, is now in business for herself,) states that the hours of work in the spring season are unlimited. The common hours are from 6 A.M. till 12 at night; sometimes from 4 A.M. till 12. Has herself often worked from 6 A.M. till 12 at night for 2 or 3 months together. It is not at all uncommon, especially in the dress-making, to work all night; just in "the drive of the season" the work is occasionally continued all night, 3 times a-week. Has worked herself twice in the week all night.

No wonder that the exhausted and unslept creatures require often stimulants to keep them awake, which is one of the facts spoken to. There are occasions of extraordinary pressure in the millinery business, as will readily be conceived; such as when a court fancy ball takes place! but a demand still more merciless occurs in the case of a general mourning among the higher classes. Miss H. Baker says—

On the occasion of the general mourning for His Majesty William IV., she worked without going to bed from 4 o'clock on Thursday morning till half-past 10 on Sunday morning; during this time witness did not sleep at all: of this she is certain. In order to keep awake she stood nearly the whole of Friday night, Saturday, and Saturday night, only sitting down for half an hour for rest. Two other young persons dozed occasionally in a chair. Witness, who was then 19, was made very ill by this great exertion, and when on Sunday she went to bed, she could not sleep.

Another young lady thus testifies.

On special occasions, such as drawing-rooms, general mournings, and very frequently wedding orders, it is not uncommon to work all night: has herself worked 20 hours out of the 24 for 3 months together; at this time she was suffering from illness, and the medical attendant remonstrated against

the treatment she received. He wished witness to remain in bed at least one day longer, which the employer objected to, required her to get up, and dismissed the surgeon.

Another,

Has been in the millinery business 8 years, in London. In the busy season, she began to work at 7 A.M. and went on till 12 or 1 in the morning. She was so unwell she could not begin before 7! *but the principal wished it. Lately has not gone to bed before 2 or 3 in the morning:* for a good while has been in a bad state of health.

Medical gentlemen of eminence and authority were examined. Sir James Clark, in his evidence, thus reports and expresses his opinion:

—worked from 6 in the morning till 12 at night, with the exception of the short intervals allowed for their meals, in close rooms, and passing the few hours allowed for rest in still more close and crowded apartments;—a mode of life more completely calculated to destroy human health could scarcely be contrived, and this at a period of life when exercise in the open air, and a due proportion of rest, are essential to the devolopment of the system.

Surgeons of ophthalmic hospitals have the best opportunities of knowing the destruction of eye-sight produced by incessant application to the seam or needle, especially when the fabric is black. The following is a morsel of Mr. Tyrell's testimony:

A fair and delicate girl, about 17 years of age, was brought to witness in consequence of total loss of vision. Recovery was hopeless. She had been an apprentice as a dress-maker. The immediate cause of the disease in the eye was excessive and continued application to making mourning. She states that she had been compelled to remain without changing her dress for nine days and nights consecutively: that during this period she had been permitted only occasionally to rest on a mattress placed on the floor for an hour or two at a time; and that her meals were placed at her side, cut up, so that as little time as possible should be spent in their consumption.

It is asserted, that such are the ravages which may reasonably be expected in the case of a single court mourning, that thirty girls are likely to lose their eyesight. Is Dr. James Johnson's utterance too strong when he thus expresses himself?

The fashionable world know not how many thousand females are annually sacrificed, during each season, in this metropolis, by the sudden demand and forced supply of modish ornaments and ephemeral habiliments. They know not that, while they conscientiously believe they are patronizing trade and rewarding industry, they are actually depriving many thousand young women of sleep, air, and exercise.

There has hardly an instance come to light during the investigation of the Commissioners, of one female surviving, or, at least, retaining

sound health, after protracted millinery labour for a series of years. This class of females, in short, do not reach the half of the average life of persons devoted to other lines of business. *Thirty* thousand, it appears, are swept away, for every *fifteen* thousand that death snatches from the ordinary ranks of their fellow-citizens. How many of them, ere this final summons, have betaken themselves, or have been driven, to prostitution!

Every millinery and dress-making establishment is not, of course, conducted without the slightest regard to the health of the girls. There are some, it would seem, where common sense and experience have taught the mistresses and forewomen, that labour during moderate hours is as profitable as when it is habitually extended to an unreasonable length of continuous time. But this appears to be far from the general conviction in the houses of London; nor indeed do we see, while the influx of orders happens so often to be sudden and urgent, that any protection against late and cruelly extended hours can at present be certainly promised by the most considerate and humane of the trade.

What comment is required upon the few and brief passages now quoted? Could any one believe that he was living in Britain with her cincture of clear waters and her canopy of pure air,—in the great metropolis, a city abounding in measures of benevolence, and in the nineteenth century, when there is so much talk of freedom and religion, and so many tokens of an active intellect, and yet find that such things are amidst and around us? Is it not distressing beyond the power of expression, to hear one of the medical witnesses declare he "is convinced, that in no trade or manufactory whatever, is the labour to be compared to that of the young dress-makers; no men," he adds, "work so long. It would be impossible for any animal to work so continuously with so little rest."

A person, however, naturally expresses himself first with reference to the cases of disorder or of misery which fall more immediately under his notice. It is also to be expected that every great evil presents affecting and dreadful points of a special nature, and which can find no parallel, no equivalent, in any other class of horrors. The age of the victims may be different, and yet the injuries done, the sufferings borne, be so terrible in each case, as to defy distinction. The mode of infliction may vary, but the disaster and ruin may equally transcend the power of language to describe. Pass on to the lace-makers of Nottingham. In this branch of business, children from 3 years and upwards are employed, and at the rate of from 12 to 14 hours per day. One part of their business is to "wind" for the lace machines; and, say the Commissioners, "the children have no regular and certain time whatever for sleep or recreation, being liable to be called upon at any period during sixteen, twenty, or twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, while they have frequently to go

from one place of work to another, often at considerable distances, at all hours of the night, and in all seasons." A Mrs. Houghton afforded some very remarkable evidence in regard to the employment of her children in the lace-making department, the eldest of her little bond-slaves being aged eight, while Anne was six, Mary four, and Eliza two; the last being in the course of training. This *motherly* woman's testimony was given with sundry interjectionary commands and spurrings.

Eliza "has tried and drawn a few threads out." Begins generally at 6 A.M. in the summer and 7 in the winter; in the former goes on till dark, in the latter till 10 P.M. The two biggest children work with witness these hours; Mary begins at the same time in the morning, but she leaves off about 6 P.M. The children have no time to go out to play; "they go out very seldom." Have breakfast whilst they have time to get it; the same with dinner and tea. The children are obliged to sit at their work; they sit all day. ["Mind your work."] The work tries the eyes; the black is the worst; "it is dree work." ["Now mind your work."] The children have very good health; they go to a Sunday school.

But what does the mother do, or what does she find herself forced to, should she happen to have a babe at her breast? She cannot both work and take care of the child,—suckle and serve the lace machines. Oh! perhaps one, a few seasons older, has been given to her. Child may look after child. But even this is not absolutely necessary. There is Godfrey's Cordial at hand,—for having begun to soothe and silence the babe with the "syrrup of rhubarb and laudanam mixed together," she goes to the other, and "then to the laudanum, as the effects become by habit diminished." What is the result as respects the infant's health? Why, paleness, a rapid wasting away, and in most cases death by the time the little creature is two years old. We quote from the Coroner of Nottingham's evidence:—

In 1836 he held an inquest on an infant four months old, apparently a fine healthy child, to whom the mother had given, in the forenoon, a dose of cordial; stupor was produced, and ultimately, after six hours had elapsed, medical assistance was procured, *but not by the mother, who apparently wished the child to perish.* By proper treatment, persevered in from 6 P.M. until after 12 at night, the child was so far restored as to open his eyes and to cry. The *surgeon gave directions* that the child should be kept aroused, and in motion, and have cold water dashed on the face till the narcotic effects had subsided. Instead of this, in a quarter of an hour after the surgeon left, *the infant was allowed to sink to sleep and die.* The medical attendant, Mr. Wilson, told witness, that by attention to the directions given to the mother, the child would have recovered. *It was witness's opinion that the case against the mother amounted to manslaughter; the verdict was, "Died in consequence of having a large dose of Godfrey's cordial administered by the mother."* On inquiry, ascertained that besides this one, *four other children had*

died suddenly, of whom one was killed by an injury from a cart; *the cause of death in the other cases is not known.* Within the last two years the number of these inquests has somewhat diminished, which witness is inclined to attribute rather to a greater care *in concealing such cases* than to any diminution of mortality.

And this from the testimony of a chemist:—

A case occurred a short time ago of a mother coming into the shop with her child in the arms. Witness remonstrated against giving it laudanum, and told the mother she had better go home and put the child in a bucket of water,—"it would have been the most humane plan of putting it out of the way." The mother replied that the infant had been used to laudanum and must have it, and that it took a halfpenny worth a-day, or 60 drops. Does not know what has become of the child, but "*supposes it is done for by this time.* It is not uncommon for mothers to begin this practice with infants of a fortnight old; commencing with half a tea-spoonful of Godfrey's, or 1 or 2 drops of laudanum. *Has known an infant killed with three drops of laudanum, but nothing was said about it.* Knows that many infants die by degrees, and that no inquest or other inquiry is made. Has known some odd cases where surgeons have been called to apply the stomach-pump; but "infants go off quickly, they are not like grown people."

One druggist admits that he had made up thirteen hundred weight of treacle of Godfrey's Cordial in one year, making the preparation stronger than practised in London. How many deaths were in the cups thence filled? How much hardness of heart produced in woman's nature? Or, to hope the best, how much misery saved to the infant voyagers, and how much agony endured by those who gave birth to the murdered ones? But we again pass on, and to other disclosures, travelling from needle-work and lace-making,—these delicate offices, which minister so much to frivolous fashion, and require but slender physical power,—to trades which deal in iron, but which, although they require from many of the hands an iron muscular strength, thereby stimulating the appetite and nerving the frame to sturdy health, have yet those lighter details which assimilate them, at least in respect of exhausting monotony, dreary prolongation, and heart-sickening fixedness of posture, to the victims of the millinery and the Nottingham establishments.

Wolverhampton is the centre of an ironmongery world, where large numbers of children are employed in the making and the finishing of the smaller goods. The children begin to work at eight or nine years old; and as the masters are generally of the smaller sort, who sell to the larger dealers, their houses and shops are often one and the same, situated in the narrowest and filthiest alleys, and presenting the foulest and unhealthiest hovels. The want of domestic cleanliness and appliances, is one of the forbidding features of the scenes we are now speaking of.

Here female as well as male children are set to work. The hours are long, extending from between seven in the morning to eight at night, and frequently beyond that time. The unvarying mechanical nature, says one of the reporters, of all the processes in which the young people are engaged during the whole day, "added to the simple mechanical certainty of the results, is laborious to a degree that wearies, and indeed wears out the soul with the body." Then if the young bond-slave happens to withdraw attention, or be for a moment careless, if connected with the tip-punching machine, for example, the loss of a finger at the first or second joint, or perhaps that of a hand, may be the consequence.

Many of the masters are barbarous in their treatment of the children; while the parents are in general improvident and hard drinkers. Recklessness and starvation alternate; and as regards the care of the young ones when their day's labour is over, it seems to extend to little more than allowing them to stroll the filthy lanes of their locality, or retire to their wretched beds. All are more or less sickly, meagre, and ill-formed, especially the girls, whose backs resemble that of a grass-hopper; owing to the constant use of the file, and of being forced continuously into other distorting postures:

Many of these poor manufacturing girls of 15, 16, and 17, so far from possessing the external developments corresponding with commencing womanhood, presented (when they happened to be straight) such figures as might be sawed out of two deal boards put together. Their long melancholy faces and vacant stare seemed to be half conscious of the progressive injury to nature whereby they earned their daily bread, but ignorant of the cause. Some few had a look of hopelessness, as though they had once known what it was to hope: the great majority seemed reckless, or totally indifferent.

But preliminarily to all this deformity and dejectedness induced by the nature of their ungenial toil, Godfrey's Cordial has done its office; for the drug is in high repute in the Wolverhampton district also:—

Priscilla Hatton, aged 10 years, works at home at nursing: the child is one month old. Is considered a good nurse by her mother; the child is a good child, but it squeaks a little sometimes when her wants tittee: mother gives it a tea-spoonful of Godfrey's Cordial, about three times a-day; sometimes she (witness) gives the child a tea-spoonful of Godfrey's Cordial when mother's out, and the child is noisy and restless; always knows where to find the Godfrey's Cordial; takes a little herself sometimes, because it's nice; it makes her go to sleep too as well as the child, and it's very nice.

Filthiness of person and hovel, scantiness of bedding and household comforts, the use of unwholesome food, and an entire ignorance of domestic duties and offices mark the character of the wives and daughters in the northern manufacturing districts. But the picture grows still more ghastly when one looks at the moral condition of

the masses of the rising generation to which our attention is at present directed. One reporter says, "they have no morals." It is not enough that "you will find poor girls who had never sang or danced, never seen a dance; never read a book that made them laugh; never seen a violet, or a primrose, and other flowers; and others whose only idea of a green field was derived from having been stung by a nettle;" for you will, if the search be honestly made, discover that a large community is growing up in the very heart of England, in a worse than brutish state, devoid of, because denied, the exercise of the humanities; their animal natures curbed alone by the pinchings of poverty and the burden of constitutional disease. "They have no morals,"—"Moral feelings and sentiments do not exist,"—are among the testimonies borne of districts where the ironmongery people prevail; while their knowledge of aught beyond the limited branch of the employment to which they are set from morning till night, unless it be of some notable Newgate character, appears to be on a level with their moral tone and sympathies. The following is the account given by one lad of his attainments:—

Can read easy words; cannot write. Does not know who Jesus Christ was, but has heard the name of it. Never heard of the Twelve Apostles. Never heard of Samson, nor of Jonah, nor of Moses, nor Aaron, &c. Has attended a Sunday-school regularly for five years.—William Southern, aged 17, "Can read easy words; not write. Has attended a Sunday-school regular nearly six years. Knows who Jesus Christ was, he died on the cross to shed his blood to save our Saviour. Never heard of St. Peter or St. Paul. Six farthings make 3*d*."—Another, aged 19, "Has attended a Sunday-school regularly these five years. Never heard of Joshua; there were Twelve Apostles; St. Peter was one, Moses was another, Jonah was another Job was another; cannot mention any more that he recollects. Samson was the strongest man. Does not know the name of the Queen. Twenty farthings are 6*d*. Wishes he could write, can't get on properly without it."

Perhaps the most significant and foreboding feature in this appalling picture is this, that hardly any distinction or difference appears to exist between the habits, the modes of thinking, and the attainments of the two sexes; that woman is unfeminised, has lost her rightful position at the fire-side, cannot make home warm although she had the means, and does not even know how to nurse her offspring. What can be the position of a community when she is brutish and gross as her husband? What the prospect of a nation when such a mass of moral derangement and physical horrors are not only gaining ground daily, but have been advancing with monstrous strides, unheeded by the middling and upper classes, for years past?

We have said that the Report gives a picture of woman in the districts to which we have latterly been directing notice, as if she had hardly a distinctive feature from what characterizes the demo-

ralized and reckless husbands; and have intimated that the girls are ignorant as the boys. But the case is worse, for we thus read.

That the education of the girls is even more neglected than that of the boys; that the vast majority of females are utterly ignorant; that it is impossible to overstate the evils which result from this deplorable ignorance. The medical practitioners of Birmingham forcibly point out the misery which ensues from the neglected condition of the women—improvidence, absence of all comfort, abandonment of children, alienation of all affection in families, and drunkenness on the part of the husband.

Here is another frightful testimony.

The women of some of the manufacturing districts are becoming similar to the female followers of an army. Wearing the garb of women, but actuated by the worst passions of men, in every riot or outbreak the women are the leaders and exciters of the young men to violence. The language they indulge in is of the most horrid description; in short, while they are demoralized themselves, they demoralize all that come within their reach. It has been said that Englishmen would never exhibit one-hundredth part of the ferocity displayed by the French in 1780 and during the reign of terror, even if a similar crisis should occur, but it was difficult to say what the contagion of such examples and language would effect.

We might greatly swell the list of testimonies borne to the alarming facts already stated, and add many corroborations from the Report. We might also proceed to notice the suggestions offered by the Commissioners for stemming the tide of ignorance, demoralization, and misery, which they have disclosed; and then proceed to speculate and to doubt with regard to the probable efficacy of their proposed measures of amelioration, as well as to express an alarm about the evils and sufferings laid bare,—despairing of cure, fearful that a remedy is beyond the ingenuity and power of legislation, and predicting that in the progress of a mighty social and industrial development, the nation is fast hurrying to disorganization and deep degradation. But at present we abstain from all conjecture and disquisition of the sort. Our last extract gives the substance of the views entertained by the commissioners relative to what may be expected from an improved education of the women, and a higher regard to her appropriate occupations.

The girls are prevented by their early removal from home, and from the day-schools, to be employed in labour, from learning needlework, and from acquiring those habits of cleanliness, neatness, and order, without which they cannot, when they grow up to womanhood, and have the charge of families of their own, economise their husbands' earnings, or give their homes any degree of comfort; and this general want of the qualifications of a housewife in the women of this class, is stated by clergymen, teachers, medical men, employers, and other witnesses, *to be one great and universally prevailing cause of distress and crime among the working classes.*

But supposing that female toil away from the domestic hearth could be dispensed with; that home-abiding tidiness and thrift were more than to meet the earnings that follow such operations as filing iron, steel, or brass, continued day after day, from morning till late at eve; and supposing that there were time and means at command for the necessary acquisitions contemplated by the Commissioners, how long would it be ere the education could be made to bear upon the rising generation, and how much longer ere there could be observed those practical fruits that would sensibly prove a moral revolution was taking place in the frame of the large masses of society where such virulent leprosy prevails as the Report describes! True, the sooner that a movement is made in the right direction the better,—the sooner that the legislature is fortunate enough to provide a suitable and efficacious remedy, the earlier must the hands of good men be strengthened, and the more confident the alacrity of each for the labour of love that is required in his immediate sphere. But in the mean while, can one look with less than dismay at the disclosures made by the Commissioners? Is it possible to predict otherwise than so as to sound an alarm, and to pass from one to another the prophecy, that unless the mischiefs in the social and industrial system which prevail, and have long been growing more and more noisome in many of the northern districts, be speedily checked, the most direful results may be anticipated; for otherwise corruption will inevitably spread, so that the honour and safety of this vast empire is brought into direct jeopardy. Such a retribution indeed ensues in the history of nations, by an awful permission of Providence, upon the long unheeded degradation of man.

What stronger evidence can there be adduced to the observant and reflecting traveller, that this degradation has already taken expansive ground and sunk deep, than what he descries in the manufacturing districts? There, on a calm, close, and earnest survey, he cannot but be struck, as some one has years ago declared, by the appearance of misery and filth; by the total neglect of the person and the household; by stunted forms, sallow complexions, sickly and mishapen children, and youth bowed down by the infirmities of age. Is it not terrible to think that in the best season of youthfulness and natural health, multitudes of our fellow-subjects are dejected and suffering, and that instead of beauty and fresh vigour, there is deformity and weakness? Alas! the years for learning and recreation are consumed in bodily toil; and there are tens of thousands who endure a daily torture without that share of parental affection that would in some degree sooth and alleviate in spite of the deepest wrongs.

Multitudes of our race in the heart of England are sunk to the condition of animals of the lowest order, so that they look no higher than to unceasing labour and disgusting sensuality. Thousands of them live apart from the rest of the world, intermarrying, and having

habits, manners, and almost a language peculiar to themselves; but what is dreariest and darkest of all, living in as great a neglect of their duty to God and of religious obligations, as they are reckless of domestic economy, or ignorant even of the way in which to train up their little ones.

Can such a sore in our social system be longer winked at, or allowed to foster, spread, and take deeper rooting with impunity? But not to indulge in gloom further, or utterly to despair, let us, in conclusion, hail those rays of hope, arising even from the Report of the Commissioners, were it merely that the document has made manifest where the sorest of diseases, in respect both of time and eternity,—of contentment, peace, and decency here, as well as of felicity and joy hereafter, resides; for thereby the public pulse and the best minds will be quickened to meditate and achieve a cure. Let no one lull his generous impulses or restrain his natural emotions, by flattering himself, by reposing on some vague complacency about England's greatness and goodness, or by imagining that the hideous picture is overcharged with mock figures or by means of artificial shades. The story told is no fiction, but a stern, frowning, and unabashed truth. The representation has not been *got up* by any skilful trick of art. The whole, indeed, bears the stamp of unquestionable veracity, buttressed by the surest guarantees that public and official responsibility, or personal honour, can offer. But we repeat that hope may fix its anchor on this Report.

Art. XI.

1. *A Theory of the Structure of the Sidereal Heavens.* Part First. W. Wood.

2. *A Celestial Atlas.* By J. Middleton. Messrs. Jarrolds, Norwich.

"A Theory of the Structure of the Sidereal Heavens, including an Explanation of the Phenomena of the Via Lactea and Nebulæ; founded on a new Astronomical Doctrine: being a General Explication of the Astral Collocations upon Geometrical Principles,—with Plates of Illustration," cannot, we think, be better introduced than by at once quoting the Propositions under which the Theory is to be developed. The Propositions are as we here cite them:—

I.—That the solar systems occupy spaces bounded by spherical superficies.

II.—That the spheres in contact include between them *intervening spaces;* and that spheres of as large a magnitude as our own solar system, must include between them intervening spaces of vast extent.

III.—That the intervening spaces between the solar systems are occupied by smaller solar systems of various magnitudes.

IV.—That a great number of the smaller systems are disposed in concentric rings, or circles in the intervening spaces, the larger of them being exterior, and gradually diminishing in magnitude towards a common centre.

V.—That each interior concentric ring contains more systems than the next concentric ring exterior to it, because the magnitudes of the solar systems in the concentric rings, are determined by two segments of spheres whose convex sides approach each other.

VI.—That the diameters of the systems of the more interior concentric rings are so small, relatively, as to admit an aggregation of the minor solar systems, in great numbers, towards the point where two great systems approach nearest to contact.

VII.—That if the suns of a great series of concentric rings, and the adjacent small suns, in the same region of the intervening spaces, be seen from a planet in one of the systems of the minor concentric rings, they will exhibit phenomena resembling the appearance of the milky-way.

VIII.—That if a great series of concentric rings of systems be seen in the direction of a line perpendicular to the plane of their centres or suns, they will present the same appearance as those circular nebulæ in which the stars seem most numerous towards the centre.

IX.—That the various nebulæ are peculiar combinations of the smaller systems, occupying portions of the intervening spaces.

X.—That systems of the largest magnitude, placed nearly in contact, form a basis for the structure of the heavens, and are separated from each other by one or more interposed strata of small systems.

XI.—That each great solar system, when surrounded by twelve other great systems, has twelve great series of concentric rings of systems, and many other minor concentric rings, arranged in order upon its spherical superficies.

XII.—That the intervening spaces are probably equal in dimensions to one third of the spaces occupied by those great systems which include them.

To show with what great things we deal, let us cite something that is said of spaces:—

The distance of the stars is not less, but may be much more, than 19,200000,000000 miles. If it be assumed as a basis for calculation, that, that is the distance from our sun to the nearest neighbouring sun, we cannot thence determine the diameter of our own solar system. For if the diameter of the system, of which that sun is the centre, exceed that of our own, then the semi-diameter of that system will exceed the half of the assumed distance. On the contrary, if the diameter of that system be less than that of our own, then its semi-diameter will be less than the half of the assumed distance. But the diameters of the two systems may also be equal. Therefore, it follows that the semi-diameters are equal, and the mutual distance of the two suns which consists of two semi-diameters of the two systems, is equal to a whole diameter of each system. If the two semi-diameters be 19,200000,000000 miles, then each diameter is equal thereto.

This is a summary of the reasoning that goes to establish the first Proposition.

It was stated under the first Proposition, that the argument there afforded only an approximation, from the probability of equal power of the solar forces, at the boundary of each solar system. Under the second Proposition it was demonstrated, that spheres in contact included between them *intervening spaces*, and that spheres as large as our solar system must include between them intervening spaces of vast extent.

The arguments under the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth Propositions have demonstrated, that solar systems of very different magnitudes may be contained in the intervening spaces, and that great numbers of solar systems may there be disposed in concentric circles. It was also shown, under those Propositions, that the solar systems in the concentric circles increase in number and diminish in magnitude, in each ring, interiorly towardstheir common centre.

The arguments under the seventh, eighth, and ninth Propositions have demonstrated, that the peculiar arrangements of solar systems, of various magnitudes, requisite for the complete occupation of the intervening spaces, present combinations of systems which, viewed at a great distance, would present phenomena, resembling the Milky Way, the circular, oval, annular, and other nebulæ of peculiar forms.

The arguments under the tenth Proposition have demonstrated, that great solar systems of similar magnitudes, disposed in geometrical order, form a basis upon which the other solar systems, inferior in magnitude, may be disposed in various combinations; and that the great systems are, it may be, separated from each other by one or more interposed strata of small systems.

The argument under the eleventh Proposition demonstrates how numerous the circular series of the minor systems may be upon the superficies of each great system, when surrounded by twelve other great systems.

The argument under the twelfth Proposition tends to show that the intervening spaces are probably equal in dimensions to one-third of the spaces occupied by those great systems which include them.

Wherefore, it is concluded, that the arguments under the twelve Propositions have established a close analogy between the theory and the celestial phenomena observed by astronomers; and that, consequently, the first Proposition, which is the basis of the hypothesis, is thereby demonstrated.

Now, let us come to the Conclusion, of which the following are parts:

The preceding arguments are intended to show that the general phenomena of the stars may be explained by the adoption of a purely geometrical theory. * *

In the profound regions of the celestial spaces there are, doubtless, chaotic masses of prodigious extent, in various conditions, and undergoing changes which will ultimately result in organised systems of beauty and utility, or which have some other unknown use or purpose. * *

The theory propounded in this work has originated entirely from independent investigations, and the second part of the theory is designed to exhibit a variety of arguments in support of the intervening hypothesis, and will be, for the most part, entirely new.

When the observations now extensively making by astronomers on parallaxes of the stars have become numerous, some correct opinions may be formed of the numbers and magnitudes of stars closely adjacent to us. Not until then can we expect to determine the absolute magnitude of our own system. * *

The theory advanced in these pages admits only two great systems contiguous to our own. Our solar system, therefore (according to the theory), is surrounded mostly by the smaller systems.

Des Cartes is declared to be perhaps the only astronomer who has suggested, that the peculiar position of the stars indicates a diversity of magnitude. We have then these general and striking observations:

A remarkable peculiarity is apparent in the works of God respecting differences of magnitudes and numbers of the various subjects of creation.

If we look into the animal and vegetable kingdoms for illustration, we find that creatures of the largest magnitudes are comparatively few, while the more minute animals abound in countless multitudes.

Whales are of a vast magnitude, but they are few in number. The minute animalcules are innumerable, but they are too small for the unassisted eye of man to behold.

The larger kind of trees are comparatively few, while the grasses of the fields are countless.

If we examine the face of the earth we find mountains, hills, rocks pebbles, sand. How different in magnitudes! If it seem not impossible to count the former, yet *who can count the sands on the sea shore?*

If we observe the divisions of the land on the surface of the globe, we have six large continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, North America, South America, Australia. The various islands vary much in form and magnitude. but *small islands are most numerous.*

The islands in some parts are also associated together in numerous groups between the approximating parts of great continents. Such an association of islands is found in the Gulf of Mexico, between North and South America. Another is found between Asia and Australia. These are analogous in some degree to the groupings of the small solar systems (according to the previous theory) near the approximating points of two great systems.

It seems highly probable that mere differences of magnitudes in the various subjects of creation involve no essential inferiority of structure. Therefore it may be inferred by analogy, that there may be solar systems in the intervening spaces having a very small relative magnitude, yet complete, nevertheless, in every essential systemic appointment.

These are copious extracts from a theory that lays claim to novelty, a suspicious term when pure mathematics, the exactest of sciences,

and the sustained and steady working of the highest problems are required. There is ingenuity in the hypotheses about spherical systems and the vastly different sizes they present, as well as the various offices they perform in the economy of the heavens. But then the present writer, who assures us that the work has originated entirely from independent investigations, does not appear to have brought to the task, many of the stricter and loftier qualities of the astronomer or mathematician; but on the other hand, to have indulged airy fancy, and given reins to a dreamy imagination. In short, speculation, assumption, and conjecture predominate here; nor has the result on our minds been of that exalting, commanding, and gratifying kind which a perusal of the pages of a Herschel or a Nicol never fails to produce. In the illustrative plates, however, there is gracefulness of figure, arrangement, and grouping; although but little that is convincing.

We have been much better pleased with the work that stands next on our list, a "Celestial Atlas, containing Maps of all the Constellations visible in Great Britain, with Corresponding Blank Maps of the Stars, systematically arranged for communicating a Practical Knowledge of the Heavens." Then there is a most valuable accompanying volume to this magnificent Atlas: the "Companion, containing a Series of Lessons on the Constellations, a Dissertation on the Fixed Stars, and Conversations on the Heavens, with Descriptions and Views of the most remarkable stars and Nebulæ." But we subjoin a somewhat fuller description of the works, which although bound up separately must be studied together. Afterwards we shall cite a few paragraphs from he prefaces, in order that the character of the two works may be more completely conveyed to persons who contemplate making a purchase of them, and that Mr. Middleton's unassuming and sensible method may be allowed to recommend his original and elaborate performances.

Mr. Middleton's object in preparing his "Celestial Atlas" and "Companion" has been to furnish an easy method of acquiring an intimate and correct acquaintance with the fixed stars, such as would enable any person with a moderate degree of attention to distinguish, not only the constellations, but every star to about the fourth or fifth magnitude.

His plan is to exhibit on five maps all the stars and constellations visible in Great Britain, not in an inverted position as they are drawn on Celestial Globes, but precisely as they appear in the heavens. On four of the maps, each bearing the title of one of the seasons, may be seen the constellations which are respectively visible in Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; while the other map contains those constellations which never set, having the names of the seasons on its four sides as a direction to the position in which it must be held

to show the situation of the stars at any time of the year. These five maps are arranged on the right hand pages of the Atlas, and opposite to each is a corresponding map of the stars, represented white on a black ground, without the constellations or names, just as they appear in the sky.

The "Companion" is divided into three parts: the first, which is the most important, consists of a number of lessons on the constellations. At the commencement of each is a direction as to the quarter of the heavens in which it may be found in the respective months. Then follows an enumeration of the principal stars as distinguished by the Greek letters, and the parts of the constellations in which they are placed. These are required to be first found on the maps containing the names of the stars, &c., and afterwards on the blank maps opposite, from which the transition to the sky is easy and natural.

This list of stars is followed in each constellation by notes describing the peculiar conformation of the stars, short directions by which they may be recognised in the heavens, notices of double, quadruple, and variable stars, nebulæ, &c. The second part of the "Companion" treats of the nature, number, distance, &c., of the fixed stars; of variable, double, treble, and quadruple stars, nebulæ, &c., with questions at the end of each chapter to adapt it to the purposes of instruction. The third part consists of conversations on the heavens.

To devise a plan for recognizing the fixed stars, has been a desideratum in all ages. This has been attempted in several ways. Catalogues have been often made. The first of which on record is that formed by Hipparchus of Rhodes, 120 years B.C. The one most used in England was formed by Flamstead, the first Astronomer Royal, who was installed into that office 1676, the year Greenwich observatory was finished. Catalogues have been formed in modern times, containing from fifty to a hundred thousand stars.

Another method frequently adopted has been by verbal descriptions of the peculiar conformations of the stars. And a third method is by the construction of maps and celestial globes. Many of the celestial atlasses now extant possess great merit both for their accuracy and beauty of delineation; but Mr. Middleton is not aware of any publication on this subject well adapted to the purposes of instruction, by means of which a knowledge of the heavens may be as systematically taught as a knowledge of the earth by geography: this, after the adoption of a similar plan successfully for twenty years, he has attempted in his present publications. It has been his object, not merely to enable a person to know each constellation and star, but while doing this, to exhibit a correct view of the present extent of our knowledge of the sidereal heavens; to describe in plain language the important and interesting discoveries of Dr. and Sir

J. Herschel in this department of science, and to enable any one in possession of a good telescope to discover many interesting objects for investigation. Though Mr. M.'s "Atlas" has been constructed so as to be peculiarly adapted for the use of schools, it will be found to answer all the purposes of other celestial atlases.

We have pleasure now in presenting a passage from the modest preface to the "Celestial Atlas." Take these few sentences:—

Since the invention of the telescope, and especially within the last fifty years, so many interesting discoveries have been made in the heavens, as to render it desirable that a knowledge of Astronomy in general, and particularly of the fixed stars, should form a part of every system of liberal education.

This, however, has hitherto been considerably hindered by the difficulties which have attended the acquisition, especially of the sidereal branch of the science. And though many attempts have been made to remove these difficulties, by verbal descriptions of the configurations of the fixed stars, yet the author is not aware that this has ever been done by exhibiting them on illustrative and blank maps. It was the want of a work of this kind, for the instruction of his pupils, that induced him several years ago to prepare a number of diagrams, the long-continued and successful use of which suggested the idea of the following maps; and he is now induced to publish them at the request of his pupils and of many intelligent friends, as well as from a persuasion that, with an ordinary degree of attention, they will enable any person to obtain a correct and scientific acquaintance with the subject to which they relate.

Having stated that the Atlas and Companion will have to be used together, Mr. Middleton adds,—

In the various atlases and globes to which the author has had access, he found in many instances great diversities in the magnitude of the same star; and in order to remedy the perplexity which such an error must occasion, he first arranged the stars in each constellation, according to their apparent size, from Dr. Herschel's tables in the Philosophical Transactions for 1796 to 1797, as far as those tables enabled him to do so. He then personally inspected all the stars visible in Great Britain, to about the fifth magnitude, determining the class to which each belonged, by comparing it with those by which it was surrounded. This was a work of considerable difficulty, and though he does not suppose that he has attained perfection, not having always been able to satisfy even himself, yet he trusts that the great care he has exercised has prevented any important error. The right ascension and declination of the stars are rectified for 1840.

This next passage is from the prefatory observations to the Companion:—

The author is not aware of the existence of any work in which the study of the fixed stars is reduced to a system, though its intimate connexion with geography, and especially with the use of the globes, renders such a work desirable. Indeed, the study of the heavens, and of the earth, may be conducted on a similar plan. The best method of teaching geography is by

blank maps, such as those of the Abbé Gaultier; the pupil should first be taught to find the quarters of the world, then its kingdoms, provinces, cities, towns, &c. In a similar way the heavens are best studied by dividing them into three parts, viz., the zodiac, and the stars to the north and south of it. These are again divided into constellations, which correspond with the kingdoms on a map of the earth; stars of the first magnitude correspond with the principal cities; and those of the second with cities of inferior size; while stars of the third, fourth, and fifth sizes, are like the boroughs, towns, and villages of a country.

By pursuing the plan thus recommended, the author is fully assured, from his own experience, that a knowledge of the heavens is much sooner acquired than a knowledge of the earth; with this special advantage, that in geography we only see the names of the places on the maps, and not the places themselves; whereas, in astronomy, we see the stars, not only upon the maps, but actually shining in the heavens, in all their beauty and splendour.

We must not dismiss the "Atlas" without repeating that it presents to the eye great magnificence. The "Companion" too is a handsome volume and beautifully illustrated; no expense having been spared to render both of them worthy of refined taste, as regards the mere getting up of the publications. But it is to their original, comprehensive, and very intelligible method of teaching astronomy that one must principally look; and herein, not merely in respect of the maps, but the classification,—not merely the Lessons, but the Conversations, Mr. Middleton must be pronounced to have uncommon merit. We should not be surprised to hear that he has achieved that which will work a practical revolution in the study of the heavenly bodies.

ART. XII.—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M.P.* Edited by his brother, LEONARD HORNER, Esq. Murray.

WE are old enough to have taken some degree of interest in the promise and progress of Francis Horner, and were certainly so far advanced in years at the period of his death, as to have shared in the lament which followed him to the grave. It was impossible to be a resident in the capital of Scotland without hearing his name and character continually made the theme of hearty appreciation; it could not be that the Edinburgh Review should daily form in every intelligent circle a topic of discourse, without a school-boy falling in with the tone on one side or another of the critics by wayside and fireside, as well as when the conflicts of argument took place which very generally distinguished the orations of spouters in the juvenile Debating Societies.

Francis Horner died prematurely, but not at too early a period of his rising and steady career ever to perish from the minds of his enlightened countrymen, who regard honesty as well as real talent to

be qualities worthy of imitation and homage in all time. A glance at some of the steps in his history, at a few of the features of his intellectual and moral career, and at several of the more distinct stages of his political development, will be serviceable even to the more youthful of our readers, who could experience no sympathy in the subject when the statesman was alive, and who may yet be too young to care much about the character of such men as not only stamp the era at which they live with their influence, but who, by wise and considerate men, will always be regarded as having bequeathed to posterity signal examples of patriotism and of commanding virtue. Let no one, however, expect that in the present volumes there is to be found a hero of romance, or even a man of brilliancy. Neither his writings nor his speeches were calculated to astound or to carry captive the merely popular community; whose applause for the most part is as transient and unsubstantial, as it is hot and boisterous. No, Horner's character and progress form a study for the closet and for thinking; and, the more he is thus made the theme of reflection and speculation, the higher will he ascend in the mind's estimate, and the more profound and influential will be his example.

Honesty of heart and of purpose, a love of truth for its own sake, and a resolute determination to take a straightforward course, whatever might be the occasion or exigency, were striking features in his character, backed and upheld, it is true, by real talent, solid judgment, and sedulous cultivation. His knowledge of himself as well as of mankind, proved not merely that he had the shrewdness of intuition, but that his observation was constant, and his philosophy highly improved by study. Hence he was essentially a practical man. Even when but a very young man, he says that he looked forward to a rule of conduct, from which, he hoped, nothing would ever induce him to depart! and it was this, to be thoroughly independent, "to connect myself with the exclusive interests of no political party whatever." At the same time, he says, "I have long since imbibed an opinion (which, whenever it occurs, I find more strongly impressed upon me), that every form of government is to be valued in the proportion of its affinity to those principles of rational freedom, which impose no further restraints than the common security makes necessary, and establish nothing that can operate as a check upon the exertions of worth and talents." It is evident from these and other entries in a journal which he kept, as well as in notices in his letters, that Mr. Horner at an early period had his mind directed to a political career, and that he was pursuing a path to statesmanship. It must also be evident from the few words we have cited, that, as an honest man, he would lean to the Liberal or Whig side, rather than to the high Tory party. Indeed, he had only been for a short time at the English bar, when he was invited to Earl Fitzwilliam's, to meet several of the more active of the opposition, who were anxious to see

him introduced into parliament; and the following are reasons which led him to ally himself to the party to which he adhered:

Almost from my first entrance upon the study of law, I considered politics as an ultimate object and a concurrent occupation. Political adventure is a game which I am disqualified from playing by many circumstances of my character; and which I am resolved to decline. But some share in public business, acquired by reputation and supported on an independent footing, is a fair object, and almost the only reward that stimulates me to the law. Without belonging to a party, there can be no efficient participation in public affairs. If an honourable man sees no formed party among the factions of the state, by whom his general ideas of policy are maintained, he will shrink from them all, and attempt only individual efforts to explain and enforce his views. But in the general maxims and principles of Mr. Fox's party, both with regard to the doctrine of the constitution, to foreign policy, and to the modes of internal legislation, I recognise those to which I have been led by the results of my own reflection, and by the tenor of my philosophic education. And I am ambitious to co-operate with that party, in labouring to realize those enlightened principles in the government of our country; however I lament some violences and mistakes in the conduct of Opposition on particular occasions, and however much I suspect the characters of some who have at times been very near Mr. Fox's person. All my feelings carry me towards that party; and all my principles confirm the predilection. Into that party, therefore, I resolutely enlist myself; with very feeble hopes of its ever being for any long period triumphant in power. There is a low prudence, in rearing the fabric of one's fortunes, which fixes the ambition (if it may be called by so proud a name) on the actual possession of places and emolument; and there are some living instances which prove this to be quite a sure game, provided there are never any compunctious visitings of principle or personal regard. There is a more virtuous discretion, which limits a man's schemes of exertion to his professional sphere, and to the honest accumulation of large profits and small praises, such as the English bar seems almost infallibly to bestow on dilligent abilities. But there is a more elevated prudence, which does not stop at affluence in its prospect, but ventures to include the chances of lasting service to mankind, and of a good name impressed upon the history of the times.

Going back to a somewhat earlier date, and soon after the decease of Mr. Fox, we find him thus expressing himself with regard to party in the state.

I look upon what is called Mr. Fox's party, the remains of the old Whig faction, as extinguished entirely with him; his name alone kept the fragments together, after the party had been long ago broken to pieces. At the same time, I cannot resist the conviction, that, in spite of appearances, there is in the middling order of people in this country a broad foundation for a popular party, constituted by the opinions, interests, and habits of those numerous families who are characterised by moderate but increasing incomes, a careful education of their youth, and a strict observance of the great common virtues. No doubt, this is the genuine democracy, if they preserve

their weight in that public voice, which government must obey. Many circumstances have occurred of late years to depress the just influence of that order of men; and it is melancholy to think, that they are the very circumstances which have brought other free governments to an end—an overgrown foreign trade, the dependencies proceeding from too bulky a system of finance, and an augmentation of the military force on account of foreign danger. These causes, I am persuaded, have already both undermined our institutions, and vitiated the sentiments and character of the nation. At the same time, it does strike me very forcibly, that the great number among whom wealth is diffused in considerable yet equal portions, the tolerably good education that accompanies it, the strength of physical and moral forces that are thus combined in a population to which both order and freedom are necessary, form a new case very different from any former example; and it is from this aspect of our condition, that I take my hopes of there being still a chance of defending successfully the liberties of England, chance enough to make it a reproach for ever against the present age if it does not make a trial at least.

Horner looked upon the study and practice of the law as the best preparatives for a statesman, and indeed he seems to have regarded the profession chiefly in this light, and chosen it for this purpose. But all along his mind appears to have been enriching itself in the fields of economical and political science. Adam Smith's great work, of course, was in many things his text book, but not without bringing it to the test of philosophical criticism. Horner observes,—

Did not Adam Smith judge amiss, in his premature attempt to form a sort of system upon the wealth of nations instead of presenting his valuable speculations to the world under the form of separate dissertations? As a system, his work is evidently imperfect; and yet it has so much the air of a system, and a reader becomes so fond of every analogy and arrangement, by which a specious appearance of system is made out, that we are apt to adopt erroneous opinions, because they figure in the same fabric with approved and important truths. That illustrious philosopher might therefore have contributed more powerfully to the progress of political science, had he developed his opinions in detached essays; nor would he have less consulted the real interests of his reputation, which indeed may have been more brilliant at first, by his appearance as the author of a comprehensive theory, but will ultimately be measured by what he shall be found to have actually contributed to the treasures of valuable knowledge.

Having alluded to Horner's critical philosophy, we are naturally led to speak of the Edinburgh Review, the origin of which was so closely connected with him. The public is generally aware that he was one of the projectors of that far-famed journal. Indeed, in the very first number of it he published those views on the Currency which afterwards figured in the report of the Bullion Committee. We quote a little gossip from his journal relative to the success of

the starting number, and which pays the highest compliment to Mr. Jeffrey, its editor.

Before I proceed to speak of my own studies, I shall make a short memorandum with respect to the reception which the first number of our Review has met with in Edinburgh, for we have not yet got an account of its fate in London. Upon the whole, I do not think we have gained much character by it; it is considered as respectable enough in point of talents, but the severity, in some of the papers it may be called scurrility, has given general dissatisfaction. In the next number, we must soften our tone, and be more indulgent to folly and bad taste. Jeffrey is the person who will derive most honour from this publication, as his articles in this number are generally known, and are incomparably the best: I have received the greater pleasure from this circumstance, because the genius of that little man has remained almost unknown to all but his most intimate acquaintances. His manner is not at first pleasing; what is worse, it is of that cast, which almost irresistibly impresses upon strangers the idea of levity and superficial talents. Yet there is not any man whose real character is so much the reverse; he has indeed a very sportive and playful fancy, but it is accompanied with very extensive and varied information, with a readiness of apprehension almost intuitive, with judicious and calm discernment, with a profound and penetrating understanding. Indeed, both in point of candour and of vigour in the reasoning powers, I have never personally known a finer intellect than Jeffrey's, unless I were to except Allen's.

Mr. Horner read character well, and therefore could appreciate a graphic sketch when made by another. Take as a specimen his report of Windham's account of Pitt.

Mr. Windham, speaking of Pitt, described him as being without affectation in the least, much above vanity. He considers him as having suffered greatly by having been introduced too soon to office, and losing the opportunities of seeing men and manners, except as a minister, not the most favourable way (Mr. Windham added) of seeing men: had he only seen them for a little while, as his father did, in the army. In preparing his measures, he thinks more of the House of Commons than of their operation; satisfied if they will look well in statement—like those improvers of ground, who will build you a house that shall look most picturesque to spectators on the outside, though within it be incommodious. Mr. Windham instanced the Parish Recruit Bill, and said this was the most satisfactory solution he had been able to give of Pitt's failure in this and many other plans, when Mr. Fox had observed to him, that surely these were occasions on which it was Pitt's interest to summon all his talents. Speaking of his going through military details—military cars, rockets, catamarans, &c., Windham observed, that Pitt's judgment on such matters was generally bad, though he had a great talent in stating them. On another occasion, with Ward and John Ponsonby, when there was a great deal of conversation about the exercises and sports of the common people, the impolicy of suppressing them, &c., and when we ran over the names of different public men in the state and the law, whose opinions upon such a point of policy might come to be of importance,

He has acted in that a more temperate and peaceable part than I had previously given him credit for; but it is manifest that his conduct is inconsistent with itself, that all he had done before required him to go on, and that he had advanced too far in the popular race to turn back. His popularity is accordingly very much impaired. The agitators and desperate spirits have had it proved to them, that he is not a leader for them, and has not mettle enough; and the good-hearted mob have found, to their disappointment, that whether it be want of courage, or too good a taste, he will not always enter into all their noise. The more intelligent of his party must be satisfied, that he is deficient in resolution, and cannot always be depended on. His powers of doing mischief are diminished, therefore, if he ever had any mischievous designs, which I do not believe; and if the public were once satisfied that he is no longer popular with the multitude, and thereby formidable, I think he has qualities that would enable him, in his way, to do good occasionally, and to assist other public men in doing good in theirs. Vain he is, no doubt, and always acting upon the suggestions of others, and those often inferior to himself; but he has a prompt indignation against injustice and oppression, one of the best elements of the passion for liberty; and by great and fortunate labour, he has acquired a talent for speaking in public. I believe he loves his country and the ancient institutions. I think, too, he has considerable candour in judging of the talents as well as motives of other men; but there have been some symptoms of a very pitiful jealousy towards those who have interfered with him in his own line of Westminster popularity. He has rendered himself a remarkable man, though I fear he is not likely to do any great or lasting service to the public: his late transactions have extended his popularity beyond the capital, to which it was confined before; but in the end they have lessened it in the capital.

Perhaps a still more felicitous portraiture for accuracy, honesty, and discrimination, is that of Samuel Whitbread.

The event that has most agitated me since I parted from you, is the death of Whitbread, which you mentioned with sentiments that gave me a real pleasure; for I shall ever respect his memory, and with something like affection too, for the large portion of my life which, in a certain sense, I consider as having been passed with him, and for the impression he had made upon me of his being one of the most just, upright, and intrepid of public men. As a statesman, I never regarded him at all; he had no knowledge of men or affairs, to fit him for administration; his education had been very limited, and its defects were not supplied by any experience of real political business; but he must always stand high in the list of that class of public men, the peculiar growth of England and of the House of Commons, who perform great services to their country, and hold a considerable place in the sight of the world, by fearlessly expressing in that assembly the censure that is felt by the public, and by being as it were the organ of that public opinion, which, in some measure, keeps our statesmen to their duty. His force of character and ability, seconded by his singular activity, had, in the present absence of all men of genius and ascendancy from the House, given him a pre-eminence, which almost marks the last years of Parliament with

the stamp of his peculiar manner. His loss will lead to a change of this: in all points of taste and ornament, and in the skill too and prudence of debate, the change may probably be for the better; but it will be long before the people and the constitution are supplied in the House of Commons with a tribune of the same vigilance, assiduity, perseverance and courage, as Samuel Whitbread. The manner of his death quite overwhelmed me, I could think of nothing else for days together; nor do I remember, in our own time, another catastrophe so morally impressive, as the instantaneous failure of all that constancy, and rectitude, and inflexibility of mind, which seemed possessions that could be lost only with life; yet all the while there was a speck morbid in the body, which rendered them as precarious as life itself.

Among the stock questions which agitate Parliament and the country, that of the Corn Laws appears to be the most obdurate and lasting, and of course it occupied the mind of Horner; calling forth from him the most deliberately formed and calmly expressed judgment. He wrote in the following terms to a friend at the period when an effort was made to resist the imposition of these laws:

There is certainly no foundation for the distinction with which I am honoured, it seems, at Edinburgh, of being a convert to the Corn Bill. The more I have read upon the subject, and the more I hear upon it, I get morefirmly fixed in my original opinion, that nothing should be done; of course it will be carried with a loud clamour, and with much abuse of all *lackland* theorists. It wouldbe as absurd to expect men to be reasonable about corn, as to be reasonable in matters of religion. I do not imagine any new discovery is made about the relation of the price of labour to that of grain, or the effects of scarcity or plenty upon wages. The principles upon which all such effects must depend, are obvious to every one who understands the operation of demand and supply upon prices; indeed, they are all an application of that single principle. A great many cases are necessary to be put, in order to distinguish the various effects of scarcity or plenty upon wages, according to the nature of the particular employment in which labour is to be paid for; but even when the effects are the most opposite, it is still the operation of the same principle. All this is stated well enough by Adam Smith, towards the end of his chapter on the Wages of Labour. The most important convert the landholders have got, is Malthus, who has now declared himself in favour of their Bill; and, to be sure, there is not a better or more informed judgment, and it is the single authority which staggers me. But those who have looked closely into his philosophy will admit, that there is always a leaning in favour of the efficacy of laws; and his early bias was for corn laws in particular. It was a great effort of candour, in truth, to suspend his decision upon this particular measure so long. I think I could demonstrate, from his own principles of population, that if this measure is effectual at all, it must be attended with great misery among the manufacturing classes, as well as among the labourers in husbandry; and with a violent forced alteration of that proportion, in this country, between agricultural and manufacturing population and capital, which the freedom of both has

adjusted, and would continue to maintain, better and more lightly for all the people, than can be effected by all the wisdom of all the squires of the island, with the political arithmeticians to boot.

To Mr. Malthus he also sent a letter which contained these weighty views:

You will think me very hardened, but I must own that my old faith is not shaken by your reasonings; on the contrary, I am even so perverse, as to think I have discovered, among your ingenious deductions respecting rent, some fresh and cogent arguments in favour of a free corn trade for this country; by which I always mean, as free a trade as we can secure by our own good sense, however it may be impaired by the deficiency of our neighbours in that qualification. If the consequence of "high farming" and curious cultivation be a progressive rise of the price of produce, an importation of partial supplies from countries, which by a ruder agriculture can furnish it cheaper, seems the provision laid by nature for checking too exclusive an employment of capital upon the land least fit for culture. It would be a palpable sacrifice of the end to the means, if, for the sake of extending our most finished husbandry to every sterile ridge that can be forced to yield something, we must impose upon the whole body of the people extravagant prices for the necessaries of life. Nor do I see, upon your peculiar principles, what other result there would be, if Dartmoor and Blackstone Edge were laid out in terraces of garden-ground, but a population always in some peril of being starved, if their rulers will not let them eat the superfluity of their neighbours.

With regard to the opinion which the agriculturists maintained, that a continuation of low prices would, in spite of a diminution of rents, destroy farming capital, and diminish produce, he answered that those who make this prediction, "speak upon the supposition of the present rents being still to be paid;" also taking generally for granted this fallacy, "that with low prices, and continued low prices, all the expenses and out-goings of a farm are still to keep at their present rate." He adds the following doctrines and smart hits:

In considering the influence of a low price of corn upon the condition and comforts of the labourer, you have wholly omitted this consideration, that such a fall will release thousands and tens of thousands from the parochial pauper list, and restore them to the pride of earning their bread by free labour. I could not read without indignation, in the evidence of Mr. Benett, of Pyt House, who seems the very model of a witness for Corn Committees, this cool statement of the rule he makes, and unmakes for the distribution of rations of provender and fodder among the prædial slaves of a whole district of Wiltshire. It is this audacious and presumptuous spirit of regulating, by the wisdom of country squires, the whole economy and partition of national industry and wealth, that makes me more keenly averse to this Corn Bill of theirs than I should have been in earlier days of our time, when the principles of rational government were more widely understood, and were maintained by stronger hands at the head of affairs.

The narrow conceit of managing the happiness of the labouring population and of directing the application of industry, as well as the competition of the market, works in the present day upon a much larger scale than when it busied itself with the peculiar items of the foreign trade.

To dilate in our pages on the loss which the country sustained by the premature decease of such a deep economist, constitutional lawyer, and rising statesman, would serve no good purpose. We only observe that at the moment of his death, and before the world had been made acquainted with the melancholy event, all parties would have been ready to pronounce and predict of him that no public man ever offered more solid or ample grounds for placing reliance in his continued integrity and zeal; just as at this day all must be convinced, that had he lived to a ripe age, he must have lent the most valuable services on such vital questions as Lord Holland alludes to in a letter to Mr. Horner himself, a portion of which we quote. Says his lordship,—

I agree with you in most of your points, but not quite in the same degree. Retrenchment and economy, which must include suppression of sinecures in future, and as far as the rights of property (established by legal decision) admit, the reform of those now existing, as well as the reduction of many useless places, miscalled the splendour of the crown, are absolutely necessary to give any party, who wishes to do good, authority and weight with the people. They must go. The community are punished, and severely punished, for their base acquiescence in liberticide wars, by their present distresses. I am not so sorry for that as I ought to be. But let ministers and the court be punished too, and a useful lesson will be inculcated, that rash and unprincipled wars cannot be entered into without (even in the case of success) the people risking their prosperity, ministers their power and influence, and kings and courts a part of their beloved splendour. It is through the unpopularity of the expenditure that we must get at the foreign system of politics, which, in my conscience, I think the cause of it. As to parliamentary reform, the industry of the violent party, and the talents, I must own, of one among them, seem to have made a deep impression; but I do not despair of getting over that difficulty well. There are many of our best friends out of parliament, and many too, who were not our friends till now, who are anxious to support retrenchment, and to change foreign policy, and to dismiss ministers, and yet, though reformers, are no great sticklers for any very violent reform, and are both disgusted and alarmed at the language of Cobbett, Hunt, and Cochrane. They are, I hear, of their own accord, and without any concert with us, to have a great dinner in Westminster, at which their resolutions will be such as we must all approve; though perhaps, on the subject of sinecures, some of them will be a little more peremptory than we could wish; but the fact is, they are eyesores, neither beautiful to the sight nor useful to the body; while they remain, we can make no progress in courting the community, and they must be lopped off.

ART. XIII.—*Incidents of Travel in Yucatan.* By JOHN L. STEPHENS. 2. vols. Murray.

MR. STEPHENS, the adventurous traveller and liveliest of narrators; Mr. Catherwood, an artist; and Dr. Cabot, a naturalist as well as physician, formed the party that on the present occasion furnish us with so many incidents and interesting descriptions. In our recent notice of Mr. Norman's wanderings and explorations in Yucatan, we spoke in hopeful anticipation of Stephens's promised work and second journey into that teeming world of antiquities, and that still heaves with a nameless multitude and variety of relics of some by-gone age, which have never been by civilized moderns visited, much less examined. Indeed, it is no every-day undertaking to go into the regions in question, even when peace prevails among men; for not to speak of mosquitos and other hateful vermin, nor of the sickness to be encountered at certain seasons, and in the vicinity of stagnant spots where vegetation is so rank and unsubduable, you have to meet with severe obstacles should your object be to seek out the ruined cities and the marvellous monuments that crowd the almost impenetrable forests, were these but in the shape of the briary and matted brushwood that choke up the path to the most interesting of remains that can present themselves to an antiquarian investigation.

Our readers may remember how strongly excited Mr. Stephens was on his first visit to Yucatan, by the antiquities which everywhere abound in that country, and which in some districts appear actually to leave no intervening spaces of barrenness. His second journey had therefore not merely the advantage of preparedness for wonders and endless discoveries, but a considerable amount of experience, together with a high-wrought degree of enthusiasm; so that had he had nothing on this occasion to describe but architectural ruins and strewn sculptures, the volumes by such a picturesque penman would have been engaging and instructive in no ordinary degree. But then there is added, and everywhere interspersed, anecdotes of persons whose manners and customs are far removed from our own, and accounts of incidents of travel, the travellers having a character admirably calculated to create incidents, while the penman cannot be surpassed for vivacity, good nature, or taking with ease whatever may chance to offer itself, however rough or out-of-the way the scene; so that one may be sure that the work is remarkable even among those that are highly esteemed for their mingled amusement and information.

Our readers would not thank us in these circumstances were we to detain them longer at the threshlod from the feast that is here spread out; or do more than link by the shortest ties the extracts for which we have room. Well then, we are off with the trio, and first alight at Merida, where among other charmingly described scenes,

quite apart from the researches which Mr. Stephens had principally in view, we have this of the Daguerréotype copyings and creations:

Having made trials upon ourselves until we were tired of the subjects, and with satisfactory results, we considered ourselves sufficiently advanced to begin; and as we intended to practice for the love of the art, and not for lucre, we held that we had a right to select our subjects. Accordingly, we had but to signify our wishes, and the next morning put our house in order for the reception of our fair visitors. We cleared everything out of the hammock; took the washhand basin off the chair, and threw odds and ends into one corner; and as the sun was pouring its rays warmly and brightly into our door, it was farther lighted up by the entry of three young ladies, with their respective papas and mammas. We had great difficulty in finding them all seats, and were obliged to put the two mammas into the hammock together. The young ladies were dressed in their prettiest costume, with earrings and chains, and their hair adorned with flowers. All were pretty, and one was much more than pretty; not in the style of Spanish beauty, with dark eyes and hair, but a delicate and dangerous blonde, simple, natural and unaffected, beautiful without knowing it, and really because she could not help it. Her name, too, was poetry itself. I am bound to single her out, for, late on the evening of our departure from Merida, she sent us a large cake, measuring about three feet in circumference by six inches deep, which by-the-way, everything being packed up, I smothered into a pair of saddle-bags, and spoiled some of my scanty stock of wearing apparel. The ceremonies of the reception over, we made immediate preparations to begin. Much form and circumstance were necessary in settling preliminaries; and as we were in no hurry to get rid of our subjects, we had more formalities than usual to go through with. Our first subject was the lady of the poetical name. It was necessary to hold a consultation upon her costume, whether the colours were pretty and such as would be brought out well or not; whether a scarf around the neck was advisable; whether the hair was well arranged, the rose becoming, and in the best position; then to change it, and consider the effect of the change, and to say and do many other things which may suggest themselves to the reader's imagination, and all which gave rise to many profound remarks in regard to artistical effect, and occupied much time. The lady being arrayed to the best advantage, it was necessary to seat her with reference to a right adjustment of light and shade; to examine carefully the falling of the light upon her face; then to consult whether it was better to take a front or a side view; to look at the face carefully in both positions; and, finally, it was necessary to secure the head in the right position; that it should be neither too high nor too low; too much on one side nor on the other; and as this required great nicety, it was sometimes actually indispensable to turn the beautiful little head with our own hands, which, however, was a very innocent way of turning a young lady's head. Next it was necessary to get the young lady into focus—that is, to get her into the box, which, in short, means, to get a reflection of her face on the glass in the camera obscura at that one particular point of view which presented it better than any other; and when this was obtained, the miniature likeness of the object was so faith-

fully reflected, that, as artists carried away by enthusiasm, we were obliged to call in the papas and mammas, who pronounced it beautiful—to which dictum we were in courtesy obliged to respond. The plate was now cleaned, put into the box, and the light shut off. Now came a trying time for the young lady. She must neither open her lips nor roll her eyes for one minute and thirty seconds by the watch. This eternity at length ended, and the plate was taken out. So far our course had been before the wind. Every new formailty had but increased our importance in the eyes of our fair visitors and their respectable companions. Mr. Catherwood retired to the adjoining room to put the plate in the mercury bath, while we, not knowing what the result might be, a little fearful, and neither wishing to rob another of the honour he might be justly entitled to, nor to be dragged down by another's failure, thought best to have it distinctly understood that Mr. Catherwood was the maestro, and that we were merely amateurs.

The young lady's image, it turned out, was stamped upon the plate, and made a picture which enchanted her as well as her critical friends. Nor were the experiments upon the other dames less successful. The practice of the travellers therefore continued; all the good results being extensively shown, and the poor ones carefully kept out of sight. No wonder then that the reputation of the artists increased, varied however by some amusing occurrences and peculiarities.

There was one interesting incident connected with our short career of practice. Among the portraits put forth was one of a lady, which came to the knowledge of a gentleman particularly interested in the fair original. This gentleman had never taken any especial notice of us before, but now he called upon us, and very naturally the conversation turned upon that art of which we were then professors. The portrait of this lady was mentioned, and by the time he had finished his third straw cigar, he unburdened himself of the special object of his visit, which was to procure a protrait of her for himself. This seemed natural enough, and we assented, provided he would get her to sit; but he did not wish either her or her friends to know anything about it. This *was* a difficulty. It was not very easy to take it by stealth. However strong an impression a young lady may make by a glance upon some substances, she can do nothing upon a silver plate. Here she requires the aid of iodine, bromine, and mercury. But the young man was fertile in expedients. He said that we could easily make some excuse, promising her something more perfect, and in making two or three impressions, could slip one away for him. This was by no means a bad suggestion, at least, so far as he was concerned, but we had some qualms of conscience. While we were deliberating, a matter was introduced, which, perhaps, lay as near Doctor Cabot's heart as the young lady did that of our friend. That was a pointer or setter dog for hunting, of which the doctor was in great want. The gentleman said he had one—the only one in Merida—and he would give it for the portrait. It was rather an odd proposition, but to offer a dog for his mistress's portrait was very different from offering his mistress's portrait for a dog. It was clear that the young man was in a bad way; he would lay down his life, give up smoking, part with

his dog, or commit any other extravagance. The case was touching. The doctor was really interested; and, after all, what harm could it do? The doctor and I went back to look at the dog, but it turned out to be a mere pup, entirely unbroken, and what the result might have been I do not know, but all further negotiations were broken off by the result of our out-of-door practice and disgust for the business.

The Doctor had his full share of popularity and applause on account of his wondrous skill in his own particular line, especially in the cure of strabismus. The operation was performed on several, but we can afford room only for the story of one patient.

At ten o'clock the doctor's subject made his appearance. He was the son of a widow lady of very respectable family, about fourteen years old, but small of stature, and presenting, even to the most casual glance, the stamp of a little gentleman. He had large black eyes, but, unluckily, their expression was very much injured by an inward squint. With the light heart of boyhood, however, he seemed indifferent to his personal appearance, and came, as he said, because his mother told him to do so. His handsome person, and modest and engaging manners, gave us immediately a strong interest in his favour. He was accompanied by the gentleman who had spoken of bringing him, Dr. Bado a Guatimalian, educated in Paris, the oldest and principal physician of Merida, and by several friends of the family, whom we did not know. Preparations were commenced immediately. The first movement was to bring out a long table near the window, and then to spread upon it a mattress and pillow, and upon these to spread the boy. Until the actual moment of operating, the precise character of this new business had not presented itself to my mind, and altogether it opened by no means so favourably as Daguerreotype practice. Not aiming to be technical, but desiring to give the reader the benefit of such scraps of learning as I pick up in my travels, modern science has discovered that the eye is retained in its orbit by six muscles, which pull it up and down, inward and outward, and that the undue contraction of either of these muscles, produces that obliquity called squinting, which was once supposed to proceed from convulsions in childhood, or other unknown causes. The cure discovered is the cutting of the contracted muscle, by means of which the eye falls immediately into its proper place. This muscle lies under the surface; and, as it is necessary to pass through the membrane of the eye, the cutting cannot be done with a broadaxe or a handsaw. In fact it requires a knowledge of the anatomy of the eye, manual dexterity, fine instruments, and Mr. Catherwood and myself for assistants. Our patient remained perfectly quiet, with his little hands folded across his breast; but while the knife was cutting through the muscle, he gave one groan, so piteous and heart-rending, that it sent into the next room all who were not immediately engaged. But before the sound of the groan had died away, the operation was over, and the boy rose with his eye bleeding, but perfectly straight. A bandage was tied over it, and with a few directions for its treatment, amid the congratulations and praises of all present, and wearing the same smile with which he had entered, the little fellow walked off to his mother.

The travellers left Merida on the 12th of November, 1841. The next place at which we will halt with them was Uxmal, where they made a considerable stay. Unfortunately the dry season was later of setting in than usual, and they were exposed to the evils of dampness and pestilential exhalations. They had even some difficulty to procure a fire, and were at length obliged to engage the services of the Indian boy who had cleared the way to the dwelling where they were to take up their residence. The little fellow's skill and patience are set forth in the author's excellent and humane manner in the following passage; for he is never at a loss for an incident, or in finding a scene.

We intimated to him by signs that we wanted a fire, and without paying any respect to what we had done, he began in his own way, with a scrap of cotton, which he picked up from the ground, and, lighting it, blew it gently in his folded hands till it was all ignited. He then laid it on the floor, and, throwing aside all the material we had been using, looked around carefully, and gathered up some little sticks, not larger than matches, which he laid against the ignited cotton, with one point on the ground and the other touching the fire. Then kneeling down, he encircled the nascent fire with his two hands, and blew gently on it, with his mouth so close as almost to touch it. A slight smoke rose above the palms of his hands, and in a few minutes he stopped blowing. Placing the little sticks carefully together, so that all their points touched the fire, he went about picking up others a little larger than the first, and laying them in order one by one. With the circumference of his hands a little extended, he again began blowing gently; the smoke rose a little stronger than before. From time to time, he gently changed the position of the sticks, and resumed his blowing. At length he stopped, but whether in despair or satisfied with the result seemed doubtful. He had a few little sticks with a languishing fire at one end, which might be extinguished by dropping a few tears over it. We had not only gone beyond this, but had raised a large flame, which had afterwards died away. Still there was a steadiness, an assurance in his manner that seemed to say he knew what he was about. At all events, we had nothing to do but to watch him. Making a collection of larger sticks, and again arranging them in the same way as before, taking care not to put them so close together as to smother the fire, with a circumference too large for the space of his hands, but of materials so light as easily to be thrown into confusion, he again commenced blowing, so gently as not to disturb a single stick, and yet to the full power that the arrangement would bear. The wood seemed to feel the influence of his cherishing care, and a full body of smoke rose up to gladden us, and bring tears into his eyes. With the same imperturbable industry, unconscious of our admiration, he went on again, having now got up to sticks as large as the finger. These he coaxed along with many tears, and at the next size he saved his own wind and used his petata, or straw hat. A gentle blaze rose in the whole centre of the pile; still he coaxed it along, and by degrees brought on sticks as large as his arm, which by a gentle waving of his hat, in a few minutes were all ignited. Our un-

certainty was at an end. The whole pile was in in a blaze, and all four of us went busily to work gathering fuel.

Our purpose is not, on the present occasion, to occupy much of our space with antiquarian discovery and description; for without the prints from Mr. Catherwood's drawings, the proper effect of the letter-press matter cannot be conveyed. How much more valuable must the two and wedded methods now become, owing to the destruction of the large collection of antiquities, which the party made, by fire, after they had reached the United States! Still, we must afford some idea of the discoveries of our author as well as of his enterprise, curiosity, and happy mode of expressing what he feels. Having paid a visit to a certain ruin which presented walls of vast thickness, he thus proceeds,—

Such thickness was not necessary for the support of the building, and, supposing it might contain some hidden passages, we determined to make a breach through the wall, and to do this in the centre apartment. I must confess that I felt some repugnance to this work of demolition, but one stone had already been picked out by an Indian to serve for mashing maize upon; and as this was likely to be done at any time when another might be wanted, I got over my scruples. Over the cavity left in the mortar by the removal of the stone were two conspicuous marks, which afterward stared us in the face in all the ruined buildings of the country. They were the prints of a red hand with the thumb and fingers extended, not drawn or painted, but stamped by the living hand, the pressure of the palm upon the stone. He who made it had stood before it alive as we did, and pressed his hand, moistened with red paint, hard against the stone. The seams and creases of the palm were clear and distinct in the impression. There was something lifelike about it that waked exciting thoughts, and almost presented the images of the departed inhabitants hovering about the building. And there was one striking feature about these hands; they were exceedingly small. Either of our own spread over and completely hid them; and this was interesting from the fact that we had ourselves remarked, and heard remarked by others, the smallness of the hands and feet as a striking feature in the physical conformation of the Indians at the present day.

The engravings from Mr. Catherwood's drawings amount to one hundred and twenty in number, and therefore he cannot have been idle in his vocation. While the artist pursued his special office, Mr. Stephens, of course, was eager in his proper department, which comprised not merely the searchings after ruins, the penetrating of their recesses, and measuring of their dimensions, &c., but the study of manners and customary scenes among the people, whether these characterised the Indians, or the race originally of European growth. We shall quote some notices which have a commercial interest, the author having gathered the particulars at the fair of Jalacho, whither he hied with the view of purchasing horses. He observes,—

No one pretends to ride a trotting horse in Yucatan, for he who does labours under the imputaion of not being able to purchase a pacer. The finest horses in the country in appearance are those imported; but the Yucatan horses, though small, are remarkably hardy, require no care, and endure an extraordinary degree of fatigue. Night came on, and the plaza was alive with people and brilliant with lights. On one side, opposite the church, along the corridors of the houses and in front of them, were rows of tables, with cards and dice, which were very soon crowded with players, whites and Mestizoes; but the great scene of attraction was the gathering of Indians in the centre of the plaza. It was the hour of supper, and the small merchants had abundant custom for their eatables. Turkeys which had stood tied by one leg all day, inviting people to come and eat them, were now ready, of which for a medio two men had a liberal allowance; and I remarked, what I had heard of, but had not seen before, that grains of cacao circulated among the Indians as money. Every merchant or vendor of eatables, the most of whom were women, had on a table a pile of these grains, which they were constantly counting and exchanging with the Indians. There is no copper money in Yucatan, nor any coin whatever under a medio, or six and a quarter cents, and this deficiency is supplied by these grains of cacao. The medio is divided into twenty parts, generally of five grains each, but the number is increased or decreased according to the quantity of the article in the market, and its real value. As the earnings of the Indians are small, and the articles they purchase are the mere necessaries of life, which are very cheap, these grains of cacao, or fractional parts of a medio, are the coin in most common use among them.

We return for a moment to the subject of antiquities, in order to present an account of our author's eagerness and nerve in penetrating the cave of Maycanu, which had an evil reputation. Several persons had traced its secret passages to some distance with a string held outside, but had turned back with some degree of superstitious dread, the universal belief being that it contained passages without number and without end. Mr. Stephens had a considerable retinue with him, but not one would follow him into the windings of the cave. He therefore proceeded alone, having stationed one man at the entrance with a ball of twine, after having tied one end of it round his left wrist:—

I entered with a candle in one hand and a pistol in the other. The entrance faces the west. The mouth was filled up with rubbish, scrambling over which, I stood in a narrow passage or gallery, constructed, like all the apartments above ground, with smooth walls and triangular arched ceiling. This passage was about four feet wide, and seven feet high to the top of the arch. It ran due east, and at the distance of six or eight yards opened into another, or rather was stopped by another crossing it, and running north and south. I took first that on the right hand, running south. At the distance of a few yards, on the right side of the wall, I found a door filled up, and at the distance of thirty-five feet the passage ended, and a door opened at right angles on the left into another gallery running due east. Follow-

ing this, at the distance of thirteen feet I found another gallery on the left, running north, and beyond it, at the end, still another, also on the left, and running north, four yards long, and then walled up, with only an opening in it about a foot square. Turning back, I entered the gallery which I had passed, and which ran north eight or ten yards; at the end was a doorway on the right, opening into a gallery that ran east. At the end of this were six steps, each one foot high and two wide, leading to another gallery, which ran north twelve yards, at the end there came another gallery on the left, which ran west ten yards, and at the end of this another on the right, running north about sixty feet. This passage was walled up at the north end, and at the distance of five yards from this end another doorway led into a passage running to the east. At the distance of four yards a gallery crossed this at right angles, running north and south, forty-five feet long, and walled up at both ends; and three or four yards farther on another gallery crossed it, also running north and south. This last was walled up at the south, and on the north led to still another gallery, which ran east three yards long. This was stopped by another gallery crossing it, running to the south three yards, when it was walled up, and to the north eight yards, when it turned to the west.

The explorer was not, however, without his fears, although we are not to suppose that these partook of superstition. He says,—

I was not entirely free from the apprehension of starting some wild animal, and moved slowly and very cautiously. In the mean time, in turning the corners, my twine would be entangled, and the Indians, moved by the probability of getting no pay, entered to clear it, and by degrees all came up with me in a body. I got a glimpse of their torches behind me just as I was turning into a new passage, and at the moment I was startled by a noise which sent me back rather quickly, and completely routed them. It proceeded from a rushing of bats, and, having a sort of horror of these beastly birds, this was an ugly place to meet them in, for the passage was so low, and there was so little room for a flight over head, that in walking upright there was great danger of their striking the face. It was necessary to move with the head bent down, and protecting the lights from the flapping of their wings. Nevertheless, every step was exciting, and called up recollections of the Pyramids and tombs of Egypt, and I could not but believe that these dark and intricate passages would introduce me to some large saloon, or perhaps some royal sepulchre. Belzoni, and the tomb of Cephrenes and its alabaster sarcophagus, were floating through my brain, when all at once I found the passage choked up and effectually stopped. The ceiling had fallen in, crushed by a great mass of superincumbent earth, and farther progress was utterly impossible

The fallen-in ceiling was the cause of great disappointment. Still he had seen enough to convince him that the labyrinth had not been hewn out of the rock, but built up in a mound, lending strength to his opinion, that the wondrous ruins of Yucatan may all have their

intricate passages leading to chambers such as have been discovered in the tombs and Pyramids on the banks of the Nile; thus suggesting to him that there remain in these mysterious recesses scenes and scope for disinterrings similiar to what attended the perseverance and research of Belzoni.

We must hasten to a close, and do so with a description of some modern fancies and relics, visited and examined in the church of Nohcahad. Here it is the fashion to preserve skulls with inscriptions in Spanish labelled upon them, and therefore a fertile field for the philosophy offers itself of your Hamlets, yet not an unfitting one for the pen and cosmopolitan disposition of our author:—

Near this were the bones of a brother of our friend the cura of Ticul and those of a child, and in the choir of the church, in the embrazure of a large window, were rows of skulls, all labelled on the forehead, and containing startling inscriptions. I took up one, and staring me in the face were the words, "Soy Pedro Morena: un Ave Maria y un Padre nuestro por Dios, hermano." "I am Peter Moreno: an Ave Maria and Paternoster for God's sake, brother." Another said, "I am Apolono Balche: a Paternoster and an Ave Maria for God's sake, brother." This was an old schoolmaster of the padrecito, who had died but two years before. The padrecito handed me another, which said, "I am Bartola Arana: a Paternoster," &c. This was the skull of a Spanish lady whom he had known, young and beautiful, but it could not be distinguished from that of the oldest and ugliest Indian woman. "I am Anizetta Bib," was that of a pretty young Indian girl whom he had married, and who died but a year afterward. I took them all up one by one; the padrecito knew them all; one was young, another old; one rich, another poor; one ugly, and another beautiful; but here they were all alike. Every skull bore the name of its owner, and all begged a prayer. One said, "I am Richard Joseph de la Merced Truxeque and Arana, who died the twenty-ninth of April of the year 1838, I am enjoying the kingdom of God for ever." This was the skull of a child, which, dying without sin, had ascended to heaven, and needed not the prayers of man. In one corner was a mourning box, painted black, with a white border, containing the skull of an uncle of the padrecito. On it was written in Spanish, "In this box is enclosed the skull of Friar Vicente Ortigon, who died in the village of Cuhul in the year 1820. I beseech thee, pious and charitable reader, to intercede with God for his soul, repeating an Ave Maria and a Paternoster, that he may be released from purgatory, if he should be there, and may go to enjoy the kingdom of heaven. Whoever the reader may be, God will reward his charity. 26th of July, 1837." The writing bore the name of Juana Hernandez, the mother of the deceased, an old lady then living in the house of the mother of the padrecito.

ART. XIV.—*The Miscellaneous Poems and Essays of Robert Bigsby, K.T.F., LL.D., &c.* Whittaker.

Is the reign of poetry for ever gone from amongst us? How cometh it that poetry is regarded as a drug by the reading classes,—the most unsaleable thing in the market, and that the moment a book is seen to be one of poems, nothing is more common than to toss it aside utterly unread, not even opened? Now, we strive not to seek for all the causes of such a literary phenomenon and phasis of taste; nor shall we look closely into any one of them. This much at least is true, and works with potent force,—the country is drugged with *poetry*, that is verse; nay, nearly all that scribble deem themselves poets, so that it seemeth as if each man had experienced a surfeit of the commodity, or fancied that he had a sufficiency of it at home to serve his purpose fully and well. Doubtless there is a class of readers who entertain a thorough despite of the thing, assigning it wholesale to dreamers and silly bodies,—to boarding-school folks and such like. These contemners are your practical and wise people, who talk largely of the march of civilization, of the intellectual development of the age, and perhaps of our mechanical institutions. They are the rail-road gentry,—the persons who patronize that view of economical science that leads to the monotony and hardness of grindstone life.

We are aware that a philosopher, whose sentiments may be as cold and obdurate as the adamant, might interest you with a view of the case,—that is, of the real and the literal, *versus* the ideal and the essential, by dilating on the principles of reaction, and account for the present low estimate of poetry by arguing that a golden age necessarily gives way to one of iron. We confess that the doctrine affords us hope in this way,—that it seems but necessary and fair that in course of time the softer and brighter metal should resume its supremacy and popularity; although we have no objections to a change in the shape and character of the coin that issues from the bullion throne; so as to show that the new era in the history of the old dynasty had something original and independent about it.

But to come back to our starting point,—it cannot be gainsaid that the country is inundated with verse; and so rare a thing it is to meet with a limpid stream of it, that persons of refinement who would wish to drink daily of the sweet waters, are repelled from searching after them by the recollection of the many instances in which they were misled by a promise of purity and health-giving, to take into their mouths that which was insipid and tasteless in the extreme, or at best the mere distillations and adulterations of what had been preserved of genuine founts.

The multitude of living versifiers and feeble imitators, compared with the small band of true poets, to the perversion of the minds of one large class of readers, and to the disgust of another, has operated, we fear, injuriously as regards the celebrity which the poems before us rightfully merit, and which will, we trust, sooner or later be accorded to them. In our number for December last we took notice of the volume in the pages of the Monthly Review, expressing a hearty admiration both of the essays and the poetic pieces. That notice, however, at the time appeared to us to be quite inadequate; and we intimated that our intention had been to have devoted considerable room to the work. The impression of inadequacy abiding, and a more careful perusal of the book having taken place, with the most cordial alacrity we return to it, with the view not merely of declaring that we are prepared to repeat every word made use of on the occasion referred to, and of thus endeavouring to advance the interests of sound taste and elegant literature, were it only by inducing a few to look into the volume and judge for themselves, but of enriching our pages with beautiful extracts, not unwilling that to us should belong the honour of proving heralds of so much excellence.

Dr. Bigsby cherishes a just and generous conception of the realm and rights of poetry. Proofs of this deeply grounded view everywhere appear in the miscellaneous collection; in the prose pieces, as well as in the versified. The essay on "Poetry and Poets" furnishes fine illustrations. But the idea in the article named, to which we now more particularly attend, is one that is suggestive to us that a regeneration may not be far distant in the poetic department of literature, in spite of the materialism, the turmoil and toil of the broad-daylight world. After observing that a "life of contemplative solitude amid the meadows or mountains, or deep sylvan recesses of the country, seems most peculiarly adapted to inspire the poet with his loftiest flights of fancy and sentiment," and citing instances which may appear to confirm this view, he, on the other hand, remarks on the fact that neither Switzerland nor Wales have ever produced a writer of original genius; while Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton gave birth to their immortal works amidst the crowds and smoke of London. Why then, we ask, may not a school of poetry be created and bred by and during an iron dynasty, as strong, healthful, original, and generative as any that ever immortalized the names of men? Certain it is that the whole world teems with materials for the culture of the muse, for awakening the imagination, for inspiring gifted souls with the loftiest enthusiasm and sublime teachings. Even pinching poverty we know cannot chill her heart or repress her song. Poetry is creative, and at the same time it deals with the essential truth of things. It is the noblest of all the gifts which have been conferred on man; or rather, perhaps, there is nothing truly noble and everlasting in man's nature and endowments than can be sepa-

rated from the poetic spark. What then may not poetic genius of a high and master order not perform? It is a most potent spell, and soon may the magician's wand have its legitimate triumph in the walks of literature, and to the dethronement of a despotic materialism.

Dr. Bigsby's pages abound with splendid bursts of homage to genius, and with warm descriptions of its creative might and perfect lovingness.

> By genius I mean not the inferior flame
> That guides to excellence in works of art,
> Of learning, or of science; but that high
> Soul-seated concentration of the powers
> Of mental vision, which, as if endued
> With spirit-faculties withdrawn from earth,
> Sees and converses, by a spell sublime—
> A charm of giant strength—with things that lie
> Mysteriously hid from common search:
> Features of minds aerial! visioned forth
> Alone to him who hath the gifted sense
> Of their enjoyment!
> * * * * * *
> —it beholds, mirrored in seraph-hues,
> A combination of high, spiritual truths,
> And moral evidences, still enwrought,
> As gold with meaner substance, in the web
> Of her unseen existence; and reserved
> In mystical concealment from all hearts
> Save his, but born to read her inmost stores!
> 'Tis this high faculty, which stamps sublime
> The poet's treasured gift—the gift of Heaven!
> Key of a fairer World of Bliss below!

Genius and the poet are, of course, in the highest use of the terms, synonymous in Dr. Bigsby's vocabulary and verses. Thus, in one of the "Poetic Musings," a series of detached pieces on various subjects, entitled "The Poet," we have him dwelling with the eagle:—

> thou, like him,
> Above earth's rolling clouds dost boldly cleave
> Thy giant path, and in the sun's broad blaze
> Bask thee—rejoicing in thy victor-might,
> That scorns the bonds of common fellowship,
> And seeks in lofty brotherhood the stars!
> Thou canst not bow thy heart to lesser hopes
> Than God hath given thee! Though lone thy path,
> And dark to worldly eyes, a spell is thine
> Can bid the bleak rock garb itself in flowers,

And gild with sunshine each impending cloud.
Thy life is in the spirit-world of soul—
The visioned majesty of Nature's mind,
Seen through the dim revealings of her mask!

The poetic pieces in Dr. Bigsby's volume are numerous, and many are the themes, while the measure of the verse is strikingly diversified. The longest poem of the whole, "Repton; or, Hours of Rural Solitude," took its rise, we are told, from the writer's temporary residence amidst the scenes of his early school-boy recollections. It is thrown into four parts, answering to morning, noon, evening, and night. It is highly descriptive as well as stored with the earlier feelings and impressions of youth, there being a constant contrasting of the enjoyments of that period with the cares and disappointments of after life. The poem is in blank verse, but it is crowded with episodes. To it are attached copious notes, in which the author has endeavoured to collect as much varied information of a local nature relevant to the subject of the text as possible. If every parish and nook of England had such rich and beauteous themes for the poet's thoughts, and such a bard to sing of them, we should have a far more winning and varied topography than ever will be given to the world. We must now give a few samples:

Having asserted that it is "the poet's privilege to speak of scenes himself hath loved;" that

—— 'tis his glorious privilege to search
The cavern-halls of wizard Memory,
And from their long, dim sleep recall ideas
And feelings blended with the twilight past.
For, albeit, he speaketh of his lute,
Yet is his heart the sole, fair instrument
On which he doth discourse,

we come to a bit of description, referring to Askew Hill, "a wooded eminence of traditional notoriety," the similarity of its crest to the plumes of "a giant below" being noticed in the verse.

From yon dark-tufted hill yet clothed in shade,
Which, like a giant helm with its black plumes,
Frowns o'er the velvet seat of its repose,
We may behold, in many a shining bend,
The silver TRENT, slow wandering, on and on,
Till it is lost amid the far-off vales,
Still robed in fleecy shadows of dim purple.
—There shall our morning-prayer be offered up—
There, in the noblest temple of our choice!

The Morning Prayer follows, which we quote. We may here observe that no pains have been taken to select the happiest passages.

There is not one sentiment or line in the volume that we do not welcome; but, of course, there are inequalities. Our design has been to exhibit the author's manner, in a variety of moods; there being uniformly earnestness and elegance, impressive and devout sentiment, but far apart from gloom, or any sort of morbid fancy. The prayer we now quote must have come from the heart, and not from one who merely wished to prove his skill or his knowledge of what would be gladly received by holy and adoring readers.

O THOU! Eternal Sire! Sole Sovereign
Of Heaven and Earth! Lord of the Universe!
Dread Prince of Men and Angels! Spirit-Chief!
Creator and Preserver of all Space!
Arch-Ruler of the Destinies of Man!
Jehovah! God! All-Infinite "*I Am*;"
To Thee, as to governor and judge
Of this wide earth, and all that therein is,
Do I, Thine humble creature, prostrate bow,
Trembling with awful reverence and love!
Thine be the praise of all created things:
Thrice hallowed be Thy Name, now and for Ever!
Lo! at Thy radiant throne, with rapturous joy,
Millions of angel-ministers attend,
Cloth'd in eternal glory: and wilt Thou,
O GOD supreme! Sole Essence of all Power
Look from Thy dazzling seat of ærial pomp,
(CREATION'S THRONE!) to note this humble prayer?
Thou wilt!—Oh, wondrous goodness! matchless grace!—
Thou, Lord! hast said it—for Thy dear Son's sake:
Again Thrice-hallowed be Thy Holy Name!
Hear me, Great Judge, and All-Wise Arbiter!
By the Blest Name of Him who rules with thee,
And with the Holy Spirit—hear, I pray!
Be Thou to me a refuge and defence
From all mine enemies; yet most from him
Who, as a roaring lion, goeth forth,
Seeking whom he may slay: nor me alone,
But those endeared by Nature's holiest ties,
Wife—children—kindred—friends, do Thou, O GOD!
Keep and defend! Thy blessing be on all men!
Give me an heart to love mine enemies,
And turn them from their wrath! Be theirs, as mine,
O blessed Lord! the will to love and serve Thee,
According to Thy Word! AMEN! AMEN!

Part first concludes with the Legend of the Lady of Loseby, suggested by a tradition in the Burdett family of Foremark. The tradition is that the Lord of Loseby, who lived in the reign of Henry

II., murdered his wife on his return from the Holy Land, and that to expiate the crime, he founded the priory of Aucote, in Warwickshire. We quote the concluding portion of the poet's way of telling a story that is deeply tragical, and which is given with a graceful plaintiveness :—

On—on he spurred his weary steed,
Far from the towers his soul had sought
With such high hope, and transport sweet
Ere yet arose the poisonous thought,
(Breathed on his ear by one deep sunk
In reckless guilt,) that she whose love
Was as a dream of heavenliest bliss,
Should faithless to his honour prove!
The tale believed—what wild despair
Would, withering, each dark thought employ!
How stern the gloom that gathering spread
Where all was late impassioned joy!
At length, his frantic vengeance o'er,
He learnt—oh, food for madness' flame!
That demon-tongue had lied to shroud
Its own base, treacherous act of shame!
Yes! he—that steward, long deemed so just—
Had foully sought to stain his trust;
And lest his Lady's virtuous tongue
Should now impeach his daring wrong,
Had issued forth with fell deceit,
His master's injured ear to greet!

—Long days in deepening gloom passed o'er,—
That pilgrim-warrior smiled no more;
In lengthened fast and vigil-rite,
Slow waned the lingering hours of night:
By alms and penance long he sought
To calm the pangs of restless thought—
In vain! still memory's busy spell
Spread darker shadows o'er his cell;
Ne'er might that dreadful scene be hid
From Conscience' ever-watchful lid:
He died—*her* name the last fond word
That from his failing lips was heard!
Yet, ere in dust his form reclined,
A stately pile her tomb enshrined;
That might to distant ages prove
A record of ATONING LOVE!

In this way the poet variegates his song, weaving episode after episode into the text, as suggested by some apt thought in the descriptive or sentimental portions of the poem. From the second part we take a pleasing specimen of Dr. Bigsby's flowing blank verse, his pencil's freedom, and his pensiveness.

Thread we yon cloistered alley. We will visit
My favourite seat beneath a spreading pear-tree
Round which the woodbine long hath twined herself
In crimson folds, enriching its glad fruit
With added fragrance. There the honey-bee
His murmured music flings from hour to hour,
Again and oft returning to his hive.
And there the redbreast and the gentle wren
Pour forth their answering notes in rivalry.
The moonlight there hath a peculiar charm—
Gliding in chequered gleams of palest lustre
Amid the dreamy, forest-like repose
Of that wide-arching tree of stateliest beauty!
Not far off is a brook, whose crystal waters,
Though veiled by brake and thicket from the eye,
Yet bid their lonely echoes softly steal
With many a plaintive gush of melody;
But when the breeze is stirring, their light s train
Is hushed in the black poplars' rushing sound,
Far-echoing—like the billows of the sea;

There oft when evening spreads her balmy skies,
Pensive I sit; while haply the sweet bells
Of the near village-church (just seen amidst
A tangled glade of straggling orchard-wilds—
Its tall vane gilded by the setting sun;)
Discourse, as with the voice of long-lost friends
Or dead or distant, (that soft, dream-like voice!)
On many a theme of the forgotten past,
Till I could fancy that I lived once more
In the bright dawn of youth, or early childhood!

—At such an hour, when I awake again
To the dull, cold realities of life,
Weary and sad, my spirit oft doth long
For the calm quiet of the peaceful graves
That lie, in gentle neighbourhood, beneath
That lonely spire, with its dark, spreading elms!
Springs for a moment only the vain wish,
Prompted by retrospection of the cares
And disappointments of life's gloomier hours.

Soon chastening thoughts arise—far sweeter, dearer,
That they do follow those of darker hue!
And many a spell of pleasant phantasy
Will breathe its soft enchantment o'er the mind—
The *hope* of future *fame*, clothed in rich visions
Of glowing triumph; cheating the rapt eye
With splendid shadows of ideal beauty!
And, mingled with the dreams of soothing fancy,
Will rise the frequent prayer for those whose hearts
Are bound to mine by ties of holiest love!

Wife and Children are the subject of the episode which immediately follows "The Frequent Prayer."

O thou, fair beacon of life's main!
Sweet planet, throned above,
To guide from dark affliction's pain
To scenes of light and love!
Blest haven of my weary heart!
Affection's noblest shrine!
How doth thy smile's enlivening art
With each dull care entwine!

Emblem of Charity's soft grace,
Thy mingling virtues give
A radiance to life's gloomy space,
That bids each blossom live.

Another poem of considerable extent is entitled "The Triumph of Drake; or the Dawn of England's Naval Power: a Ballad-Poem." It appeared in a prior edition. This piece was written, as the "Old Sailor," author of "Tough Yarns," &c., observed, when reviewing the work, "to display the Dawn of England's Naval Power, and the season embraced is the return of Drake from his perilous undertaking. The scene chosen by Dr. Bigsby is the period when Queen Elizabeth came to a correct decision relative to Drake, and, instead of condemning him as an outlaw, her majesty honoured him as a brave and faithful subject, by visiting his vessel, and conferring upon him a proud distinction amongst his compeers." As the poem does not appear for the first time, we shall not cite any of its stanzas, which, however, are suited to the theme, breathing a genial and patriotic spirit. One specimen more, however, shall be given of the poetical contents. It will help to confirm the reader's admiring sense of the author's facility in respect of rapid delineation, and chaste but vivid colouring; sentiment and description as is his wont, being closely wedded, and happily reciprocating their effects. The subject is Death, suggested by an emblematical Picture of Mortality, by Pietro de Castro.

As, gazing on the treasured works
Of genius' hand sublime,
That spread their gorgeous lustre forth
To mock corroding time,
I paced the gallery's vista through,
And each bright relic pondered o'er,
One picture caught my studious eye,
And drew it from the varied store.
It was a piece (but oh! how vain
These humble lines to note its power!)
Wherein the painter's skill essayed
To trace mortality's dread hour:

Not by the couch of lingering pain,
Vot by the death-vault's gloom;
But by strange emblems quaintly grouped
Did it image forth the tomb!
And stern indeed must be that breast,
And closed to feeling's source,
Which could dwell upon each sad device,
Nor own its thrilling force.

Upon a tablet, as by chance
In rude disorder strewn,
'Mid bones and jewels intermixed,
A human skull was thrown:
Its *look* was on you—searching—fixed,
A look of blended grief and pride;
Whilst its dark scowl, and rigid smile,
Seemed half to pity—half deride!
And close beside it—as if placed
In like confusion—was there laid
A walnut cracked, whose brief decay
(Thus, in connection, marked) conveyed
A simple warning to the mind,
That claimed a prompt, accordant sigh;
Showing 'neath homely type, how soon
The objects of creation die!

There was, besides, a taper's wick
Sunk in its stand—the expiring spark
Raised a low column of thin smoke—
One moment more, and all were dark!
A law-deed with its seals torn off—
Cancelled—a DEED no longer!
A costly drinking-glass thrown down—
Ne'er to be raised by wonted hand!
And near it, proudly pedestal'd,
A tall, capacious beaker stood,
With allegories chased, that spoke
Of Pleasure in each reckless mood:
On its huge handle Death was seen,
With arm upraised, and weapon buoyed;
The brim, a shark's expanded jaws,
Portrayed Eternity's dread void!

There was a volume lying open.

"Observations on the Portraits, Personal Relics, and other Memorials of Illustrious Characters, with the view to the Establishment of a National Museum, or Temple of British Fame," supplied us with an interesting specimen in our former notice. "Poetry and Poets,

a paper designed to show the claim of Literary Genius to Encouragement and Reward from the State," is filled with arguments and sentiments, eloquently urged, highly honourable to the writer, evincing a deep sympathy with men of letters, and estimating their services according to a proper standard of humanity and reward. But the prose piece from which we shall take our samples on this occasion, is headed "The Antiquary," and is really a "Characteristic Sketch." In this paper there is such a display of affectionate brotherhood, such a fecundity of quaint and half sportive portraiture, such a variety of expression, imagery, and illustration, as renders it most apparent that Dr. Bigsby himself is deeply imbued with the spirit he characterises, and largely acquainted with the treasures and archives of antiquarian research.

He begins by saying that he beholds in the antiquary a wider chain of sympathies than in the ordinary "spirits of earth," and proceeds at the following rate :—

His is the true cosmopolitan spirit of Freemasonry. He is "a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages." He wanders through every region of the earth, taking up his abode in the palace of the prince, or the cottage of the peasant, at his pleasure. How often, through its enchanted spell, has he trodden the midnight darkness of the wilderness, and made the melancholy cities of the dead his abiding-place. The pyramids have cast their sombrous shadows on the Egyptian moonlight, to darken his meditative wanderings; while Palmyra has upreared her marble colonnades in serene beauty, to enchant the visionary musings of that solitary wayfarer. His mind is a sort of spiritual magic-lantern, that casts its bright *spectrum* on the blank and common-place realities of life, and peoples it with the gay and gorgeous creations of chivalry and romance. He is a moral exorcist, conjuring up unto the imagination "the forms of the mighty of old." At his imperative bidding the veteran warrior of a hundred fields shakes off the heavy sleep of his ensanguined grave; the rust of his long-buried mail is at once abraded, and again the snowy plume dances with aerial lightness above his radiant crest. Up rises the stately war-steed at the blast of the charmed trumpet—his embroidered housings gleaming with the forgotten heraldries of his once potent master. Snorting with impatience at the shrill summons, he rolls his straining eye-balls in quest of the foe; his dishevelled mane streams wildly on the passing breeze. Pawing the echoing pavement with a proud disdain, he flings the white foam in fury from the richly-embossed bit that—

> —"awhile restrains him from
> The glorious speed of the impending charge."

—Desertion and decay are his idols—the tomb of departed greatness his shrine. He is is a lover of the wrecks of war and of tempest—the heart's lord of a thousand desolate castles! Their gigantic and roofless halls, echoing the assaults of the night storm, are his chosen retreat He hears the rattling of shields in each eddying blast, and the song of the bards is in

his dreaming ear. He is happy, and depends not on *others* for his happiness. He dwells, like the enchanter of old, in a wide and diversified region of his own subtle creation, and looks down from the heights of his aerial abode, upon the transitory occurrences of human life, with the speculative and self-abstracted interest of an inhabitant of a different sphere. He indulges a sovereign contempt for the little mercenary spirits of the world, and exercises the same high-minded abandonment of the frivolous amusements and occupations of the many. He is the true possessor of the Philosopher's Stone, inasmuch as his exalted fancy will oftentimes invest a piece of decayed wood, or rusty metal, with the worth of much fine gold; while a flint from Mount Ararat, or a clod from the Valley of Elah, bears in his eyes a price far above rubies. His garments denote no love of purple and fine linen, and for the "good and lawful" coin of the realm he has a truly philosophic contempt—

"Those gilded counters are not things he loves;"

but a didrachm or tetradrachm of Syracuse or Thasus, or even an old spur-rowel from Crecy, Poictiers, or Agincourt, awake in his mind a thousand glorious visions of delight.

Page after page the Doctor gallops on at the same sure-footed rate, for he knows his ground, and every savoury thing within the wide reach of the domain over which he travels. "Rust and must are the readiest passports to the antiquary's affection, and he loves verdigris with the passion of a city alderman for *green fat.*" But further—

His house is an hospital for decayed furniture—a sort of Noah's Ark for the refuse of the creation. It abounds with a thousand whimsical incommodities, upon whose origin, or intended use, it would be idle to speculate. Stones from Carthage, and bricks from Babel, fragments of votive urns from Pompeii, and of household-implements from Herculaneum, are blended in heterogeneous confusion with—

—"olde disjoynted globes
And crooked mathematicke instruments
Enow to fill a brazier's shop, which with
His stilles of glass for chimick purposes"—

are the probable mementoes of some erudite disciple of Cornelius Agrippa, —nay, may they not have appertained into Bishop Wilkins himself? The sacrilegious pillage of British barrows or cairns is profusely mingled with "veritable" relics of the Church of Rome: Paganism and Popery seem alike disregarded—the claims of empire forgotten; and the cracked gear of many a stalwart descendant of Hengist resteth in peace among the shattered helms and hauberks of the Norman chivalry. It reminds us, truly, of a hard-foughten fray in the Barons' Wars:

"Those warlike ensignes, waving in the fielde,
Which lately seemed to brave the embattled foe,
Longer not able their own weight to wield,
Their loftie tops to the base dust doe bow;

Here sits a helmet, and there lyes a shield:
Oh, ill did Fate those ancient armes bestowe!
Which as a quarry on the soiled earth lay,
Seized on by Conquest, as a glorious prey."

The wide annals of European history are but as a drop in the ocean of his limitless research. His spirit has been familiarly present at every varied scene of enjoyment or misery since the happy wanderings of our first parents in the radiant solitudes of Eden. He has feasted with Apicius, and fought with Alexander; melted pearls with Cleopatra, and lunched on raw herbs with Cincinnatus. He has gazed on the triumphal chariot of Julius Cæsar, and reflected his form in the glowiug shield of Achilles. Nay, his wily and well-instructed fancy has even enlisted him into that terror-striking band that leapt from the bowels of the Trojan Horse at the dead of night, and carried brand and glave to the bed-side of the hapless sleeper! The confusion of tongues at Babel is, in his shrewd recollection, an event of yesterday. In sooth, his mind may be compared to the form or semblance of a stupendous giant, whose head is seen to pierce through the loftiest clouds, and whose shadow overspreads the whole land; even so does his vast and penetrating spirit extend itself over the obscure revelations of the past, and invade also the solemn sanctuaries of the future.

We must refrain from citing more, whether in the shape of prose or poetry. Enough has been shown, we think, to make good our opinion of the merits of the volume. That Dr. Bigsby's soul and heart have in them, by original gift, a rich minstrelsy, cannot be denied. That real and persevering devotion have strengthened and greatly polished that which was in-born, we in no manner doubt. He has, too, made all the branches which go to the accomplishment of a man of letters subservient to his purpose; but never, unless for the bettering of human nature, by sublimating, refining, and melting in turn. His style is ornate, and charged with images, but not to finical feebleness or gaudy floridity. In short, the man and the manner become each other well.

We set out with certain observations relative to the state and prospects of poetry amongst us; and it would gratify us highly could we foresee what influence an extensive circulation of Dr. Bigsby's tone and utterances would have in working out the regeneration in taste for sterling compositions, which is so much to be longed for.

We think there are some indications of a movement at the present time, from the literal to the imaginative, that may terminate happily. The opening of galleries, museums, &c., for the benefit and enjoyment of the people at large, is a pleasing symptom; and not less so the greediness with which multitudes rush to such collections of the fine arts and other objects which address themselves strongly to the better principles of our nature. The talk about holidays and holiday-recreations, denotes something in a like direction. Speculation is abroad; although, after leaving the earth, it frequently gets be-

wildered in the clouds, or is a confused dream rather than a clear inspiration. But the feverish recklessness that characterises society in many of its phases, showing that the divinity within us is not to be kept bound by any mechanical power, nor crushed by any material load, nor permanently blinded by coarse screens, may result in a reformation and a new development in that fane in which it is the poet's privilege and province to act as high-priest; and then peradventure the sons of song may string new harps and call forth notes that were never listened to before; putting to utter shame the drivillers who have for an age been but filching from long-departed masters, and hammering to miserable attenuation their fine gold.

In conclusion, we cannot but think that Dr. Bigsby's poetry is not merely of a healthy and unborrowed nature, and as genuine and sincere as it is musically impressive; but that it is calculated to awaken and purify to such a degree, that his name will live in honour when the era arrives that gives birth by its pressure to new fire, irradiating the earth, and bringing down by the invocation of mighty genius, the light that dwells in the skies.

NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*Elements of Universal History on a New and Systematic Plan.* By H. WHITE, B.A.

THESE elements extend from the earliest times to the treaty of Vienna. There is added a Summary of the leading events since that period. One wonders how any distinctness and adequacy can be found in a single volume, the subjects of which are so comprehensive as that of the one before us. But simplicity of plan, careful classification, digested generalization, concise style, and the various resources which ability and skill can bring to the execution of the largest and apparently most impracticable undertaking have all been united in the present instance, to the production of the best work of the kind that we have yet seen. Mr. White has manifestly been confident that he not only understood what were the demands of his vast subject, but conscious that he could dispose of its parts in as satisfactory a manner as is possible. His views are broad, and his opinions are commanding. When he enters into commentary there is ease, and his narrative is neat yet flowing. His arrangement is that of making epochs the heads of history, under which are ranged in order the occurrences of the ages they include. This, we think, is the best plan that can be adopted for assisting the memory and enabling the mind to form an estimate of the matters in the respective divisions. He has also made use of typographical distinctions to advantage. The work will not supersede large and detached histories; but it will, as

intended, do much in the way of preventing that confusion of dates and occurrences so common with those who have read history in detached portions. Not only therefore as a well digested class-book that omits no material fact, although the notice must needs be often so brief or allusive as to fail of producing a sufficiently strong and full impression, but as a guide and remembrancer to those who have read many histories, these Elements are deserving of the highest commendation.

ART. XVI.—*A Collection of Old English Customs, and Curious Bequests and Charities.* By H. EDWARDS.

THIS collection has been extracted from the Reports made by the Commissioners for Enquiring into Charities in England and Wales. Much has been said of the abuses that have perverted many a well-intentioned bequest and charitable institution, turning them from their original purpose to the positive injury of society, and in fact rendering them nuisances instead of being blessings; and not a little disputation has occurred about the appointment of the Commissioners and the expenses of the Board immediately alluded to, as well as the practical results of their Enquiry. We believe, however, that their investigations have led to much good. But into this question we do not enter; being desirous on all occasions to confine ourselves as closely as possible to subjects and views which steer clear of controversy, especially when, as in the present case, there is abundance of matter, besides a variety of views, belonging to and inseparable from the collection before us, to interest, entertain, and inform the general reader.

No country is so distinguised as England for charitable deeds and establishments; no people are so bountiful as the English; and therefore nowhere in the world could there be collected such a number and variety of characteristic cases of the sort spoken of. Why, the history of the nation, its manners and feelings, might be very distinctly read in the "Reports made by the Commissioners," and far less laboriously in the collection published by Mr. Edwards; a compilation, we must add, done in a right English spirit. The publication, in fact, while furnishing many amusing and even whimsical instances of trying to do good, and often at the same time, of pepetuating the donor's name, lends an insight into particular periods of the nation's history, as well as into the modes of localities and the eccentricities of individuals. Christmas has always been a principal season for donations and generous outpourings: beef, plum-pudding, mince-pies, ale, and so forth, having long been lavishly distributed to the poor at this festival. Yet how small do many of the givings appear, when calculated according to the standards of the present day! Why, the collection before us frequently mentions a few shillings annually for some particular purpose, and this in the way of clothing as well as food. Mrs. Ware holds a small piece of ground in the parish of Stockton-in-the-Forest, Yorkshire, called Petticoat Hole, "subject to an ancient custom of providing a petticoat yearly for a poor woman of Stockton." "There is an ancient payment of 3*s.* 4*d.* as the value of a pound of pepper, made out of the chapel-lands, as due to the occupier of a certain farm in

Yapham, for taking care of the parson's horse, which he is bound to do whenever the parson goes there to do duty." This and other cases, however, are curious rather as modes of remunerating labour, than for charitableness. We find, for example, that a yearly payment of 8*s.* is to be made, as mentioned in a certain feoffment, "to a poor man who should undertake to awaken sleepers, and to whip out dogs from the church of Claverley during divine service."

But many charities occur on a large scale, and suggested by considerate and enlightened individuals. We must quote one instance before dismissing the "collection." One of the most noble and comprehensive was that of the Rev. William Hanbury, rector of the Church of Langton, bequeathed for the benefit of the parish and in the following ways:—

"To establish schools for ever.
The founding, &c. an organ for ever.
Provide beef for Church Langton poor.
Beef for ever.
Provide for a public library.
Provide for a picture gallery.
Provide a printing-office.
Provide an hospital at Church Langton.
Establish professorships of Grammar, Music, Botany, Mathematics, Antiquity, and of Poetry."

"In the final or explanatory deed, it was witnessed that the trustees named by the founder were to defer building of lodges, &c. for the respective professors, &c. when the income was sufficient for their salaries, but to keep it accumulating until it should bring in 10,000*l*, a year, at the rate of 4*l*. per cent. At a certain period, a grand and stately church should be built at Church Langton, with proper stalls for the trustees, professors, &c., as grand an organ as could be made, a peal of twelve bells at the least, with chimes, chandeliers, ornaments, painted windows, table and altar-piece of the finest marble, paintings by the best master then living, &c. The Church was to be Gothic, built as much like a cathedral as possible. No less than three steeples, the tallest of which should be not less than one hundred yards high, and every becoming dignity and ornament added. 100,000*l*. were to be expended on this fabric; and, that completed, another should be built, which should be named the Temple of Religion and Virtue. A noble museum was to be erected. These being effected, proper lodgings, &c. for the professors, schools, hospital, printing-office, &c. were to be finished, and the founder was desirous if it could be contrived to make the whole of these buildings form a square of two hundred yards on each side, &c."

ART. XVII.—*L. S. D., or Accounts of Irish Heirs, Furnished to the Public Monthly.* By SAMUEL LOVER, Accountant for Irish Inheritances. London, F. Lover, Parts I. to III.

HANDY ANDY introduced Mr. Lover to the public as a serial writer, and the public acknowledged the introduction with very heartfelt pleasure; Mr. Lover's popularity vastly increased, and Handy became a general favourite,

having, however, with the close of the year, brought Andy to the climax of his mistake, and made the result of his blunders a fortune and a title,—a most felicitous mistake—he leaves him alone in his glory, and with the New Year presents us with that loadstone of magnetic influence, *L. S. D.* Mr. Lover preludes his tale with a very amusing but no less true account of the mighty dominion of these magical letters over the greatest, as well as the humblest of poor frail mortals. He then commences his tale in the ancient and hitherto commercial town of Galway, where the scenes laid before us are depicted with all that graphic power which distinguishes his much admired romance of "*Rory O'More.*" Within the short province of a notice it is not our intention to enter into a detail of the plot; suffice it to say, that, having brought his hero into a scrape, in his native city, and also inoculated him with the sweet touch of Cupid's lance, he obliges him, through the double influence of love and trouble, to flee (at least for the time being) the home of his fathers, whence following the mistress of his heart, he arrives in Hamburgh, where by chance he encounters her,—with the eye of a hawk he tracks her footsteps, and eventually arrives in French Flanders, whither, in company with her father, the Count Nellinski, she has proceeded,—but we have observed, a development of the plot is not our intention, we can only say the perusal, so far as the tale has already proceeded, has afforded us infinite pleasure; all Mr. Lover's wit and humour, and purely natural pathos, are here brought into full play. In conclusion, we can with the most pleasurable feelings recommend the public to give this highly interesting serial a perusal, and judge for themselves. The illustrations, (by the author) are in the first style of art, pregnant with character; and while possessing all the charms of originality, can with safety lay claim to an acquaintance with the inimitable Cruikshank.

Art. XVIII.—*Poems by Ben. Fenton.*

"Tributes to Scarborough, Odes on Wellington and Napoleon, Haddon Hall, Ode on the Ruins of Conisbro' Castle," &c. are the titles of these occasional poems. Mr. Fenton appears to have wooed the Muse for many years, judging by the dates of his pieces. He must also have read a great deal of good poetry, if flow and finish of style can indicate artistic knowledge. There is poetry too in his verses. In short he may be pronounced a *minor*, but one not of the feeblest class.

Art. XIX.—*War and Peace.* By William Jay.

"War and Peace: the Evils of the First, and a Plan for Preserving the Last," in an essay by the Hon. Judge Jay, of West-Chester, near the city of New York, and son of the late Hon. John Jay, LL.D., the distinguished second President of the American Bible Society. The essay has had an extensive circulation in the United States, and has been republished here by the Peace Society. On the evils of war as a general subject, the Judge

speaks with great power and earnestness; his arguments and eloquence, however, being chiefly levelled against the war party in America. There is novelty in his views and manner of treatment; and to every Englishman the reasoning is valuable, where he endeavours to prove, that any two nations might preserve the whole world at peace; but especially that if the people of this country and of America should perseveringly and strenuously demand peace, their rulers would never dare to provoke and wage war with one another. His specific remedy is also worthy of serious consideration; his argument being that free trade is the sure and true bond of unity between nations.

ART. XX.—*The Topographer and Genealogist.* Part I.

This work is to be continued *quarterly*, the principal feature in the first part, being "a specimen, on a limited scale, of such a peerage as our modern resources ought to enable us to produce." We are also told in the introductory observations relative to the ancient Earldoms of England, that "it is proposed to compile, for the present work, the early history and genealogy of some of the English Earldoms," that being the "oldest of our titles of peerage." The Earldom of Lincoln is the first of the subjects. The pedigree of the family of Hord; a Survey in the time of Philip and Mary, of estates late belonging to the Earl of Devon, &c.; a Catalogue of Monumental Art, existing in parish churches, Bedforshire being the division of the country first introduced; and the Bibliography of Genealogy and Topography, form some of the other branches of the partbefore us. The work, of course, is one that will not be very interesting to readers who have not made some progress in heraldic and antiquarian lore; although there are here and there curious facts and notices which address themselves to all. The compilation appears to us to display extensive knowledge in the departments which properly fall under the title of the book, and a warm zeal for such studies as Dugdale has recommended to multitudes, infecting them with an unquenchable enthusiasm in their pursuit. We cite a specimen taken from the chapter on the ancient earldom of Lincoln.

"The dignity of Earl within the shire of Lincoln first appears in the reign of Stephen. According to all accounts hitherto accepted, the Norman chieftain upon whom it was then conferred, derived some hereditary claims to it from Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and even by descent from the Saxon Earls of Mercia. But, as this statement rests only upon the assertions of monkish genealogists, a most blundering race, and indeed in great measure, if not entirely, upon the chronicle and charters of Croyland abbey, one of the most voluminous series of monastic fabrications, we can only give partial credit to its representations, so far as we find them supported by sounder authorities.

"Camden says, "Comites suos Lincolniensis hic ager jactat, post Eggam qui anno 716 floruit et Morcarum Saxones, Gulielmum de Romara Normannum e Lucia Morcari sorore et Rogero Fitz-Gerold Romari natum," &c.

"Of Egga nothing more can be said but that his name occurs

among the witnesses of the fictitious charter, purporting to be that of the foundation of Croyland abbey by King Ethelbald, in the year 716.

"Earl Morcar is a person of more certain historical existence. He was the son of Algar Earl of Mercia, or Leicester; his brother Edwin is said to have succeeded to the same dignity, whilst Morcar himself was Earl of Northumberland; and their sister Edgiva, or Algytha, was the Queen of the unfortunate Harold.

The monkish chroniclers have further stated that there was another sister named Lucy, who is made by them the mother of William de Romara, Earl of Lincoln, and of the second Ranulph Earl of Chester. Of her more presently. But first of her assumed grandmother the Countess Godeva.

"THE COUNTESS GODEVA or Godgifa, whose name is still popular in Warwickshire as the gracious authoress of the liberties of Coventry, and who was undeniably a great benefactress to the church of that city, was the wife of Earl Leofric, the father of Earl Algar. Leofric died in 1057, and Godeva probably survived. Either to that cause, or to her having great power over her property even during her husband's life, we may ascribe the frequent mention of her name. She joined with her husband in the foundation of the monastery of Stow, near Lincoln.

ART. XXI.—*The Wives of England.* By Mrs. ELLIS.

"The Wives of England; their Relative Duties, Domestic Influence, and Social Obligations," by the author of the "Women" and the "Daughters" of England, completes the series of these elegant and searching works. The counsel and the cautions which Mrs. Ellis urges with singular closeness and without the slightest attempt to flatter the vanity of her sex, either by exaggerating their qualities and misrepresenting the sphere of their actions, or by depreciating the character and rank of the lords of the creation, contrast strongly with the tone and lessons attempted to be conveyed by the author of "Woman and her Master," and other female writers who have undertaken the championship of the sisterhood. The knowledge, earnestness, and polished force of the writer have combined in a manner remarkably felicitous for the practical ends contemplated by her, and must send home lastingly to the heart of many a young wife the shafts of conviction, and the precise nature of the difficulties to be encountered, the disappointments to be endured, and the duties to be performed in the married state. There is strong moral healthfulness throughout the volume, which cannot but impart itself more or less to her teachable readers, and tend to make woman real instead of artificial.

We have alluded to Mrs. Ellis's impartial dealing in stating plain and emphatic truths to her own sex, when measured with the other. She distinctly admits the superiority of man, as will be seen in the following passage:—

"Beyond this, however, it may be said to be a necessary part of man's nature, and conducive to his support in the position he has to maintain, that he should, in a greater degree than woman, be sufficient unto himself. The

nature of his occupations, and the character of his peculiar duties, require this. The contending interests of the community at large, the strife of public affairs, and the competition of business, with the paramount importance of establishing himself as the master of a family and the head of a household, all require a degree of concentrated effort in favour of self, and a powerful repulsion against others, which woman, happily for her, is seldom or never called upon to maintain.

"The same degree of difference in the education of men and women, leads, on the one hand, to a more expansive range of intellect and thought, and on the other, to the exercise of the same faculties upon what is particular and minute. Men, consequently, are accustomed to generalize. They look with far-stretching views to the general bearing of every question submitted to their consideration. Even when planning for the good of their fellow-creatures, it is on a large scale, and most frequently upon the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number. By following out this system, injustice is often unconsciously done to individuals, and even a species of cruelty exercised, which it should be woman's peculiar object to study to avert; but at the same time, to effect her purpose in such a way as neither to thwart nor interfere with the greater and more important good."

She even makes it out that the *lords* have a vast deal of inconvenience and annoyance to put up with through the usages of society and the tyranny of politeness, in the forced services which they have to perform, for the fair.

"It is too much regarded merely as a thing of course for men to be obliging and attentive; and it is too little remembered at what cost to them we purchase their help and their indulgence. Nor is it only in solitary instances or for especial favourites that these efforts have to be made. It is the sacrifice of a whole lifetime for a man to be polite. There is no fireside so warm but he must leave it on a winter's night to walk home with some female visiter, who has probably no charm for him. There is no situation so eligible but he must resign it if required. There is no difficulty he must not encounter, no fatigue he must not endure, and no gratification he must not give up; and for whom? All would do this perhaps for one being in the world—perhaps for more; but to be willing to do it every day and every hour, even for the most repulsive or the most selfish and requiring of their sex, there is a martyrdom of self in all this, which puts to shame the partial kindness and disinterestedness of woman."

Among the forewarnings given by our authoress, there is one that we opine will hardly be anticipated by any young lady on the eve of her marriage, but which is yet calculated to be so useful that none should sneer at it; for it concerns the matter of jealousy. Having remarked that the manner of man's love differs from woman's, in that while "she employs herself through every hour in fondly weaving one beloved image into all her thoughts, he gives to her comparatively few of his," we are informed of the rival who will daily usurp his attention and distract his thoughts.

"It is a wise beginning, then, for every married woman to make up her mind to be forgotten through the greater part of every day; to make up her

mind to many rivals, too, in her husband's attentions, though not in his love; and among these, I would mention one whose claims it is folly to dispute, since no remonstrances or representations on her part will ever be able to render less attractive the charms of this competitor. I mean the newspaper; of whose absorbing interest some wives are weak enough to evince a sort of childish jealousy, when they ought rather to congratulate themselves that their most formidable rival is one of paper."

These short specimens, we observe, have commanded the admiration of a weekly journalist. But they are in no respect superior to numberless paragraphs and passages in the volume, which will, like its predecessors of the series, to a certainty go from edition to new edition at a rate scarcely to be matched by any recent publications. The large circulation of such useful and unavoidably influential works, neutralises in some degree the gloomy picture which appears in our pages, of the condition of women in England, of the middle classes.

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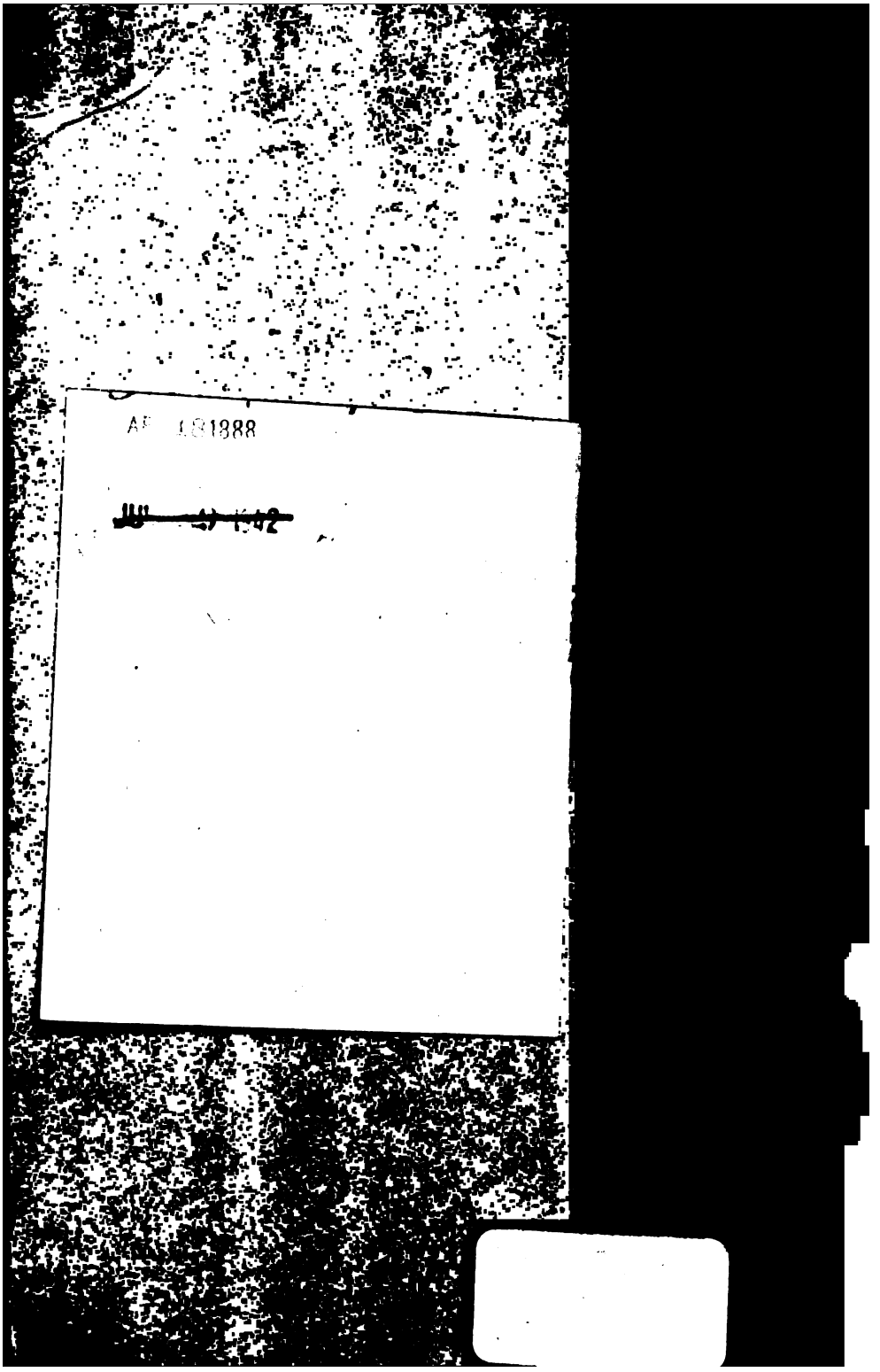
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